THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

FEBRUARY 19, 1949

15¢

BEGINNING

HANGOVER HOUSE

A NEW SLEEP-WRECKING SHOCKER

By SAX ROHMER

THE BIG SLOT-MACHINE SWINDLE

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Feb. 19, 1949

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...for those who want the finest!

In two years this outstanding motor car achievement has won overwhelming acceptance. Its fame is international! Not only for its low-slung, lovely appearance and its power-packed performance, but for the opportunity it affords to express *your* personality! Its stylists offer you *twice as many* choices of colors and fabrics as ever graced a fine car before and at no additional cost.

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See and drive the new FRAZER—low and lovely—packed with power—at your dealer's now.

BODY STYLING BY DARRIN

Listen to "WALTER WINCHELL" Sunday Nights ABC

"THE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION OF CUSTOM CAR STYLING"

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"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Junior model Pat Barnard shows how it can work for you, too.

Queen of the cruise ship, 17-year-old model Pat Barnard of Great Neck, N. Y., scores a terrific hit! Pat *always* finds her career and her date-life mighty smooth sailing—thanks to that dazzling smile!

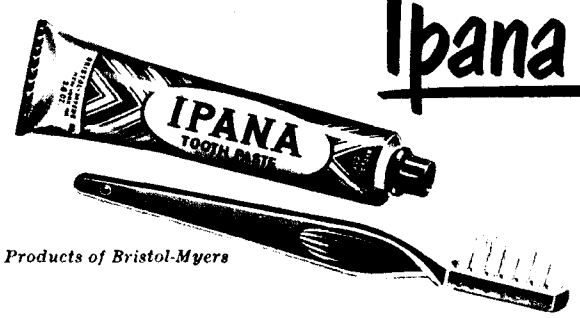
Naturally, Pat follows the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth . . . because dentists say it works! Her professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too—like this . . .

The Ipana Way is *fun* to follow, Pat tells her cabin-mate. Dentists say it works . . . and it's easy as 1, 2:

1. *Between regular visits to your dentist,* brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana's unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums—you can *feel* the invigorating tingle!)

Just do this regularly for healthier gums, brighter teeth—an *Ipana* smile. Ipana's extra-refreshing flavor leaves your mouth fresher, your breath cleaner, too. Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage. See what it can do for you!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS SAY:



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* *In thousands of reports from all over the country*

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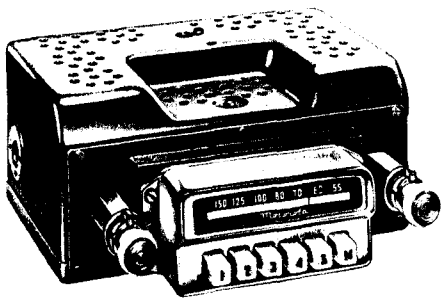

IF YOUR CAR IS "NOT SO NEW" you can still enjoy the thrill of a Motorola. Motorola "standard line" Auto Radios fit and match most cars—every budget.

MOTOROLA INC., CHICAGO 51

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Collier's

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The Week's Mail

BUNION COLLECTORS

DEAR SIR: Let's Give the Postman a Break by Lester Velie (Jan. 1st and 8th) bears out the true story of how the mail gets through by the trials and tribulations of the men who have to use outmoded equipment and live by primitive rules and regulations.

Your new ideas in my estimation are very sound and practical and could be of real service to the public as a whole.

A POSTMAN, Texas
(Name withheld by request)

. . . Oh, boy, you have started something, $3,550.00 per year take-home pay, $1,500.00 a year pension, on a 40-hour week, we would think we were rich on that, now you can write about the railroad agents who earn $258 per month, take home $207.00, no overtime pay, and pension is $85.00 per month, paid for by them by a deduction of six per cent of earned wages. . . .

M. F. STINSON, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA

GENTLEMEN: I want to congratulate you on the wonderful issue of December 25th, giving the story of American Aviation. I am so glad to have this to place permanently in my library.

EDWARD MARTIN, Pa.

KREMLIN KIDDIES

GENTLEMEN: Another article like Russia's Children and we'll all be whooping it up for the Soviet Union.

Imagine what would happen to democracy should we streamline our educational

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 123, No. 8. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; P. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

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Lengthening His Waistline . . . Shortening His Life-Line

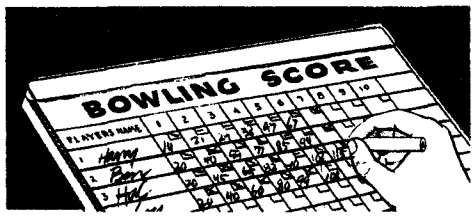
Like one out of every four people in our country today, this man weighs more than he should.

If he loses those excess pounds—brings his weight down to normal and *keeps it there*—he will look and feel better. Furthermore, *he will probably live longer*. Statistics show that if weight is more than 10 per cent above normal, life expectancy is usually reduced about 20 per cent.

Doctors say one of the reasons overweight tends to shorten life is that it puts an additional burden on the heart and circulatory system. It has been estimated that 10 pounds of extra fat require the development of half a mile of blood vessels. To maintain this excess body tissue, the heart has to work harder. Fortunately, with good medical care, *overweight can usually be corrected.*

The first step in any weight reducing program is to see the physician, for only he is qualified to determine your *best weight*. A six-foot man weighing 185 pounds may be 20 pounds overweight if he has a slight frame, while if he has a large frame that weight could be considered normal.

Proper diet is essential for controlling weight. Most overweight occurs because the body takes in more food than it can use up as energy, and the excess is stored as fat. The doctor will limit food intake while making sure your diet contains enough essential elements to protect general health.



Some exercise is necessary, but one should not expect to reduce just by exercising. Doctors warn you would have to walk 36 miles to lose one pound. Strenuous exercise may also increase the appetite, and make it harder to reduce. So, rely on your physician to recommend the proper exercise.

IT IS WISE for people attempting to lose weight to avoid "reducing drugs," unless their own doctor prescribes them. Many drugs used for weight reduction are dangerous. They may overtax the heart or bring about other serious conditions. By faithfully following the program your doctor suggests, it is generally possible to lose weight surely, steadily, *and safely.*

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Please send me the free booklet, 39-C "Overweight and Underweight," which contains suggested low-calorie menus, and a list of the caloric values of almost 300 foods.

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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system. Thanks very much for the peep.
H. L. MACKENZIE, East Douglas, Mass.

. . . It was the most truthful, educational and realistic article I have ever read in your magazine. EARL W. KEIHL, York, Pa.

. . . Although the most nationalistic, Russia is at least practical when educating her young to speak English. For whether you conquer, are conquered, or better yet, eventually become friends, you have to understand the other fellow's language. How many of our schools teach Russian?
DORA GRAHAM, Dubuque, Iowa

. . . I, and millions of American college students like me, still prefer and always will prefer our system of free enterprise to the Russian economic principles which amount to free nothing.
CLETE HOWARD, Altoona, Wis.

UNDUE FALL OF HARDENED DEW

GENTLEMEN: When my wife and I looked at California Christmas by Don Tobin (Jan. 1st), we burst out laughing. We have been here since December 2, 1948, and there was not a day that a topcoat was not necessary. If it wasn't cold it was foggy and in Los Angeles—the smog!

We are from Boston and came here to spend the winter. Your pictures and lots more of the same kind fooled us. By the time this letter reaches you we will be on our way to Florida.
H. M. COMINS, Long Beach, Cal.

. . . Don Tobin, like many people in Hollywood, must carry a portable sun lamp with him when he goes to the beach during December. The water on the streets from a recent heavy dew froze last night.

Just yesterday I happened to be in the same locality where Mr. Tobin pictures those two characters sun-bathing. I enclose two pictures to illustrate my point. At the time I was wearing a wool shirt, wool pants,

Left, California in December by Tobin Right, California as she really was

and a fur-lined jacket and I was still cold. Let's get something straight. In California it is warm in the summer and cool in the winter. In Florida it is warm in the winter and stifling in the summer. The change in California weather throughout the year is what makes the state livable.
JOHN TURNER, Santa Monica, Cal.

LITERARY FARM TEAMS

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: The Star Story is a wonderful idea but I think you could do one better. If you can hand out a $1,000 award each week, why not sponsor a contest for children, setting an age limit at 18, and award $50 to the Star Short Story sent in? Big-league baseball teams have their farm teams where they school promising youngsters for the profession. Wouldn't it be a fine idea for you to start "farming" future writers in this way? HUBERT M. MEEKER, High School Jr., Dayton, Ohio

NINE WISE MEN

DEAR SIRS: Re Nine Wise Men and You by Bill Davidson (January 1st). How many victims of the hundreds and thousands of police terrorism and police third-degree cases have been able, financially, to reach the Supreme Court with their complaints?

In theory the police state is where copper personnel is "the law." But how about the Texas vagrancy, or Florida vagrancy, or California vagrancy laws under which the police can do anything to anybody anytime, legally and under the law??? Unconstitutional, to be sure, but on the law books of those states for 50 years.
H. T. MARSHALL, Albuquerque, N. M.

PERÓN vs. PERÓN

SIR: Was much interested in Mr. and Mrs. Perón Slug It Out, by Ray Josephs, January 8th.

As an amateur reader of hands, my bet is that the old man will come off a second best. Wow! That left hand of hers!
ALBERT RUGGLES HOLBERT, La Jolla, Cal.

. . . It's Evita Perón that should be feared, not the Argentines. Here are a couple of the many tales about the lady:

At a dinner party one night Evita admired the large diamond ring worn by the wife of one of Perón's up-and-coming followers. The husband turned to Evita and said, "You like the ring; it is yours!", and with that he removed it from his wife's finger. "Oh," said Evita, "if I had known you were going to give it to me, I would have admired the bracelet first." Yes, she got the bracelet, too.

On embarking from the plane bringing her back from Spain, one of the young pilots offered her a cigarette. She declined with the remark, "No, thank you. I have no small vices."
JACQUELINE C. MOORE, Wheeling, W. Va.

. . . Why does Collier's premeditatively mislead American readers with ridiculous untruths about the government of Argentina?

A First Lady, in fact, any lady, deserves respect and no gentleman is entitled to say that "she found Perón after having worked her way up, colonel by colonel."
ALBERTO SORIA, Hollywood, Cal.

RAY JOSEPHS, c/o Collier's, New York
"MACANUDO," BJR, Buenos Aires

"Macanudo" (the only word in the radiogram to Mr. Josephs) is Buenos Aires slang for "very O.K." It is always spoken with a twirl of an imaginary mustache, as when eying a curvesome señorita or a choice slab of Argentine beef.

HANDY INFORMATION

EDITOR SIR: I note that certain fingerprint people have taken exception to Freling Foster's statement re forging finger impressions. It *can* be done with a suitable transfer medium akin to montage by an extremely skilled man. The flaws are, however, twofold: No fingerprint can convict an innocent man if he has a true alibi as to whereabouts, and microscopic analysis will show absence of poroscopic details and an unnatural ridge margin.
CHARLES J. RUBEN, Los Angeles, Cal.

ELMER WOGGON STRIKES BACK!

DEAR SIR: Yipe! Facts, when spilled out of a cartoonist's ink bottle, are often stranger than fiction.

The true story of how Allen Saunders started peddling Mary Worth's apples was eliminated! Publishers Syndicate *did not* see his plays first. He wrote copy for our comic strip Steve Roper for years before doing Mary.

He did a super job so now they have him doubling his troubles.
ELMER WOGGON, Creator of Steve Roper, Toledo, Ohio

GUESS WHAT ISSUE?

GENTLEMEN: Current issue of Collier's fine, and Guess What? best feature. More please!
ALFRED GRIFFIN, Chicago, Ill.

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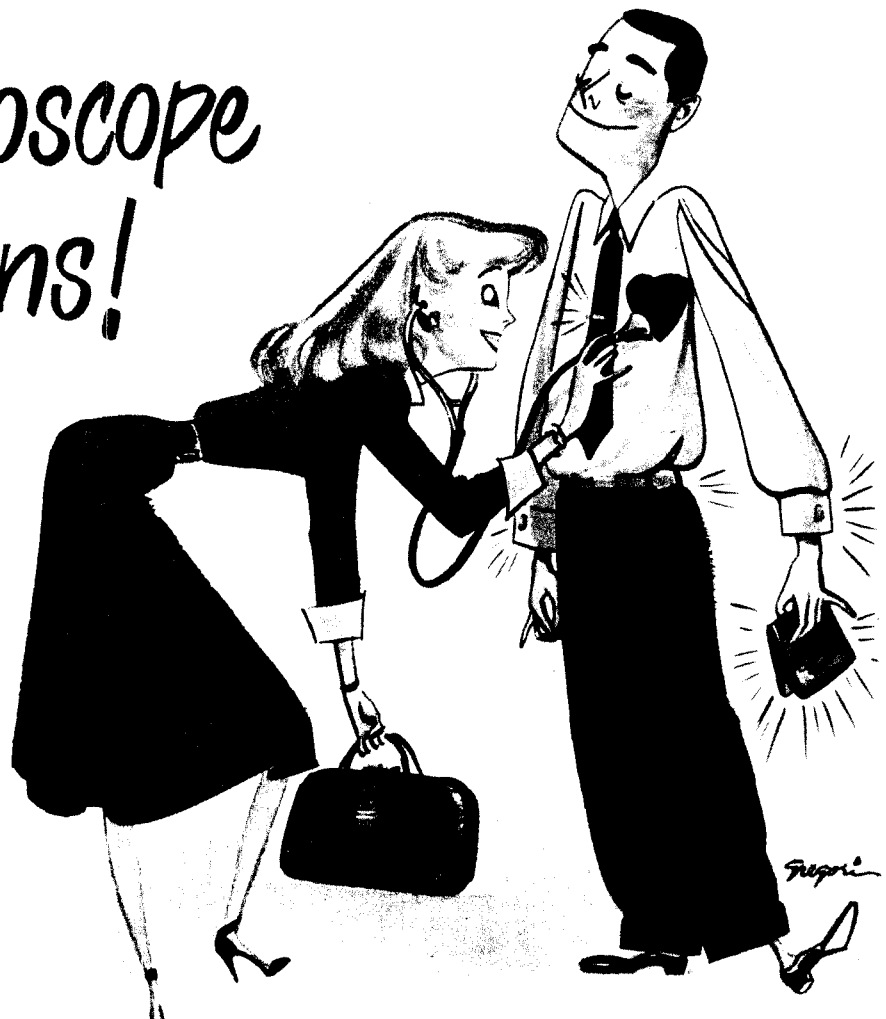
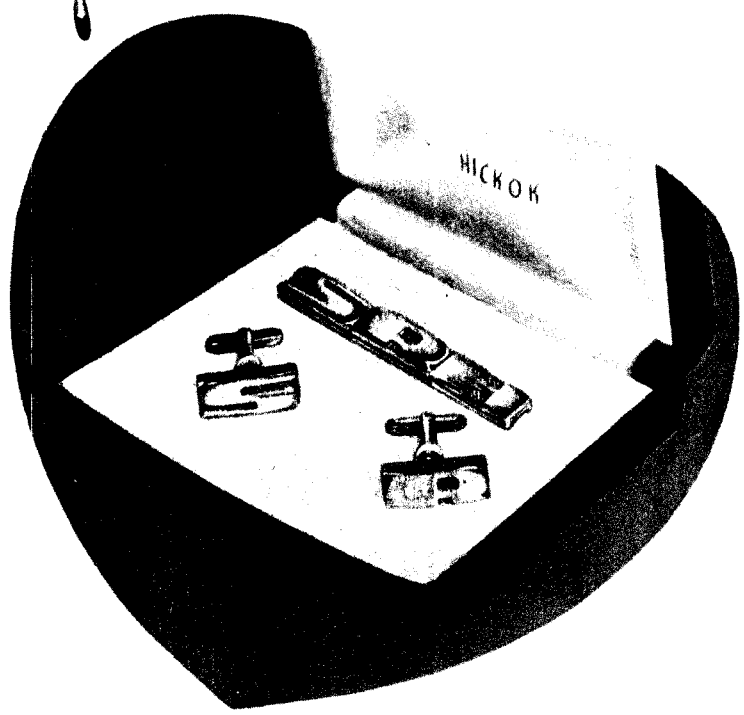
How to use a stethoscope in three easy lessons!

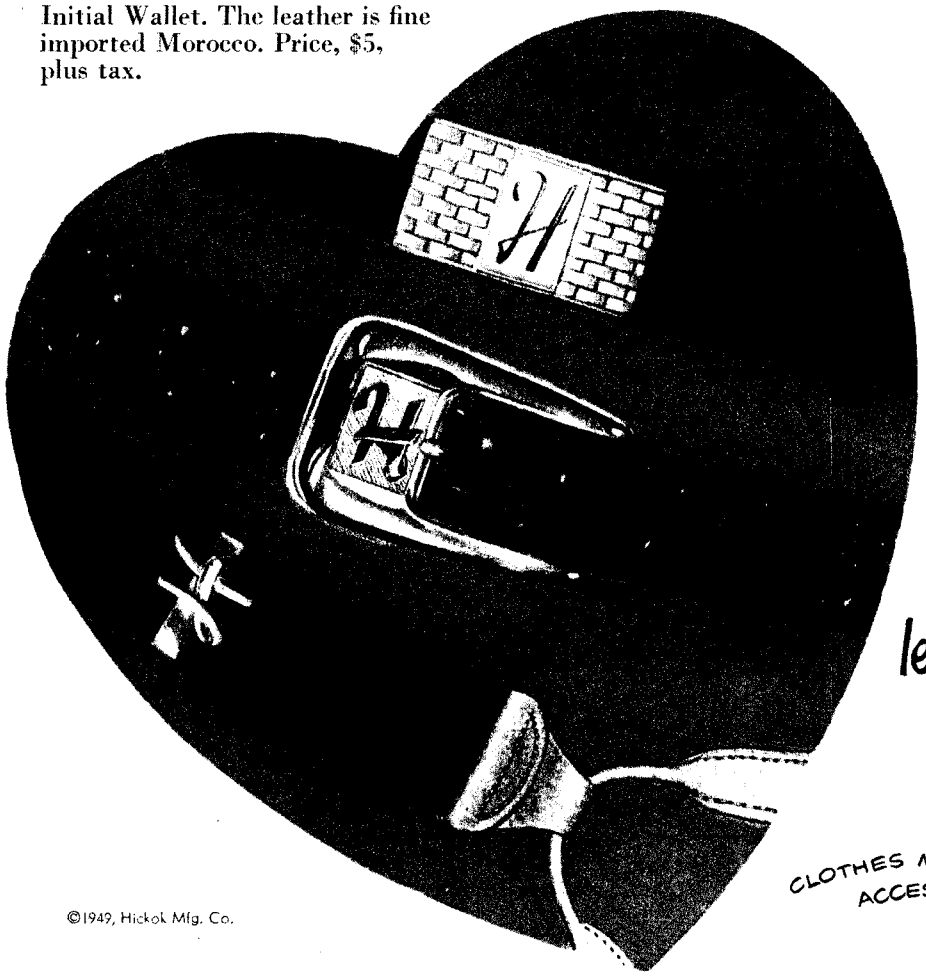
Want to know how to make a certain male's heart beat a little faster for *you?* Just pick out one of these man-catching gifts by Hickok... and you won't even *need* a stethoscope to hear his pulse-rate going up on Valentine's Day.



lesson 1.

If he's a rising young executive, his heart is sure to do nip-ups when he sees this smart Hickok Ribbon Initial Wallet. The leather is fine imported Morocco. Price, $5, plus tax.





lesson 2.

If he affects the new "Bold Look," Hickok's Curved Initial Jewelry is his dish! *All three* of his initials on the handsome, rugged Tie-Bar with exclusive Crocodile Grip, Cuff Links to match! The set, $5, plus tax.

lesson 3.

Whatever the type, no man can resist a beautiful new Hickok Belt or Hickok Initial Suspenders. Pigskin Belt with Basketweave Buckle, $3.50, plus tax. Knobby Alligator Belt with "Bold Look" Initial Buckle, $2.50, plus tax. Ribbon Initial Suspenders, $2.50.

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ACCESSORIES MAKE THE CLOTHES

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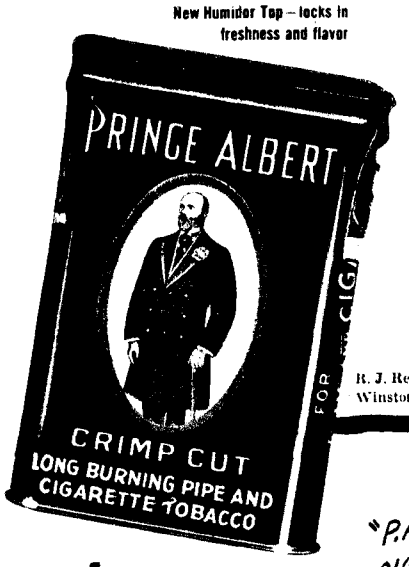

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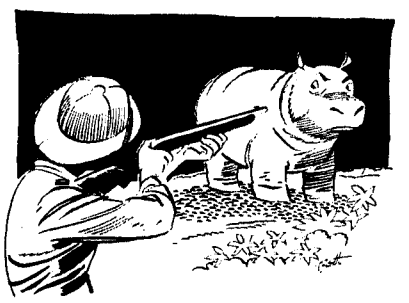
The National Joy Smoke

★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

MANY CONCERTS presented in America during the early 1850s were accompanied by tricks, stunts and other circuslike features. A French conductor named Louis Jullien, who specialized in such effects, came to the United States and decided to present a concert that no one would forget. On the night of June 15, 1854, he directed his orchestra in a unique arrangement of The Fireman's Quadrille at the Crystal Palace in New York. As the piece approached its climax, there came to the startled ears of the audience the clangor of fire-engine bells close at hand. Suddenly windows crashed and flames burst through the roof. Firemen rushed in and turned on their hoses. Jullien saw he had more than accomplished his purpose of adding realism to the music: dozens had fainted and the rest of the audience fought its way to the exits. The real climax came, however, when the Crystal Palace was actually destroyed by fire eight years later. The "crazy Jullien" went insane and died in 1860.

A STRANGE BELIEF still prevalent among many tribes in West Africa is that a person has two souls—one within himself and one within some wild animal. If either the person or the animal becomes sick, or dies, the natives believe that the other will suffer likewise. In Nigeria not long ago, an Englishman on a hunting trip was brought before a tribal court and fined $25 for causing the death of a fat healthy native woman. A few hours before she died, he had fatally shot a female hippopotamus near the village.



DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

FEW LITERARY HOAXES were ever as successful as the Memoirs of Li Hung Chang which were concocted in 1912 by the U.S. writer, William F. Mannix. Ironically, he was serving a sentence for forgery in a Honolulu prison at the time. Although Mannix was well known as a trickster, his fake biography of the Chinese statesman was heartily endorsed by both American and British authorities on China and then published in the United States and England in 1913. Soon the book was discovered by historians to be nonsense. But though this fact was widely publicized, the book is still consulted and believed, and copies are available today in most libraries. Strangest of all, an encyclopedia published in this country in 1945 recommends Mannix's book on Dr. Li to readers who seek additional facts on his life.

OF THE GREAT ICONS which were worshiped in Russia before the revolution, probably none was more revered than the Iberian Madonna which had the place of honor in a small chapel in what is now Moscow's Red Square. Each day, from early morning until late at night, in a coach drawn by six horses and lavishly attended by priests and servants, the picture was taken on a round of visits to homes of the sick, to weddings, dedications and even to inaugurations of sales, for which it would receive gifts of money ranging up to $50. The icon was in such demand that its appointments had to be arranged months in advance; and during the hours it was absent from the chapel, a duplicate was set up in its place to accommodate the hundreds of passers-by who were in the habit of stepping in to say a prayer.

TO CELEBRATE a wedding or to honor a visiting dignitary, the nomadic Mohammedan tribes in the Arabian, Syrian and North African deserts give a feast whose main dish in size is without an equal. After its foods are cooked and "put together," it consists of eggs stuffed in fish, the fish stuffed in chickens, the chickens stuffed in sheep and the sheep stuffed in a whole roasted camel.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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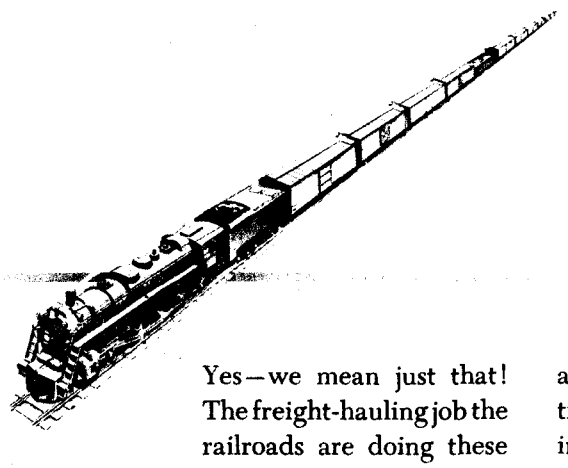
Just a minute... while we move a mountain!



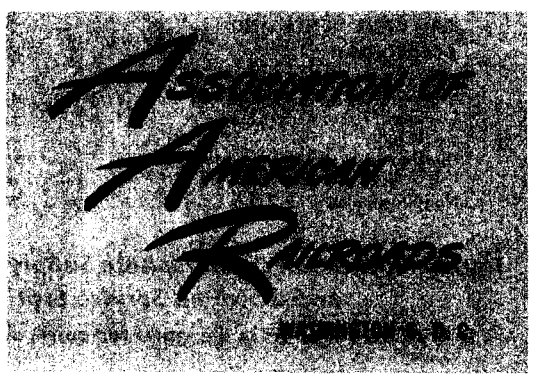
Yes—we mean just that! The freight-hauling job the railroads are doing these days is equivalent to moving more than a million tons of freight a mile every minute of the day and night.

Moving this mountainous load every minute calls for the most efficient possible use of cars and locomotives—and the railroads are using them today so efficiently that the average train turns out transportation service equivalent to moving 18,212 tons of freight a mile every hour. That's nearly two and one-half times as much as the average train did just after the first World War.

A lot of things helped bring about this great gain in efficiency. Among them are continued and expanding research in better transportation tools and methods—and huge investment in providing the better facilities necessary to do an ever better job. This investment has averaged, over the past quarter of a century, more than $500,000,000 a year. And in 1948 it was well above one billion dollars.

For the future, the railroads plan to keep on investing in new cars and engines, better shops and signals, better tracks and terminals, and all the other things that mean better service to the public.

The only way railroads can get the money to pay for these improvements is through their earnings. To keep abreast of the needs of the nation they must make earnings which are in line with today's expenses and today's costs. That would be your best insurance that the American people and American business will continue to have the most efficient, most economical, most dependable rail transportation in the world.



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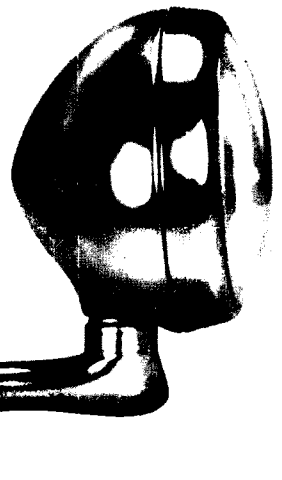

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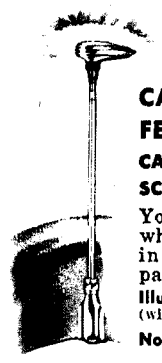
Junior size . . . $17.50 **Standard size . . . $18.00**



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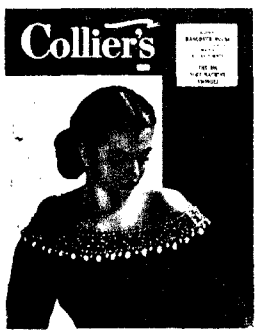
The Week's Work



This week's cover: *Empire Girl. Photographer Walter Z. Lillian feels that lovely 18-year-old Shauna Wood typifies the many natural-looking photogenic girls Salt Lake City is noted for. Her silk taffeta original by Marusia reflects Empire period fashions. The locale: inside the Utah State Capitol Building.*

HAVING once photographed Jean Cocteau covered with doves and Salvador Dali ducking away from three flying cats, photographer Philippe Halsman refused to be astounded when he stepped into a Radio City office to capture George Hamid, King of The Midway (p. 30), and his amazing performers on film. There stood a strong man in a leopard skin, a Chinese contortionist wrapped around a chair, three Lilliputians, Mr. Hamid and his secretary. Outside the smallish office, eager to be photographed, were Narda with several crates of doves, more acrobats, a charming lady with a huge trunk, and another strong man. Halsman went to work. When it came the outsiders' turn, the strong man lugged in the trunk, opened it, and the charming lady extracted a 30-foot python. While the assisting Mrs. Halsman nearly fainted, Halsman gave a signal. The snake charmer hypnotized the snake, the snake hypnotized everybody else and Halsman got his shot.

"Zen we all went to lunch—on Coll-yare's," says Mr. Halsman, who has a French accent. "All except ze snake and ze doves, of course. When I entaired ze restaurant I confess to feeling a thrill. We attract moch attention. Ze Lilliputians order ruz biff. Zare is just as much on zair plate when zey feenesh as before. Nevaire have I eaten in such distinguished company. No, ze snake did not strangle anybody. Eet eez all in a day's work."

GATHERING material for his article, Look Out for the Tax Cops (p. 16), was a strange experience to Hal Wolff, because the agents of Internal Revenue tried alternately to convince him that they were very efficient in getting after taxpayers, and then proved what nice fellows they really are. "Well, they are both," says Wolff.

After working over some of the Internal Revenue bureau's case material, Mr. Wolff feels it knows more about American family and love life than Dr. Kinsey. "Witness the young man who wanted a rebate rushed so he could get married on it," cites Mr. Wolff, "and witness one North Carolina farmer who discovered that bureau agents read the papers. He got into an argument over a $600 poker hand. It made the local paper. The agent thought that was a big game for a farmer with a $6,000 income, so he went to work, and by the time he was through, he uncovered $100,000 in undeclared income. Another woman reported she'd been robbed of $5,000 on a street car and after the Bureau checked, she paid lots more than that in back taxes."

Mr. Wolff's a native Bostonian, spent the first 37 years of his life in half going to school and half running one of his own. It was once said his ambition was to prove he could teach his pet chimpanzee some of the things Harvard students were supposed to be learning from him. "That experiment ended when Peter became jealous of our first child who was named Peter after the chimp. We had to decide between two Peters—and one is now in the Washington zoo. As soon as we can get a house with a tree, we hope to get another."

GEORGE P. MORRILL, who gathers in the thousand silver dollars for his Star Story, Silver Dollars (p. 22), is 28, married and half owner of a rugged tyke named Pete, the Rock. He graduated from Wesleyan in '42 and joined the Merchant Marine. "Had good times and bad times," he confesses. "Learned to hate the North Atlantic, tolerate the Mediterranean, and love the Pacific. Sailed AB most of the time. Climbed into the brass too late to exploit it properly.

"Came ashore in '46 and tented out on a Westbrook (home town) ledge with Phyllis (wife, natch). Wrote a sea novel—fuss with it summers, still in the tents."

George Hamid with some of his performers. (See p. 30.)

Silver Dollars stems from a story Mr. Morrill says was traveling round the Pacific in '44 and which *could* have happened, he guesses. Two years ago Mr. Morrill took a job at the Fort Trumbull Branch of the University of Connecticut. "Still here," he muses. "Funny . . . teaching kids to write while you're floundering around yourself." . . .

TED SHANE

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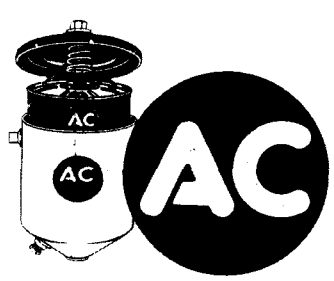

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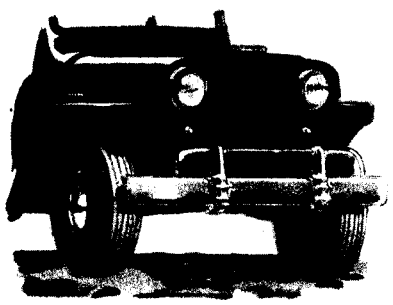
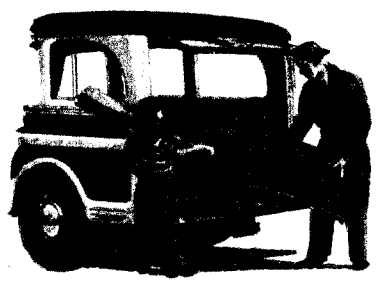
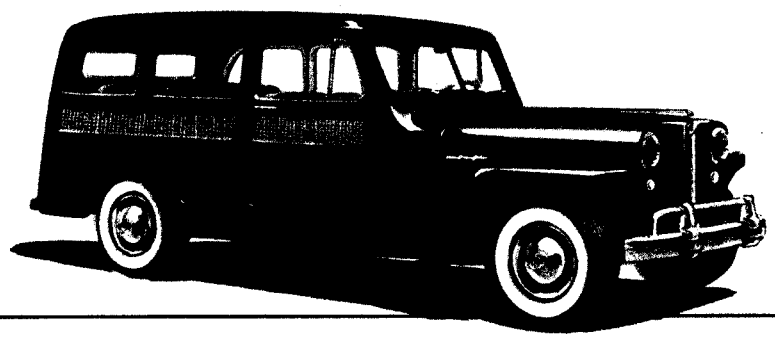




REMOVE THE SEATS and you have 98 cubic feet of load space. Lowering the tail-gate gives a cargo platform 8¼ ft. long for bulky objects. With all seats in, you have extra large luggage space, accessible from inside or out.

'Jeep' Station Wagon



THE 'JEEP' STATION SEDAN, shown at the left, is an entirely new type of fine passenger car. It combines the spaciousness of a station wagon and the soft-riding comfort of a luxuriously appointed sedan.

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Hangover House

By SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMANN

Storm Kennedy had met Lady Hilary and been struck by her beauty long before the night her father Lord Glengale asked him to follow her. But Kennedy had never expected to find himself playing the role of her protector in a lonely country house where a man no one knew had been murdered

PART 1 OF A FIVE-PART SERIAL

NO! For the last time—*no!*" The girl was sitting stiffly on the side of the bed, the telephone receiver pressed to her ear. A trunk and several suitcases, all partly packed, were on the floor. The trunk was labeled GOLDEN ARROW—DOVER TO CALAIS.

"You are only wasting your time and mine," she said coldly to the man on the other end of the wire. "I'm leaving for France early tomorrow morning." She was about to hang up, when something the man said stopped her. "You would never dare! Even *you* can't have sunk to that." A note of desperation crept into her voice. "Whatever you do, or threaten to do, you can't come *here!* I won't see you."

Once more, she was on the point of hanging up—and once more she stopped when the man spoke. Then she said almost frantically, "Don't talk to me like that! I tell you it's useless—" She was losing control of herself and she knew it. She clenched her teeth. "Listen. Listen to me a minute. I refuse to see you here. That's final. I don't want to see you at all. Please understand that, too, if you can—"

Someone knocked on the door.

"Don't come in!" she called. The knock was not repeated. She spoke hurriedly, in a low voice, into the phone: "All right. I will meet you, somewhere, later tonight. It will be our last meeting. Tell me where I can call you."

She was scribbling something on a

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pad when the door opened and an older woman came in. "Elfie!" the girl on the telephone exclaimed—her expression was wild. "We can't go! It's too late!"

Elfie, a woman of fifty, who wore slacks and a spotted handkerchief tied over her hair closed the door and stood with her back to it. "Quiet, dear!" she whispered gruffly. "Your father's here!"

"Father—*here?*"

Elfie nodded. "And I've a feeling he suspects."

"But I can't possibly see him! Elfie, Elfie! Don't ask me to see him tonight! Tell him something—tell him anything. But please get him to go away! Oh, my God! What am I going to do—"

IT HAD been a tiring day for Storm Kennedy. It was almost ten o'clock, he had dined alone and had no intention of going out again. Wearing a comfortable old dressing gown, he lay in a deep easy chair, reading. Around him, on the shelves of his study, were many technical volumes, ranging from forensic medicine to works on the latest method of tabulating fingerprints.

The flat was very quiet. No sound of the ceaseless ebb and flow of London's tide penetrated it. Then, faintly, he heard the doorbell. He paid no attention. He was seeing nobody. But there was a rap on the door, and Sergeant Whittaker, his granite-faced manservant, came in. He carried a visiting card.

"Whittaker," Kennedy said sharply, "did I, or didn't I, tell you to admit no one?"

"You did tell me, sir." Whittaker was unmoved. "I thought this caller might be an exception." He offered the card.

It read, simply: Lord Glengale, *Guards Club, London.*

Storm Kennedy glanced at Whittaker. "What on earth can *he* want? Where is he?"

"I showed him into the office, sir—"

Little more than three minutes had elapsed when Storm Kennedy opened the door of the small room he used as an office. A short, wiry man, with close-cut silvery hair stood with his back to the door. He wore a dinner suit.

"Lord Glengale?"

The visitor turned and stared at Kennedy. "Why no pipe?" he inquired brusquely. "Sherlock Holmes always smoked a pipe, didn't he?"

Kennedy smiled. "Left my pipe in the other room. Won't you sit down?"

Lord Glengale sat down, and Kennedy took a seat behind the desk. Lord Glengale took a cigarette from the box, and Kennedy, leaning across the desk, lighted it. As he snapped out the lighter he said, "Since I hadn't anticipated the pleasure of your call tonight, sir, perhaps you might tell me why you came?"

Lord Glengale looked pleased. He liked men who stood for no nonsense. "Colonel Mallory put me onto you. Remember Mallory?"

Kennedy lighted a cigarette, and nodded.

"Rat of a nephew of his pinched some jewels, or something. Mary Mallory went to the police. You stepped in, got 'em back and saved a family scandal. Neat job."

"I did my best for Colonel Mallory. And now, Lord Glengale, what is it you want me to do for you?"

"What I'm going to tell you is—painfully intimate. Understand?"

"Entirely." Storm Kennedy was tapping the rubber end of a pencil on the empty page of a notebook.

"Concerns my daughter, Hilary. Know her?"

Kennedy gave no sign. But the statement—wholly unforeseen—had shaken him from his mood of bored toleration. Lady Hilary Bruton: Most exquisite debutante of postwar society. "I've had the pleasure of meeting her. I can't claim to know her well."

"Easy looker. But poor judgment. Gets her looks from my family. Most of the Brutons stand up well. Her mother's dead, you know." Lord Glengale was suffering the tortures of the damned in exposing his domestic life to a stranger. "Briefly—she's in deep, somewhere."

"What about a drink?" Kennedy suggested.

"Thanks. Should appreciate it."

Kennedy pressed a bell on the desk. Sergeant Whittaker entered, as if he had been standing outside the door, carrying a tray on which were bottles, a crystal jug, a soda-water siphon and a bowl of ice. He set the tray on a convenient side table and withdrew, silently.

The marquess raised his glass. "All the best!"

Kennedy nodded.

"Hilary's of age; lives her own life. Can't keep her locked up in Dumferry. Hate London, myself. Well, she got in a bit of a mess a while back—more particulars, later—and now she stays in town a lot with her aunt, my late wife's sister. Damned old fool, but sound stock. Well—she's in some sort of bad trouble. Want someone to keep an eye on her."

Storm Kennedy frowned at his lifted glass. "If you mean, someone to spy on her movements, I'm afraid Colonel Mallory has sent you to the wrong address."

Glengale glared. "Spy on her movements be damned, sir! What d'you take me for? Don't want her followed about. Want her protected. I tell you she's in deep—involved with some blackguard, in a big way. You don't know Hilary as I do. If anybody got her cornered—I think she's capable of killing him—or trying to."

Lord Glengale paused. Then he went on, "Believe I know the man. Came up to make a few inquiries. Found the man I'm talking about was in London. Called on Hilary tonight about an hour ago, and she wouldn't see me! Wouldn't see her own father! Lot of baggage in the lobby. Believe she was getting ready to bolt!"

"You are possibly afraid," Kennedy suggested patiently, "that she may rush into some undesirable marriage?"

"Do you understand, sir, that apart from the estate which will be hers one day, Hilary, under her mother's will, controls a very large fortune?"

"Are you suggesting blackmail?"

"I am. Know it in my bones. That girl's in desperate trouble. What can I do? Haven't the facilities to trace her. Can't go to Scotland Yard. Find out where Hilary's gone tonight—and follow her. Save her. Tomorrow may be too late."

Storm Kennedy sighed, and stood up. "It's a queer assignment, Lord Glengale, and a very tough one. But I'll do my best."

A DANCE band was playing somewhere, but closed doors, closed and heavily draped windows dimmed some of the sound. That which penetrated, however, appeared to be more than distasteful to the only occupant of the room. Seated in a corner of a massive oak inglenook, beside a fireplace designed to burn mounds of wood logs, but now empty, he glanced frequently at the clock. It was twenty minutes after midnight.

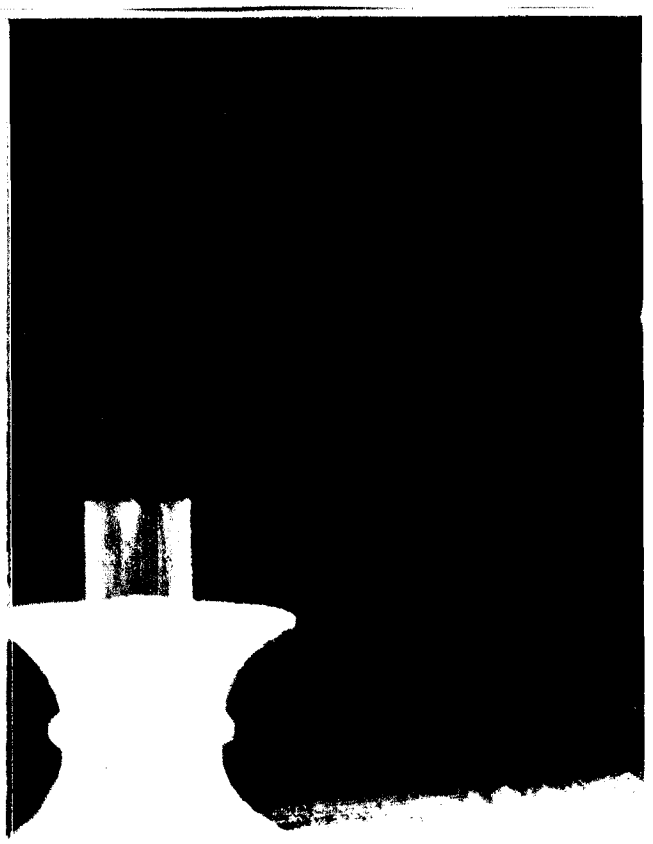
Although the clock was early Victorian, it was a newcomer beside the relics which flanked it. Ranged on open shelves were figures, mostly imperfect, of the strange gods of the Nile, creatures part man and part sacred ibis, part woman and part moon phantasy.

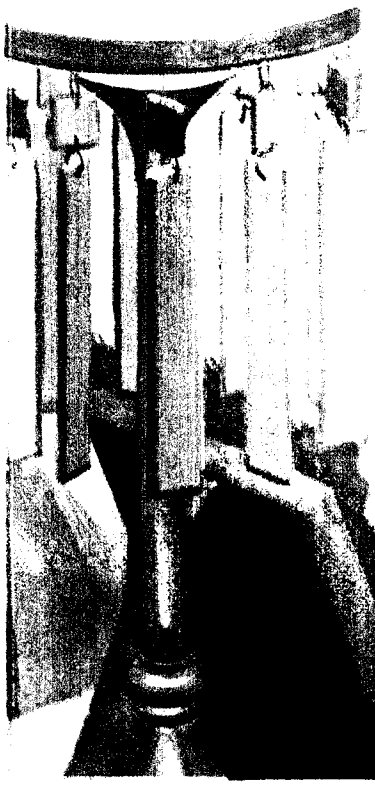
Beyond, out of deeper shadow, loomed crowded, untidy bookcases. On top of these were piled brass Zemzem cups from Mecca, incense burners, old Damascus ware. Above, hung scimitars, daggers, and other examples of early Oriental arms—and in the inglenook there was the man who kept glancing at the clock.

He was, perhaps, in certain respects the most interesting exhibit of all. He had long, untidy gray hair, and he had neglected to shave recently, so that a whitish overtone marked the angular yellow face.

A sound of smothered laughter, of swishing feet,

"You would never dare! Even you can't have sunk to that. Whatever you do, you can't come here!"





drew his angry glance to the draped French windows. A girl and a man were dancing on the terrace, right outside. The band stopped suddenly, in the casual manner of dance bands, and whoever was outside moved away.

The man in the corner glanced again at the clock, rolled the *Times* into a bundle and hurled it on the floor. Standing up, he opened a small cupboard in the wall. He took out a bottle, a glass and a siphon of soda water. Mixing himself a stiff whisky, he replaced bottle and siphon and resumed his seat.

He had just fixed his pince-nez in place and had unwrapped a copy of an archaeological journal, when something made him put it down. Looking up quickly, he saw a slender figure standing before him. A brown-skinned Egyptian who wore evening clothes, with the somewhat unusual addition of a green turban.

"If I intrude"—it was a gentle, musical voice—"please do not hesitate—"

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"I don't hesitate, sir! This room is private."

"Every room, like every man, is of glass, to him who can see. I was drawn here by your solitude, and"—the Egyptian moved expressive hands—"the things about you."

"Indeed! Might I ask who you are?"

"I am a guest. I am called Mohammed. We are all guests in this world of shadows. Some meet with welcome. Others wander alone."

"Your remarks, sir, appear to be poor paraphrases of indifferent poets."

"No one who seeks to share with others the beauty he perceives, merits indifference. These artists, scribes and craftsmen"—one long brown hand indicated the laden shelves—"some of them men of my own land, sought to give beauty to others. Now, you are sharing their dreams."

"Indeed?"

"Some of their dreams were unlovely, of vengeance, of death. There is blood on those Damascus blades. I can see it, even after the passing of centuries. But some were beautiful, effendi. In such surroundings the poet refreshes his spirit."

"I am obliged to you," said the man in the corner, "for your informative observations. And now, if you are conscious of sufficient spiritual refreshment, no doubt you will wish to rejoin the other guests?"

"I will do so, effendi." The placid speaker crossed his hands on his breast and bowed. "Es-salaam 'aleykum."

"'Aleykum es-salaam," came the automatic response.

The Egyptian moved noiselessly to the door, opened it, and went out.

Muttering angrily and glaring at the clock, the man in the corner got up. With his journal tucked under his arm and his whisky glass held in his hand, he crossed to a short, oaken stair leading to an arched opening above, and went up.

A door banged loudly, somewhere. . . .

When Lord Glengale had gone, intending to spend the night at his club, Storm Kennedy had squarely faced the responsibility he had accepted. It was no light one.

Having failed, as Lord Glengale had failed, to get any reply on the telephone, Kennedy sent Whittaker around to the Sloane Street flat where Lady Hilary was staying, to learn what he could of her movements since Lord Glengale had paid his visit. Sergeant Whittaker was adept at this type of inquiry.

Half an hour later, he called up. The head porter had had orders to send certain baggage for the two ladies ahead to Victoria on the following morning. It was to be put aboard the Golden Arrow Paris Express, in which their seats were already reserved.

But this order had been canceled. The two ladies had driven off, without baggage, in Lady Hilary's car, shortly after ten thirty. Lady Hilary, who was driving, had asked the porter which was the best road to Lychgate, in Surrey, and he had advised her to go through Kings Riding, pointing out, however, that there was a threat of fog.

What on earth did this mean? Why Lychgate at ten thirty on a misty night?

STORM KENNEDY found a possible explanation among unanswered mail—an invitation card from Joan Faraway, whom he knew to be a particular friend of Hilary's, bidding him attend an austerity birthday party to be held that night at some strange address in Surrey. All welcome any time between 8:00 and 8:00.

Kennedy had not intended to go. Joan, American wife of the Honorable Peter Faraway, had far too much money. The town flat was unsuitable for the sort of affairs Joan liked, and she had hired some place in Lychgate.

She was out when he called the Mayfair number, as he had anticipated, but after some delay he heard Peter's voice.

"Hullo! Hullo! Is that old Bill Kennedy?"

"Hullo, Peter. I want to ask you something in the strictest confidence. Do you know if Hilary Bruton will be at the party tonight?"

"Wait a minute," came Peter's voice. "Can't hear you very well."

"I said, will Hilary Bruton be at the party tonight?"

"Oh, yes. I seem to remember Joan saying so," Peter had said.

The fog had grown steadily with every mile Kennedy covered. Such a blanket was wholly unseasonable, but no means unprecedented in this neighborhood. In his methodical way, Kennedy, before starting, had traced the exact location of the house. And that was the only reason that he ever got there at all.

A number of cars creeping warily through the gloom had passed him during the last mile, which lay along an unfrequented road. He strongly suspected that they were those of Joan's departing guests.

In this suspicion he was confirmed as he picked a cautious way up an ascending and serpentine approach through overhanging elms. Headlights materialized out of the murk, and a large sedan, narrowly missing him, swerved by. He had a glimpse of the occupants. One of them wore a light topcoat and a chef's tall white cap. He was singing.

The party had broken up. These were members of a caterer's staff. Kennedy knew he was on a fool's errand. But he went ahead. . . .

Once more the door of that strange museum-like room was opened, gently, and a woman looked in. Finding the room empty, she moved with quiet self-possession to a littered desk upon which a telephone stood.

Her movements had an Oriental languor and her backless gown displayed arms and shoulders having the gleam of mellowed ivory. A clear profile, its small nose and chin, petulant mouth, outlined against a fragment of wall-painting, closely

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)

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You can't win. Even if you're $4.98 ahead in the game, kibitzing tax cops say it's earned income and want Uncle Sam's share

Look Out for the Tax Cops

By HAROLD WOLFF

If you're not an entirely honest taxpayer and believe you can fool Uncle Sam, read this article and get the facts. The Bureau of Internal Revenue is going to do a big job of checking this year, right down to the low-income brackets

ARE you a smart fellow who believes you can fool Uncle Sam in your tax return? If so, your chances of getting into a jam have just gone up several thousand per cent. You're just the type the Bureau of Internal Revenue is going to investigate this year as part of a new campaign to check up on the taxpaying habits of John Q. Ordinary Taxpayer.

"This new program is not designed to scare people out of their wits," states a bureau official. "But it is most positively designed to collect all the tax money due the government. We owe it to every honest taxpayer to see to it that others tote their share of the load."

If you have trimmed on your tax payments in the hope of saving many dollars or just a few, some fine day you will come back from lunch and find an Internal Revenue man waiting for you. He will produce your income-tax return and say: Did you report all your income? Did you do an odd job which you haven't listed? Was that tour of the high spots which you claimed exemption for really necessary for your business? Did you get a gift from a customer in St. Louis? Have you any records to show that you are the main support of your mother-in-law or that you really gave that $5 to the Red Cross? Prove it or pay up.

And that's only a taste of what's to come. Unless he's satisfied with your answers, you will find that a revenue agent can, in this land of the free, go through your bankbooks, check your personal charge accounts, even ask you to explain where you got the money for that new suite of living-room furniture.

By the time the agent closes his report, you will have been through a microscopic going-over. You can judge your chances of getting away with anything by what happened last year when the bureau collected two billion dollars from individuals and firms who hoped they were safe from scrutiny.

Up to now the bureau tracked down the small taxpayer only if he did something that aroused suspicion or if someone informed on him. If you were one of the 50,000,000 ordinary $7,000-a-year-or-under mortals, and filed a plausible-looking return, your chance of getting investigated was literally less than one in a million. "Virtually nil" and "practically zero" is the way a committee of tax experts described your chance of tangling with the bureau's sleuths.

Tax experts have known for some time that small taxpayers have been getting away with a big chunk of revenue that Uncle Sam sorely needs. Former Undersecretary of the Treasury A.L.M. Wiggins, top adviser to the government on tax matters, estimates that many billions' worth of income have never been declared by taxpayers, most of whom are in the lower brackets. This is unfair to you conscientious taxpayers. Hence the Audit Control Program, as the new investigation system for all tax returns is called.

Devised by a team of Treasury investigators, trained to catch tax errors, ACP is expected to put the fear of Uncle Sam into evasive lower-bracket citizens. Here's how it will work. From the returns that look perfectly okay, and would ordi-

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narily never be checked, the Washington, D.C., bureau will select 150,000 for scrutiny. They will include a sample from every neighborhood in the country, distributed according to income brackets, so that the bulk of them will be from taxpayers with net incomes of under $7,000.

There will be a sample from hundreds of occupations. "If there are six barbers in town, we would like to check up on at least one of them," explains the bureau.

With ACP in operation, I, for example, can be reasonably sure that I or some other writer, with about the same income and living in the same part of New York City, will get tapped.

If you run a drugstore in Kalamazoo, you can be sure that you or some other druggist in your neck of the woods will have his income-tax return thoroughly studied.

"We don't want to put people in jail. We want to 'educate them'," is the soothing word from a bureau official. And in a few years, they are confident that ACP will educate delinquent taxpayers out of a good part of the billions of tax dollars that are owed Uncle Sam.

How will ACP tell whether or not you are paying every cent you owe the government? Some of the methods of the trade are top secret. But enough of the bureau's techniques can be disclosed to give you some idea of what they will be looking for, and how they will go about finding it.

To begin with, they think that the bulk of the missing taxes lies in concealed income. And ferreting this out is sometimes as simple as following the real-estate pages in the newspaper.

That device trapped a certain Washington, D.C., business woman whose office was located right across the street from the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

The lady in question had bought a new home, and the purchase was announced in the paper. But the income reported on her tax return was nowhere near enough to pay for the house, and the lady had a lot of explaining to do, and a lot of back taxes to pay.

Banks co-operate by reporting "unusual currency transactions," especially if they involve bills of large denomination. This is why one "smart" Massachusetts merchant buried his money in his basement. He figured that his gains from black-market sugar deals would attract attention if they were deposited in the bank.

Four years later, he thought he was in the clear and dug up the money. It had molded a bit. With consummate confidence, he sent it to the Treasury Department, asking for new bills. He got them, but also a visit from the Bureau of Internal Revenue, and ended up paying the government a wad of back income taxes and going to jail.

Payments to You Are Reported

And did you know that every time anyone pays you $500 or more, or $100 in dividends, he is required to notify the Bureau's Processing Center at Kansas City?

And did you know that two hundred million little slips of paper—nearly all of them wage reports—wend their way to the Bureau's Processing Center every year, bearing reports of payment you received? And when you file your return, it is compared with Kansas City's records. If the two don't match, you will be asked to explain.

Even more trouble for tax evaders comes from the accumulated know-how of the investigators. It's amazing how much these boys know about your sources of income, in addition to what comes from your regular salary. They know how much a beauty-parlor operator in a residential neighborhood should average in tips in a year, and how much more she would get if her shop were in a smart downtown establishment.

They know all about the incomes of taxi drivers and headwaiters from the corner barroom to the swank night spots. In one Eastern bureau office they even employ a Chinese agent who is an authority on incomes derived from the laundry business.

Sometimes the Treasury's experts know more about a person's income than the person knows himself. One of the prize letters in the bureau's file is a thank-you note from an Illinois tavern keeper whom the bureau moved in on a year ago. As the tavern keeper had reported how much liquor he had bought during the year, the investigators were able to figure out about how many drinks he had sold, and how much money he should have taken in.

Some time after the bureau had collected the difference in taxes, it received an apologetic note from the tavern keeper reporting: "I put two detectives in my place and found that you were right. My bartenders had been tapping the till. Thank you."

Revenue men are always on the lookout for cash income that never gets recorded. Did you realize that if you sit up all Saturday night and come out $4.98 ahead in a poker game, that is reportable income? So is your profit on a car trade-in or the house you bought for a song and sold for a boom price. Gifts or bonuses that are in any way connected with your business should be reported. And, though many people have the idea that government bonds are tax-free, that proviso doesn't apply to bonds bought since 1941. So the interest on any of those you cashed in 1948 is taxable.

This year those doctors, dentists, farmers and fishermen who have been delinquent in the past are going to get hit with everything the bureau knows. Domestic servants, small businessmen, traveling salesmen are also expected to turn up some untapped revenue.

With the farmers, the checking may be no more complicated than watching stories that have appeared in the press about farm income, which in some cases recently has been fantastically high. At least one farmer, whose tale of fortune was written up in a magazine, has been called upon to square the story he told the reporter with what he had said in his tax return. He paid up. So will those doctors whose new cars and general living standards don't jibe with the modest incomes they have been reporting.

To check up on doctors, the investigators analyzed the number of prescriptions that had been filed in neighboring drugstores, studied the surgical records in hospitals. In one Michigan case, they indicated that they might go so far as to check with each of a doctor's patients. The threat yielded a confession of $99,000 in unreported income which, when penalties were added, netted the government $70,000. To check up on opticians, the bureau traced their records which in one case alone showed up $50,000 in unreported income.

Off-limits to men? Try and keep the tax cop from busting into the beauty parlor. He wants to ensure Uncle Sam's share of tips

The Barber Who Had a Side Line

A Norfolk, Virginia, barber who sold lottery tickets on the side thought he could fool the bureau by not keeping any records of his income. But the investigator proved that his total assets increased $34,000 in two years, and he had to pay taxes and penalties on that amount.

In the case of a Michigan doctor, who had no records of his income, an investigator painstakingly reconstructed his earnings by adding up his purchases made at various stores during the year. This turned up an unreported income of $12,000. The same tedious approach nicked an Iowa farmer for $38,000.

So whatever your sources of income, whether they are recorded or not, remember ACP will have ways of getting Uncle Sam's share. And they will be equally adroit in their ability to cope with the deduction side of your tax return. Will Rogers used to say: "The income tax has made more liars out of the American people than golf has." And heads of charities would agree that if we gave all that we claimed we did to organizations like the Red Cross or the March of Dimes, they would have no financial problems whatever.

Those who claim remarkable tax exemption on the basis of donations to charity and worthy causes can expect a going over from ACP.

The bureau has in mind the Parkersburg, West Virginia, lady who claimed a deduction for a gift to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The revenue agent had no grudge against the lineal descendants of Carrie Nation, but he did protest against that item appearing on a return that also claimed a man-sized tax deduction on liquor she had bought. Consistency is the one thing the bureau expects of all of us.

Another place where the bureau thinks part of the missing billions are hiding is in the column marked dependents. Last year, in prosecuting the Lustig family for a three-million-dollar fraud, the bureau found that one of the defendants had saved himself a few hundred dollars a year by claiming his mother as a dependent. She had been dead four years.

And at the other end of the income bracket is a Colorado truck driver who tried to save $70 by listing a couple of nonexistent dependents. He is now serving a jail sentence for his relatively small fraud.

A spot check on a suburb of New York revealed that there was something irregular about two thirds of the dependency deductions. You can be sure that ACP will be checking that item closely this year.

Checking on dependency gives the bureau many

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The Woman Question

By W. L. KNICKMEYER

Julie takes the Woman Question seriously—Jake takes Julie seriously—and together they solve their problems—blithely

I MET her at a party. It was one of those intellectual things: a lot of yap about the U.N. and existentialism with girls in leather sandals, and three kinds of bad liquor. Don't ask me why I was there.

I was standing back against the wall and I'd just made up my mind to leave when this girl popped up. She was wearing one of those dresses that makes you want to know what keeps it up. It was long and green and her shoulders were white and smooth. There was a touch of red in her hair. A cluster of something. I couldn't make out whether they were cherries or strawberries.

Whatever they were, they didn't belong at a party like that. The girl stood in front of me and stared into my face like she was mad at somebody.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "What's your name? I never saw you before." Her voice was low, kind of husky, but smooth and nice.

I decided it was too early to go home. "Jake Holcomb," I said.

"Glad to know you, Holcomb," she said. "Mine's Bennet."

I blinked. "Just Bennet?"

"Isn't that enough? Your friends call you Holcomb, don't they?"

"No," I said. "My friends call me Jake."

She waved a hand. "It doesn't matter." She pointed a finger at my nose. "What do you think about the Woman Question?"

I hadn't thought about it. "I don't know. I'm in favor of it, I guess."

Her lips came together tight. "You're like all the others," she said. "You think it's funny. You don't know what it's like to be a woman."

It wasn't my fault. I just wasn't built right for it.

I looked around at the party. The smoke was a little thicker, the yap was a little louder. I looked back at the girl. She was standing there with her chin stuck out and her hands on her hips, and she came about to my shoulder.

"Bennet," I said, "you're absolutely right. Let's go somewhere and discuss it."

I grinned when I said it, and for a minute she looked like she might slap me. Then she had an idea; you could see it working in back of her eyes. I was light-minded, frivolous. I didn't give a damn about the Woman Question. Okay—she'd convert me.

She made a smile that didn't quite get to her eyes.

"Yes," she said. "All right. Where shall we go?"

Her name was Julie. We found a hole-in-the-wall bar and sat in a booth and drank beers. Her hair shone, her eyes were big and brown and lovely.

"Bennet," I said, "you're crazy. What have you got to worry about?"

The eyes were earnest, indignant. She leaned across the table toward me and her voice got intensity in it. "I'm a woman," she said.

That I couldn't deny. "So are a lot of other people. What's your beef?"

She bit her lip, staring at me. Somebody dropped a nickel in the juke box and the music played sweet and soft and her eyes looked past me into the distance.

"I feel so—frustrated," she whispered. "I want to express myself. I want to find fulfillment." The eyes were big and unhappy. I decided not to laugh. She said, "But I'm a woman, and—what can I do? What is there for me?"

She seemed to expect an answer. I drank some beer. Then I said, "Why not get married?"

"Married! Tie myself to some man—be his slave—cook for him, darn his socks!" It was too much. She couldn't go on.

"Some women like it," I said. "Have you ever been in love?"

"Oh—love!" She shrugged it off. Her shoulders were nice, too, smooth and white. "Love is just a trap. A biological trap."

Trap or not, it had its points. I looked at Julie and rubbed my chin with my hand. This was what came of teaching women to read. Maybe the old days were the best. I drank some more beer.

"What about a job?" I said.

She made a scornful laugh. "I've got a job. Do you know what I do?"

I shook my head. "I left my crystal ball at home. What do you do?"

"I'm a reporter. I go to weddings and write what the bride wore!"

It was a job, wasn't it? The President of the United States can't say more. His job pays a little better, maybe, but on the other hand it's temporary.

"Well," I said. "Somebody's got to do it."

"Everywhere I turn," she said, "there's a blank wall. Because I'm a woman."

I had an idea. "How long have you had this job?"

"Why—three weeks."

And they hadn't made her city editor. Her path was rugged. "Uh-huh. And before that?"

She shrugged again. "It's the same story everywhere. Fashion drawing, social work—even politics. A blank wall."

It sounded like a crowded life. She couldn't have been much over twenty. I said, "Listen. Have you ever sung with the Metropolitan?"

Julie sat up straighter. A look came into her eye. "No," she admitted. "But I used to sing in the choir at home. Do you suppose—?"

I stopped that, quick. "Frankly, no. They tell me it takes something special."

She looked disappointed, but nodded. "Yes. I

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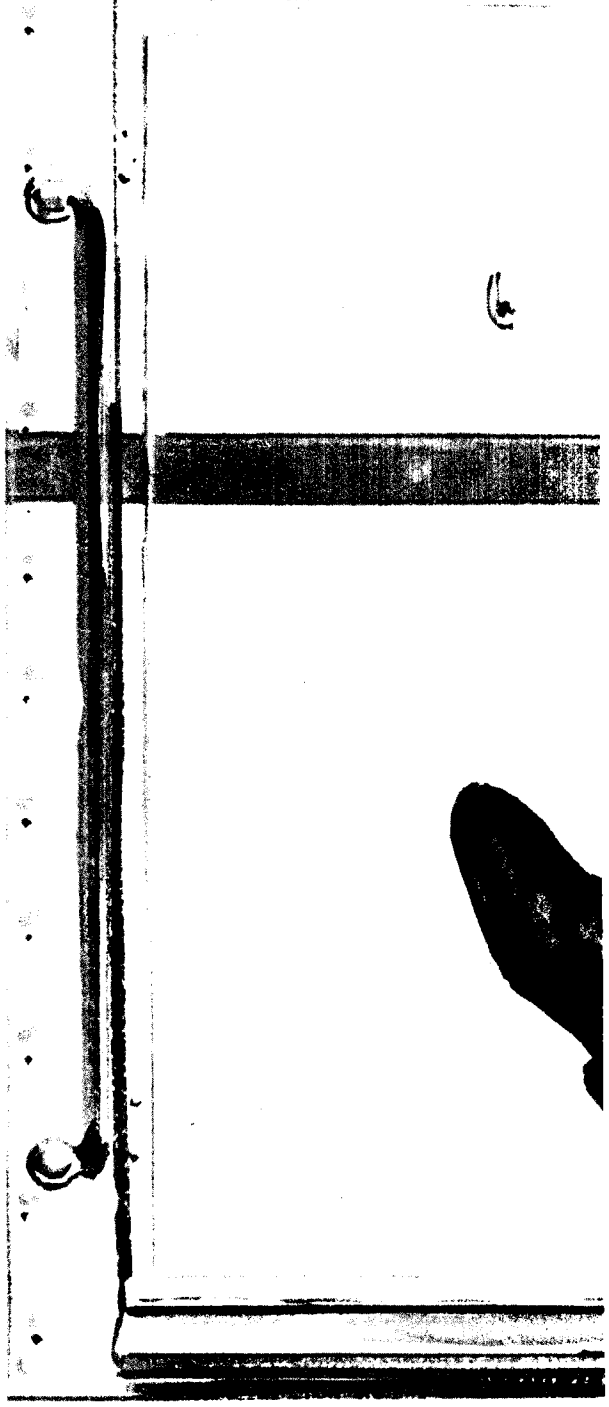

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She said, "I don't care about the socks. Oh, darling, I know why I kept running from one job to another now. I know why I felt frustrated"

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Korea:

Old Koreans, like this rice farmer, cling to the traditions of their culture, one of the world's oldest

AN AMERICAN colonel walked casually along the Bong Chung—the Broadway of Seoul, South Korea's capital. He stopped at one of the hundreds of sidewalk stalls to examine some souvenir silk handkerchiefs. As he did so, he was approached by a well-dressed, obviously upper-class Korean youth. The Korean glared at the colonel, then at his feet. "Migook!" he muttered, the favorite Korean epithet for his liberators, which translates roughly into, "Dirty American!"

Some 200 miles southeast of the Korean capital, in a tiny village, a Military Government public-opinion analyst questioned an aged Korean farmer. "If you had your choice," he asked, "would you prefer a Russian or an American form of government?"

The farmer looked incredulous. "The Russians are masters; you Americans are children," he replied. "We will have only one kind of government, and that is a Korean government. All the rest is nonsense."

These are not isolated incidents. They happen every day in that finger of land called Korea which reaches out into the sea from Manchuria.

Both the Russians, who have tried to communize North Korea, and the Americans, who have tried to democratize South Korea, have met with an equal degree of failure. They have discovered that although you can lead the Korean to new waters of political experience, you cannot make him drink. For the Koreans are so stubborn and so immovable, so unalterably convinced of their national superiority, that they have earned for themselves the title of: The Irish of the Orient.

The very fact that Korea boasts a recorded history that goes back to 2,000 B.C. has proved a severe handicap to the American occupation.

One evening I was visiting at the home of Kim Yun-sik. Kim was studying engineering at Seoul University and hoped to continue his studies in the United States. Although it was five degrees below zero outside, we were comfortably warm in stocking feet and only the lightest clothing.

"Sometimes you Americans are very amusing," Kim said. "I have been reading an article in one of your engineering magazines about a new method of heating homes by running hot-water pipes beneath the floors. The author calls it a 'great achievement of American engineering,' and predicts it will revolutionize home building throughout the world." Kim smiled. "Come, let me show you something."

We put on our shoes and our heavy overcoats and walked into the yard. Kim scraped the snow away from a trap door set into the ground about two feet from the side of the house. He opened it, and we were forced back by the heat from a raging coal fire. "You see," he said, "the heat reaches beneath the entire house. It rises through the floor and between the walls and keeps our rooms at an even temperature for as much as eight hours after the fire has burned out. Your American engineers are not so ingenious after all. We Koreans have been using this system for the past 2,000 years."

Even the most notable military successes of the United States come out only second best. A U.S. Army major had just concluded his lecture at Ewha College as guest instructor of American history. The subject under discussion had been the famous Civil War naval battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac. The major had tried to make the point that the battle was famous because these were the first ironclad ships in history. The students seemed strangely unimpressed.

The major was at a loss to understand this lack of enthusiasm until one student took him aside and kindly informed him that in the late 16th century, more than 200 years before the Civil War, an ironclad Korean ship had led a fleet against a huge flotilla of Japanese vessels and won the battle. This vessel, known today as the Tortoise, was completely ironclad. Some naval historians claim it would have made the Monitor look like a defenseless rowboat.

There's another outcropping of Irishism in the Korean that doesn't make him any easier to work with or to understand. Some unknown wag made a good point when he added four words to the lyrical descriptive phrase and dubbed Korea The Land of the Morning Calm—and the Daytime Demonstration. Like any true Son of Erin, the Korean would rather step into a good knock-down, drag-out fight than sit down to a bowl of his national dish, *kim-chee*.

Provided the scrap is big enough, the Korean does not seem to care what it is all about. This love of battle for its own sake was sharply brought home to the Americans less than three months after the occupation.

Communists Plan Protest Parade

In December, 1945, President Truman at the Moscow conference, announced his proposal that Korea be placed under a 4-nations trusteeship. This development caught the South Korean Communists by surprise. After a hurried consultation, the party announced it would hold a monster antitrusteeship demonstration on January 1st. Farmers, students and children from distances as much as 100 miles rushed to party headquarters in Seoul and asked to join the parade.

At nine o'clock, the morning of January 1st, a gay procession of some 10,000 Koreans began their march through the streets of Seoul. They sang Korean folk songs and swung banners reading: Down with Trusteeship; No Slavery for Korea; and Down with American Imperialism. But two hours later disaster struck. Then, completing a tortuous journey from the Kremlin to Pyong-yang (capital of North Korea) and from Pyong-yang to Seoul, the news arrived that the Communist party had decided to support trusteeship!

But the Koreans would not be kept from their demonstration. Ten thousand marchers momentarily halted their parade. Twenty thousand hands made quick, clumsy revisions on their placards. Then the procession began again, as merrily as before. Only this time the banners read: Up Down with Trusteeship; No More Slavery for Korea; and Down with Japanese ~~American~~ Imperialism!

Yet when the odds are heavy and he is genuinely interested in his cause, the Korean is doubly dangerous. This was demonstrated on Sam I1 (March 1), 1919, when Korean resentment at 14 years of Japanese occupation burst its bounds. In the face of Japanese rifles, the entire populace of Seoul converged on Chong-No Square in the heart of the city, broke down the Japanese-constructed barriers and definitely sounded their sacred Independence Bell.

The gesture was magnificent, but futile. A bloody sun set on Korea that day as the Japanese soldiers and police slaughtered an estimated 75,000 people. Nothing concrete was achieved. The Japanese oppression continued for another quarter-century. But Sam I1 today is the Korean's number one

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORACE BRISTOL

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Ireland of the Orient

By STANLEY RICH

When it comes to pugnacity and stubbornness, even the Irish do not excel the Koreans, and with Korea a key to the Far East, they're ready to play ball with whoever offers them what they want

The proud, passionate young Koreans like nothing better than a demonstration. Signs carried by these members of the Su Book Youth Association make up in zeal what they lack in grammar

Custom-conscious Koreans require women to sit apart from the men in family rituals (above). At left, a woman in Russian-occupied North Korea, from which 3,000,000 persons have fled

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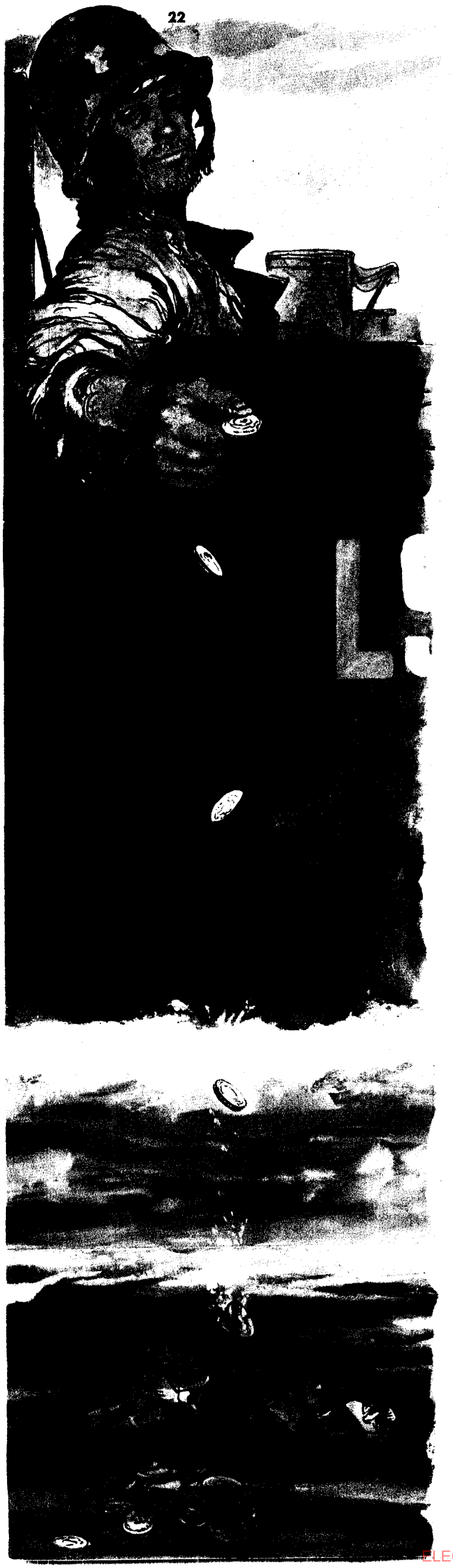

Silver dollars

By GEORGE P. MORRILL

"I'll give you guys this package," said the Marine with all the silver dollars. "If I don't write for it within three years, it's yours." And now the three years are up

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S $1,000 FICTION AWARD

Collier's ☆ STAR STORY

"OKAY," said Carl, through his cigar. "Open her up." I could not look at him. He disgusted me—the way he said it. He was a hound after money if I ever saw one, that Carl Forger. "Come on," he said, banging with both palms on the table, "I got to beat it."

"The man who gave us this is dead," I said. "Think about him for a couple of seconds."

He shrugged, blowing smoke, waving his cigar. His eyes said, "What good will it do him? Come on—let's have it."

I snapped the string on the thick, flat package. I squinted at Carl who seemed—as always—to be enjoying my annoyance. His derby was tilted back exposing the big wrinkles on his forehead. His fat underlip was out. He looked like a pudgy, poolroom cheap skate who made his living by sharpness and treachery and no work. Which he was.

"I suppose," he said, "you don't want no part of this jack. Oh, no!"

I was too angry to answer. I unfolded the heavy brown paper and began turning back layers of faded cloth. Part of an old USMC shirt it looked like.

"Don't hurry," said Carl. "Please don't hurry."

I peeled away the cloth, piece by piece. My hands moved slower. I thought back to the day when Carl and I had been given this strange brown package, back to the big blond-headed Marine with the soft voice.

WE WERE lying at anchor off Betio, inside the Tarawa Atoll. It was one of those tremendous Pacific days with gold sunlight on the water and clouds like whipped cream around the edges. About a hundred Marines were aboard—twenty-five more than we were supposed to carry.

"Listen," said Carl, waving his hand at the well deck. "There's something funny about these guys."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Just funny. How they act. Can't you see it?"

Sure I could see it. But I gave Carl a sarcastic look. We didn't like each other. Somehow we always got stuck on the same anchor watch and we were always fighting.

"They're nuts," he said, shaking his greasy head, "plain nuts."

"You'd be nuts too, if you'd had what they had for four days."

He snickered, wrinkling his fat nose. He waddled down the starboard companionway and spat over the rail. "Ain't we been shot at too?"

"Oh, we got it really rough," I called after him.

There was something different about these guys all right. They didn't make trouble like the others we had shuttled from island to island. But they had hard lines in their faces and splintery lights in their eyes. And they didn't laugh much. They ate candy bars and smoked and hung over the rail. They stared into the water like statues. A lot of the time they shot crap for high stakes and they didn't seem to care whether they won or lost.

The funny thing about these guys was that, while they didn't make trouble, they weren't submissive. They never jumped when an officer spoke. They did as they pleased. I never saw anything like it.

"Listen," Pete Timbers, our gunner's mate, explained it to me, "I thought we'd been around. But these bellhops make me feel like a kid. They've been someplace where *nothing matters*."

I GUESS that was it. Nothing mattered to a Marine who had lived through four days of Tarawa. He had been to a land where rules did not apply. Now when someone tried to push him around he didn't even laugh. He just looked bored.

When Carl came back his eyes were popping.

"They're uppin' each other a sawbuck at a whack," he said.

"Where?"

"All over the deck." He leaned close, hissing behind the back of his hand. "I seen a guy drop two hundred in two minutes."

"Get out your roll," I snorted. "Here's easy dough in your lap."

"Yeah," he said, staring at the Marines. It actually hurt him to see that money floating around. But he was afraid to shoot his pile against a bunch of wild men who tossed ten dollars into the kitty with each roll. It was murder. "Maybe there's a poker game someplace," he said.

The money changed hands, back and forth. One minute a Marine had cabbage sticking out of every pocket. The next minute he was broke. There were a lot of silver dollars in the works. I counted a dozen shiny heaps on No. 2 hatch alone.

"It's a West Coast pay roll," I said. "Look at the cartwheels."

"Crazy," murmured Carl, wetting his lips, "crazy bunch of guys."

The winners were not exultant. Nor the losers in the dumps. I began to understand why they felt the way they did. What did they have to look forward to—except another beachhead and a lovely chance of getting knocked off?

"Poor guys!" I said, thinking that a sailor's life wasn't so bad after all.

"Poor guys?" said Carl. "With that dough?"

My eye fell on a big blond Marine leaning over the midship rail. His sleeves were rolled up, showing powerful forearms covered with thin golden hair. He had a handful of silver dollars. He took one of them between his thumb and forefinger, held it out, and dropped it in the water. He stared after it like a fascinated child.

"Five of them at once," said the Marine, "is a lot prettier." He sprinkled five silver dollars over the water. "Hey," he said to Carl, "you drop one"

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"For the lova Mike!" said Carl. "Did you see that?"

I had seen it all right. While we stared, the big Marine held out another dollar and let it fall.

"Look at that!" breathed Carl.

He brushed past me and tumbled down the ladder. I followed. We came up on the Marine just as he let go another one—plop.

"Hey," said Carl, "them things don't grow on trees, you know."

The Marine swung a slow glance at us. I felt ashamed. With Betio smoking half a mile off and a lot of this guy's buddies not twenty-four hours dead, we were talking about money. I took a step backward—to show I didn't feel the same way as Carl about this thing.

THE Marine grinned—a frozen sort of grin. He had nice teeth. I could tell by the flinty light that came into his eyes that he sized us up for a couple of swabs who didn't know the score. I stood there. I could have kicked myself for following Carl. Somehow I wanted to tell the Marine that I understood how things were, that it was okay to throw money overboard or any other damned thing.

"Silver bucks don't grow on trees," said Carl.

"They do where I'm going, Mac," drawled the Marine. He squinted at Carl as though measuring him for a cocoon.

Carl licked his lips. Was he about to ask the Marine to give *him* the dough? I blushed for him.

"Watch," said the Marine, "it's pretty."

We stared down. The water was like transparent turquoise. At the bottom half a dozen silver dollars rested on the white sand. They twinkled. A small yellow fish swam over them leisurely.

"A big crab scoop would reach 'em," said Carl.

Plop went another silver dollar. It rolled over and over, catching the filtered sunlight. All the way to the bottom it glimmered like a jewel—finally nestling into the sand alongside the others.

"Oooooo," said Carl. He looked as though he were about to dive in.

The Marine gave me a glance and I looked straight into his eyes. It's okay, I tried to tell him, it's perfectly okay. In fact, I think it's wonderful.

"Hello," he said, putting out his hand.

I gripped his strong fingers. I felt a lot better. He winked at me and nodded at Carl's lowered head.

"Gee," murmured Carl, hanging both arms down toward the money, "now I seen everything."

"When five of them go at once," said the Marine, "it's a lot prettier."

He sprinkled five silver dollars over the water.

Carl made a queer sound. I hung onto my stomach, laughing so it hurt.

"Here," said the Marine, handing Carl a dollar, "you drop one."

We watched him. It was really funny. That coin just seemed to stick to his fingers. Sweat came out all over his forehead. He looked at me, then at the Marine. When he finally dropped the dollar he grabbed after it—like a kid who lets a jackknife slip through his fingers by mistake.

"Did you ever see anything so pretty?" said the Marine.

We dropped sixty dollars over the side, one by one. Carl grew white. The Marine kept pulling money out of his pockets. He must have hit it good in one of those crap games.

"You sure got a lot," whispered Carl. Sweat was crawling like bugs down his face.

The Marine gave him a curious look. I've never seen a look so full of pain and laughter at the same moment. It made me feel like nothing at all.

"I got more than that," he said. He hauled a thick brown package out of his shirt. It was shaped like a stack of bills. "One hell of a lot more, sailor."

Carl whistled. I swallowed a couple of times myself.

"It went through four landings with me," said the Marine, half to himself. He tapped the package on the rail. It made a soft thump.

Carl opened his mouth but no words came out.

"This package is all I'll ever need in the world," the Marine said, rubbing it with his thumb. "No baloney."

"Say," whispered Carl, "you hit it rich."

"I did that," the Marine admitted.

I watched him fondle the package. He turned it over and over in his brown hands. Then he smoothed it and straightened the strings.

Carl's derby was tilted back. "I suppose," he said, "you don't want no part of this jack. Oh, no!"

"Look," he said, nodding at me, "you guys are out of the fireworks mostly, aren't you?"

He was right. I wanted to say it wasn't our fault. "Yeah," I said.

"How about doing me a favor?"

"Sure thing," said Carl.

"I'll give you guys this package. If I don't write for it within three years after the war, it's yours. Okay?"

I squinted at him. Wait a minute, said something in my brain, this guy's stood too close to a bazooka.

"Listen, Charlie," I said, "you don't know us. Why not hand this over to your C.O.?"

"We'll do it, we'll do it," said Carl. He screwed his face up like a prune and gave me a wink that the Marine wasn't supposed to see—but did.

"Maybe we're crooks," I said. "You don't know."

"I know honest guys when I see 'em," said the Marine.

What kind of a deal was this? I studied his face. There wasn't anything there that I could read—just leather skin, hard cheekbones, pin-point eyes, and those clean, white teeth.

"Why don't you hang onto it?" I said. "You'll get through all right."

"They say we're going up to Eniwetok next week," said the Marine. "They've got concrete pillboxes there eight feet thick."

"Hell, Buddy," said Carl, stepping in front of me, "we'll help you out!"

There was something rotten about mixing death and money together. I wanted to walk away. But I wasn't going to let Carl put the squeeze on a battle-crazy veteran. The Marine held out the package and I grabbed it before Carl knew what had happened.

"Okay," I said, "if that's the way you want it. Anytime within three years after the war it's yours for the writing."

He wrote our names and addresses in a memo book.

"How about your name?" I said.

He grinned. "You don't need it. Nuts to this next-of-kin routine."

"This is screwy," I said.

"I feel better now," said the Marine. "You know I had a funny feeling that that package would end up"—he swung his arm at the Pacific—"out here."

"We'll take care of it, we'll take care of it," said Carl. He pulled my arm. "Come on, you and me are on anchor watch."

We started up the spar-deck ladder.

"Listen, sailors," said the Marine.

We looked around.

"Oh . . . nothing. So long." He turned his back and I remember the way the sweat made a curious water-wing design on the shoulders of his shirt.

PIECE by piece I tore away the faded cloth. "Please don't be in a rush," said Carl, "don't break your fingernails."

I could feel his whisky breath on my ear. He was digging into the wrappings with his glittery little eyes. I was glad we had put the package under seal in a bank. He could not accuse me of stealing a farthing.

"Well . . ." I said.

I held up the contents of the package—a photograph of a girl. She was slim and pretty. She was seated cross-legged under a clothesline, hugging a homely little baby. Her hair was tumbled over one eye as though she had just thrown her head forward.

Phap went something on the table. It was Carl's cigar. "Lemme see them wrappings."

A slim girl. She could have been any young American kid with a new baby, and high school just a couple of jumps back.

"A wise guy," said Carl, picking through the layers of khaki, "one of them wise Marines."

I held the photograph closer. Across the girl's skirt trailed some wavy handwriting! *God bless my Marine and keep him safe—Love, Lois.*

"A big, wise, no-good louse of a Marine."

I scarcely heard him. I was remembering Tarawa and the silver dollars.

"This package is all I'll ever need in the world. . . ."

"Say, you hit it rich."

"I did that."

I became aware of Carl tearing the cloth and sweeping it off the table. He stamped on the pieces.

"My friend," I said, rising, "we reach a point I have been looking forward to."

He spat out an oath. I watched him retreat along the porch; I heard the screen door slam.

Afterward I turned the photograph over. There was no writing on the back. There was not even the name of the photographer. It gave me an odd feeling. It made me think that maybe a big blond Marine was trying to tell me something across Those Three Years. Maybe . . . well, there's the photograph—between the clock and the candlestick. I keep it where I can see it easily when silver dollars begin to look important.

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RINGSIDE MAIDEN

By EDWIN LANHAM

CONCLUDING THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY WHO KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED—AND GOT IT

The Story: When AGATHA CHRISTOPHER unexpectedly inherits a restaurant in New York City from an uncle, she decides to leave the small Connecticut town in which she lives and go to New York and manage the restaurant, but when she gets to New York she finds that it is only a West Side bar and grill. JACK BARLOW, her late uncle's handsome young lawyer, persuades her to stay and manage the bar and grill. Agatha learns that she has also inherited ten per cent of a prize fighter, LEFTY LANGAN. When Lefty is defeated by a knockout Agatha takes him to her home in Connecticut to recuperate. She and OSCAR GUMPER buy Lefty's contract from his manager BENNY SMALL, except ten per cent that Small wants to keep. Agatha and Oscar have some trouble convincing Lefty's girl friend LUCILLE that Lefty should fight. But Lefty, improved by Oscar's training, wins his first two fights by knockouts. During all this time, Jack Barlow has fallen in love with Agatha. One night, in a taxi, Agatha receives a phone call from Benny Small who tells her he has sold his ten per cent of Lefty to a gambler named MONTE WHARTON. After Lefty fights and wins a main event in the Garden, Monte tries to buy out Agatha by making Lefty and Lucille discontent with their lot. Jack Barlow intercedes and doesn't let them force Agatha into selling Lefty. Oscar has arranged for Lefty to fight the only man who ever knocked him out—EDDIE MANOLO. The night before it takes place Agatha learns that Lucille has just paid ten thousand dollars cash for a country house. Where did Lucille get this money?

AGGIE got suddenly to her feet, said, "I'll be right back." Tony Franklin was at the bar, crowded into a corner with Si Kraft, and Tony was the neighborhood's financial agent. Tony knew everybody's business. She touched his arm and said, "Tony, I want to ask you something. How much money has Lucille got in the bank? Has she got anything like ten thousand dollars?"

"Not unless she hit an eight-horse parlay," Tony said.

Agatha asked grimly, "Where's Oscar?"

"He went home about a half hour ago."

Agatha went back to the table. "Charlie, you'll have to excuse us," she said. "We have important business. Ready, Jack?"

Charlie protested, but Agatha got Jack out of the bar as fast as possible. On the street he said, "That was crude, but effective."

"We *do* have important business," Agatha said. "Come on, we're going over to Oscar's place."

"What's so important?"

"I'll tell you about it when I tell Oscar." . . .

Oscar was sitting on the steps outside the brownstone house in which he had an apartment. As he got to his feet Agatha burst out, "Is Lefty here?"

"No. Him and Lucille went to a movie."

"Oscar, I have something important to tell you. Upstairs."

Oscar led the way up the stairs, and when the door was shut behind them Agatha said, "Remember what you said about a barney? Oscar, what do you think of this? Lucille has been waving ten thousand dollars in cash around. You know Lefty hasn't earned anything like that. So where would she get that much money?"

Oscar asked for details, and Agatha told him in a quiet, resigned tone. Oscar said, "I've been worried about this, Aggie, ever since you told me Monte Wharton had a piece of Eddie Manolo. Was Si Kraft in Leo's Place?"

"Yes."

"Excuse me." Oscar went to the telephone, dialed a number and said, "Walter, put Si Kraft on the phone." He held a low-pitched conversation, then turned. There was an angry shine in his eyes. "Si says the wise money is going down on Manolo. It's 1 to 3 now."

"It's Lucille," Agatha said. "That's why Monte got her that job at the Pigalle. He's been working on Lucille and she's been working on Lefty. That must be it."

Jack said firmly, "Agatha, if this fight is fixed, it puts you and Oscar on a hell of a spot. If it were I, and I was manager of Lefty Langan, I'd take it to the Athletic Commission. I think you'll have to do that, Agatha."

Agatha looked at him, shook her head and murmured, "First we've got to talk to Lefty."

Oscar sighed wearily and said, "Suppose we all have a drink? The boy ought to be here pretty soon. What will it be?"

Jack glanced up. "Could you mix us a Manhattan, Oscar?"

"Yes," Agatha cried. "Oscar, you're the man to do it. You've been a good friend through all this."

Oscar gave her a puzzled grin and went into the kitchen. Before he had finished mixing the cocktails they heard footsteps on the stairs, a girl's laugh. Oscar passed quickly through the room and opened the door with a jerk. Lefty and Lucille were standing in the hall. "Come in," Oscar said.

Lucille entered first, saw Agatha, and the planes of her face stiffened. Lefty gave Agatha a grin, and flipped one hand in a greeting to Jack. To Oscar he said, "What's on your mind, Oscar?"

"Plenty," Oscar said. "Lefty, we want the truth about that ten grand."

There was a heavy silence, then Lucille said tartly, "Whose business is that, may I ask?"

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Monte laughed angrily. "Lieutenant, this whole thing is a gag. I was just having some fun with a dame"

"You may ask, and I'll tell you," Oscar said. "When the odds on Eddie Manolo drop and you show up with ten grand it's my business and Aggie's business and—"

Lefty forced a smile. "Take it easy."

Agatha spoke up, her voice high and unnatural. "If everything is okay, Lefty, why don't you answer those questions?"

"What the hell, Oscar!" Lefty said. "Lucille had her heart set on that restaurant up New Haven way. When I retire we're gonna settle up there. We had this chance to buy the joint, so I finagled the ten grand off Monte Wharton."

"You *finagled* ten grand?" Oscar said.

"Look, Oscar," Lefty said. "Monte wanted to buy Agatha out, but she wouldn't sell, so he propositioned me for a cut out of my end and I sold it to him ten per cent for the ten grand."

"You're standing there and telling me you're a hundred grand worth of fighter?"

Lefty said, "I'll make half a million before I'm through."

Agatha got slowly to her feet. "You're through now, Lefty."

He swung around. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean you're lying," Agatha snapped.

"You better be careful what you say, Aggie. I sold him ten per cent."

"And what did you give him besides ten per cent?" Agatha said. "Your promise to take a dive, didn't you?"

"Me take a dive for Eddie Manolo?"

"A close decision, maybe," Oscar broke in. "You damned fool, he'll double-cross you!"

"Yeah," Lefty said. "I catch him in a double cross and I—"

"So it *is* fixed!" Agatha cried.

Lefty met her eyes and the color faded from his face. "They do it all the time."

Agatha said, "You'd better get on the phone right now and tell Monte Wharton it's all off. If you don't, Lefty, I swear I'll have you thrown out of the ring."

Lefty said, "Aggie, I done nothing wrong."

Agatha said, "Jack, what do you think?"

"Maybe you couldn't prove anything," Jack said. "But you could raise high hell about it."

"Then that's what I'll do," Agatha said. "Are you with me, Oscar?"

"Right down the line," Oscar said.

"Jack," Agatha said, "let's go."

Oscar followed her into the hall. "Let me talk to the boy," he whispered.

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ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

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They coax, plead and pray to the one-armed bandits in Las Vegas, Nevada, but not even the woman's touch can beat the world's most efficient gambling machine

The Big Slot-Machine Swindle

By NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

Though outlawed in 46 states, the one-armed bandits rob the public of $3,000,000,000 a year. Operated in some bars, restaurants and clubs, they infect honest citizens with gambling fever

AN INDIANA coal dealer was shocked when he discovered that $17,000 was missing from his account. He found that the money had been embezzled by his trusted bookkeeper, a woman with a record of complete honesty. In California, a frantic wife appealed to welfare authorities for help when week after week her husband came home minus his $60 pay check. In Kentucky, a railroad worker, dazed when he realized that all his savings were gone, began writing bad checks. Rather than face the shame of arrest, he committed suicide.

The startling fact is that these people lost thousands of dollars on a gambling device which they mistakenly believed to be a harmless snatcher of small change. This is a delusion shared by several million other Americans, who last year poured the staggering sum of $3,000,000,000 into some 200,000 slot machines. In spite of the fact that they are outlawed in 46 states, the one-armed bandits are openly operating in tens of thousands of taverns, restaurants, gas stations, grocery stores and gambling halls all over the country.

If slot machines flourish in your town they may destroy its economic health. This article proves that only by alerting your Chamber of Commerce as did New Albany, Indiana, and by working independently of local government, can you be sure of ridding your community of its gambling menace. The police are often in too deep.

The majority of these machines are owned by a few thousand operators. With the silver flood that pours into their pockets they finance underworld activities, corrupt local governments and purchase police protection.

The one-armed bandit has become the world's most efficient gambling machine. It is designed to operate on dimes, quarters, half dollars and even silver dollars, with the quarter machine leading in popularity. Some of the newer console models have as many as seven slots for money.

Playing a slot machine calls for no skill, no knowledge, no thought. Rich and poor, young and old, genius and moron, the sober and the drunk, are all equal when they stand before this unfeeling metal opponent. The acumen of a successful Minnesota businessman, who lost $20,000 on slot machines, did him no good when he pitted himself

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PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

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Taming Chemistry's Hellcat

By MILTON SILVERMAN

Vicious fluorine is the incendiary element here, as liquid chlorine trifluoride spectacularly demonstrates its power by burning steel wool

A fiery gas that will burn water and steel is being brought to heel in the laboratory. It's fluorine, the most violent element so far discovered. But, married to other elements to form highly beneficial compounds, it is settling down to the task of making life safer and more comfortable for mankind

THE hottest thing in chemistry today is a terrifying greenish-yellow gas known as fluorine. Scientists regard it as the most violent, vicious, reactive element ever discovered. In concentrated form, it burns steel, lead, copper, chromium, gold, silver and platinum. It even burns asbestos, glass and water.

At the University of California, a young graduate student was passing some of it through an all-glass apparatus. Noting a small leak, he tried to seal it with a portable blowtorch. Suddenly he leaped back and yelled, "Hey! The glass is on fire!"

Then, before his eyes, the glass vanished in a puff of smoke.

In a Du Pont laboratory another worker accidentally passed his hand through a stream of fluorine gas and discovered to his horror that his fingernails had burst into flame.

At Columbia University an assistant put a newly discovered fluorine compound into a flask and began shaking it. He turned his head for a moment and thereby saved his eyesight, for at that precise instant the whole thing blew up in a sheet of fire.

Yet these and other workers—many of them bearing the scars of fluorine burns—have successfully tamed, harnessed and chemically manicured this laboratory hellcat. They have married it to other elements, and today they are putting it into a new batch of useful products which are as safe as fluorine itself is dangerous.

For example, fluorine will produce terrible burns on living tissue, but fluorine *compounds* can save life. Kansas chemists have produced experimental fluorine-containing antiseptics, sulfa drugs and remedies for malaria and syphilis. Workers at Purdue University are studying new fluorine-containing anesthetics which seem to be effective, safe and completely explosionproof.

Fluorine can quickly destroy fabrics, but it is now being used in dyestuffs to beautify and protect the most delicate materials. One of the first of these fluorine dyes was used by German chemists to produce the strikingly brilliant red in the Nazi flag.

American chemists, although they despised the flag, were forced to admit that the color was marvelous. Accordingly, they devised whole series of new fluorine dyes—reds, blues, greens, oranges and scarlets—which are not only pleasing to the eye but also remarkably resistant to sunlight and to cleaning solvents.

Oddly, one of these new substances—a green fluorine dye—has also turned out to be a potent germ killer.

Fluorine will burn or corrode almost any ordinary metal. Yet it is now being made into lubricating oils which protect any metal from corrosion or wear. Some of these oils continue to lubricate at temperatures at which many metals melt. And automobile designers are now dreaming excitedly of new engines with a fluorine cooling liquid sealed permanently in the radiator. One major manufacturer is reported to have such an engine already in the development stage.

Still other new fluorine products are on the market. There are new synthetic plastics which can withstand heat, acids, alkalies and even fluorine itself. There are new insecticides, new moth-repelling agents, new chemicals for tanning leather, preserving food, waterproofing concrete, and cleaning brewery apparatus.

And these mark only the beginning. "The potentialities," the scientists say, "are staggering."

In nature, fluorine gives a deceptively housebroken appearance. It occurs bound up with other elements which hold it safely in such ores as cryolite and fluorite.

In these and similar combinations, it can kill ants, be chemically manipulated to make high-octane aviation gasoline and ultrasafe refrigerating gases, and even be added to drinking water—one or two parts of fluoride to a million parts of water—to protect teeth against decay.

Married fluorine—fluorine docilely bound up

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING IN THE PENNSYLVANIA SALT COMPANY'S RESEARCH LABORATORIES

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Larry thought a woman was just like a horse. So he felt that Dolores would obey him—a little for love but a lot more for fear

MEN'S TEARS

By BRENDA UELAND

Way out west the women are really women, and men never cry. If they do, they almost always lose the girl

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE KANELOUS

LAST summer there was a kind of electric quality to the air in Dry Root County, Montana, because a new family had bought the old Saunders ranch twelve miles from our little town of Blackfoot Crossroads.

It was Ed Olsen, who had done quite well in Texas, and his wife and several towheaded boys of assorted sizes—and a daughter of twenty named Dolores. Dolores Olsen! Now that's a good name for a deeply tanned yellow-haired lovely Montana girl.

The first day she came galloping into our town on her paint horse and went into Mr. Jones' general store, there was a moment of shuddering silence because our two star cowpunchers were in there, Larry Brown and Bashful Jack Connell, both unmarried.

The red-haired Jack had been last year's champion at the big rodeo and Larry Brown had won it before that. Larry Brown was a big operator with twenty-five thousand acres, but Jack had only a bleak wild mournful kind of place over in the mountains in the north. But Jack had a fine build, chunky shoulders, long legs and a healthy round red face—a fine military nose ever so slightly curved, "like a Dublin cardinal's," said Father O'Scully. He was so sweet-tempered that even the bellicose, obstreperous, tremendous Larry Brown got along with him.

Larry Brown was the tougher-than-rawhide, sinewy kind of cowpuncher who could outride, outstarve, outexist anybody in the U.S.A.—and that was his pride. Out on the range he would down four bowls of Mexican beans before a hearty man could finish one.

Then he'd unfasten his boot and show you his leg. It had been broken seven times in rodeos and when you told him it was the worst-looking leg you had ever seen he would warm up a bit. His Uncle Bill had killed a nester, that is, a homesteader, he'd tell you and his father won his mother in a draw-poker game.

As for Bashful Jack Connell he was the son of an Irish immigrant and had been brought up in the wildest isolation. As a little boy he would be alone on the range for days and to relieve the monotony he lassoed young antelope which he found he could run down with a fast horse. At twelve he roped a hundred steers in one day for an astonished state tick inspector. This led to his riding his first rodeo at thirteen.

Now Jack neither drank nor smoked and his favorite expletive was "Lordy!" He was an excellent rider and trainer of horses but he often lost points in a rodeo because he was too easy on the animals. Larry Brown, on the other hand, loved to rope horses by the two hind legs and send them crashing to ground with such a loud plop that you would think they'd burst wide open. And he defended this by pointing to the mildness of his mounts. "A hoss is like a woman. They'll mind yuh a little for love but a lot more for fear. Of course it's a heap easier to git a hoss to be afeared of yuh than a woman."

Well, the beautiful golden girl, Dolores Olsen, came into the general store and both men were struck dumb for a moment. Then Larry Brown thrust out his mighty broken hand and said, "Howdy, lady, and who may you be?—You don't say so!—The new rancher's girl!"

Bashful Jack merely blushed and backed vaguely into the rear of the store and kept swallowing a lump in his throat. In no time, Larry Brown was telling her about his twenty-five thousand acres, and himself. After a while he said, "Meet Bashful

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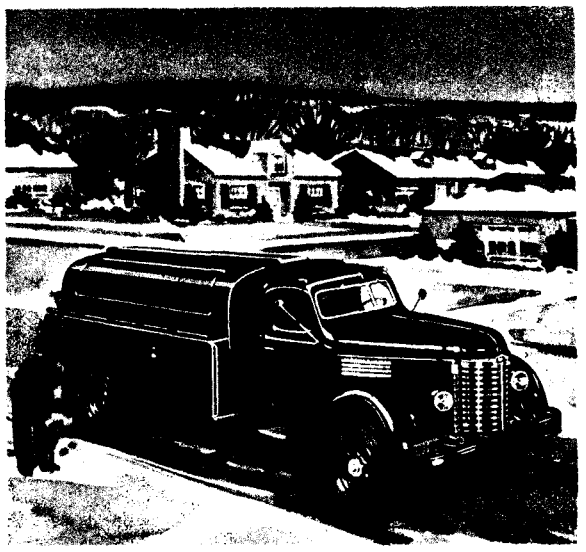
What it takes to stay heavyweight champ 17 years



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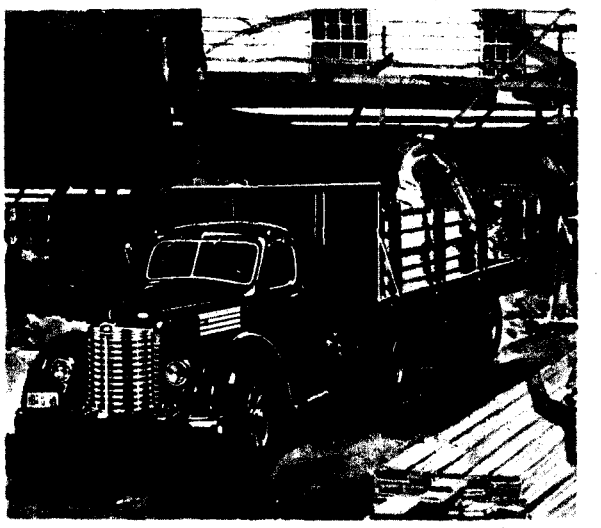

4. Real heavy-duty truck stamina!

Housing is a big job where you measure truck toughness by years of getting the work out and keeping the costs down on all hauling operations.

You can count on years of service from International heavy-duty trucks. The nation's largest exclusive truck service organization is set up to keep Internationals operating at peak efficiency, over the long haul.

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For 17 straight years, International heavy-duty trucks have been America's first choice for heavy-duty work. In trucks having gross weight ratings over 16,000 pounds, Internationals are so far ahead of the field that the heavyweight crown carries a Triple Diamond emblem.

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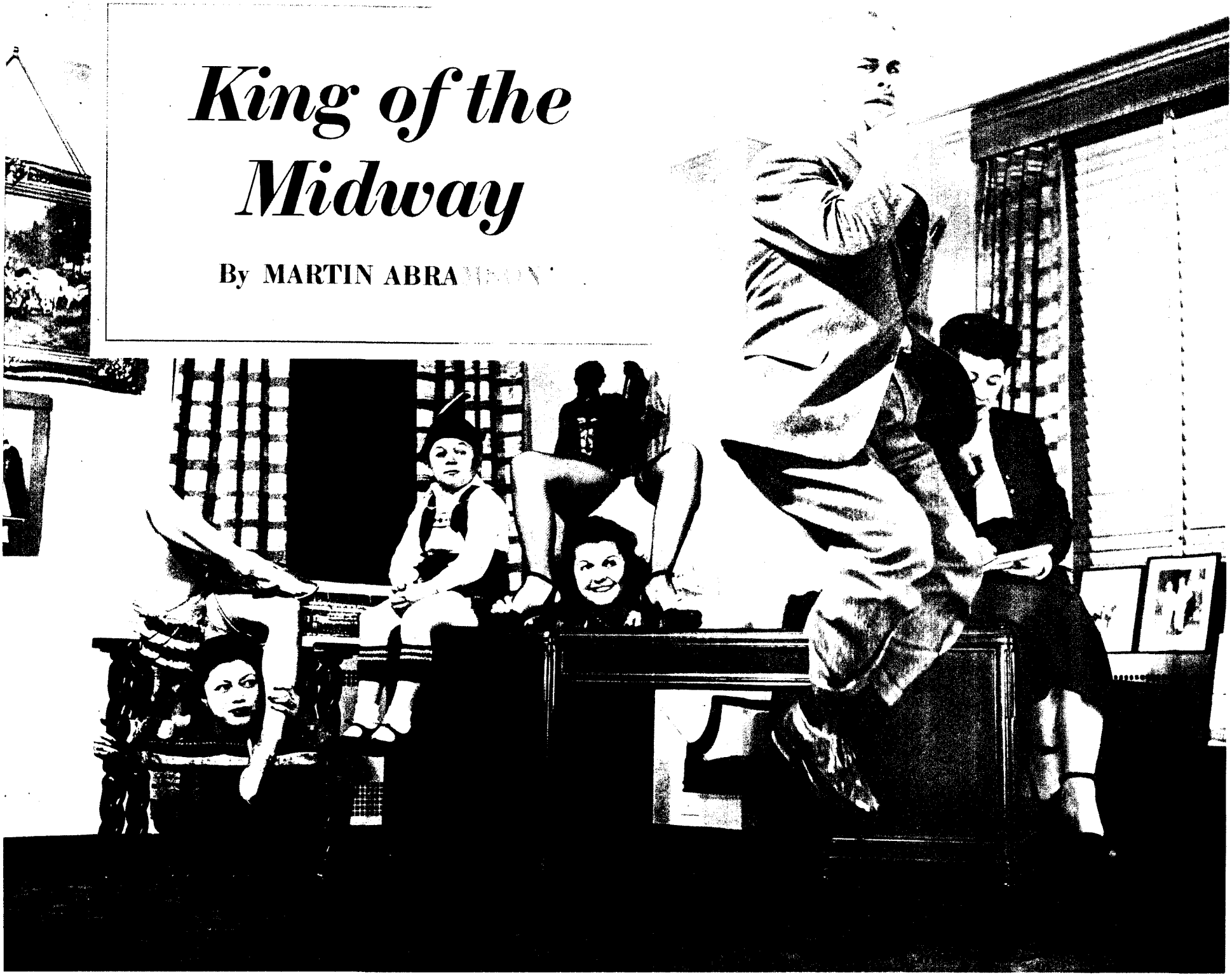
King of the Midway

By MARTIN ABRA[illegible]



Amusement magnate George Abou Hamid finds a moment of calm in his office routine and makes the most of it by taking care of some pressing dictation

Slick Broadway operators said, "The hicks will appreciate anything," but George Hamid didn't believe it. He scoured the world for new acts, gave country fairs lush, well-planned productions and became the biggest thing on the midway. He also became a millionaire, but that was coincidental

ON a brisk, sun-splashed afternoon of recent date, a New York theatrical agent stood at the edge of a manicured tableland of grass, smooth and green as a pool table, and peered at a galaxy of workmen engaged in throwing up an endless panorama of amusement enterprises to be presented in conjunction with the 1948 New Jersey State Fair at Trenton. The agent took a beat-up cigar out of his mouth, spat delicately and poked his companion.

"Hamid, you're really making like Billy Rose," he said.

The other man turned sharply. "Shake," he said. The agent shook. It was a disastrous handclasp. He was lifted high off the ground, zipped around in mid-air and deposited stomach-down on a turf fortunately softened by seasonal rains. Before he could rise, his assailant stalked angrily off.

The man with the atomic grip was George A. Hamid, president of the New Jersey Fair. Hamid's bodily assault on the Broadway agent was not inspired by any personal dislike of Eleanor Holm's husband. It is just that he feels that when comparisons are in order, it should be made clear that Billy Rose is making like George Hamid or, preferably, that Billy Rose is *trying* to make like George Hamid.

The bill of particulars to support this claim is an impressive one. In addition to his job as president of the New Jersey State Fair, Hamid operates two other fairs in North Carolina, is associated with the Canadian National Exhibition, is co-owner of the Hamid-Morton Circus, largest indoor circus in the country, owns the celebrated Atlantic City Steel Pier and the Worcester, Massachusetts, amusement park, and has interests in sundry other fairs.

On top of all this, he runs the country's biggest booking and managerial office for outdoor amusement acts, with 5,000 humans and 100 animals enrolled. He also operates traveling harness and autorace shows, water shows, and ice-skating shows which he shunts around the nation. Altogether, Hamid interests entertained nearly 50,000,000 patrons in 1948, making the impresario the kingpin of the American midway. His empire is worth an estimated $70,000,000 and is currently grossing some $12,000,000 every year.

Born in Broumana, Lebanon, where children learn to tumble before walking, young George was a curly-haired nine-year-old performing in a seven-boy tumbling troupe in the town bazaar when a scout of the celebrated Buffalo Bill Wild West Show approached him.

For free room and board plus a quarter a week, George could tumble for Buffalo Bill. The nine-year-old jumped at the chance. He joined the show in Europe, was made top mounter in the tumbling act, had a checkered two-year career performing before royalty, and finally reached the United States in 1907.

But in 1913, the Cody show ran out of gas in Denver. Financial mismanagement had kept the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HALSMAN

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10 Wonderful new colors

Your choice of 2 great engines V-8 or SIX

"Picture Windows" all around

You'll feel you're flying

You'll feel fresh, too!

Everybody's talking about the new Ford "Feel"

Parks anywhere

Feel that "Mid Ship" Ride!

Feel its purring power!

Yes, that's something to crow about

Feel these weatherproof "King-Size" Brakes

Room for everything in the "Deep Deck" Luggage Locker

Take the wheel—try the "feel"

59% more rigid with "Lifeguard" body of heavy gauge steel

You float on Ford's new springs

Feel the wool in Ford's upholstery

Better see your Ford dealer today

White side wall tires, optional at extra cost.

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TAMING CHEMISTRY'S HELLCAT

Continued from page 27

with other elements—is one thing. But divorced fluorine—the free, rampaging element—is something else. Formerly, chemists generally rated it in their affections somewhere between leprosy and bubonic plague. It was difficult and dangerous to make, and it would eat or corrode or burn its way out of any ordinary glass, plastic or metal container.

The French scientist, Henri Moissan, discovered in 1886 how to liberate fluorine by passing an electric current through a fluorine compound. The fluorine vapors had nearly killed him, but he survived to win a Nobel prize for his researches.

During World War II, a couple of top governmental officials told some industrial chemists, "We've got a secret job—very important—and we want you to make some fluorine for us."

"How much—a couple of ounces?"

"Maybe a million pounds—"

"What?"

"—And more later."

The "secret job" was the atomic bomb.

The chemists, who loathed fluorine, let forth a barrage of bright purple profanity—and then went out and made it. They also made some fluorine compounds. Several of these enabled the United States to build the atomic bomb without blowing segments of Tennessee into Massachusetts.

One of the men chiefly responsible for getting fluorine into polite scientific circles was Aristid Viktor Grosse, a suave, handsome, White Russian aristocrat who studied in Germany, worked in a Shanghai laboratory, and then returned to a research institute in Berlin. In 1931, a chemical colleague in England asked him to prepare a gaseous compound of uranium. This was ten years before Pearl Harbor, and uranium was just another metal.

Grosse looked in the chemical handbooks and found that metallic uranium could be turned into a gas if it were chemically combined with fluorine. "This," he said afterward, "involved the preparation of elemental fluorine and its combination with uranium. And this is how fluorine eventually got into the atomic-bomb project."

Joins Atomic Research Group

He finished his work on uranium-fluorine combinations and went to Chicago to become an expert on petroleum cracking and oil products. By 1940 he was one of the small group invited to investigate atomic explosives. By that time scientists had enough evidence to figure that uranium might be used to make an atomic bomb and they were already looking for some way to purify uranium.

"What we wanted was a process to separate uranium-235, the fissionable form, from ordinary uranium-238," Grosse says; "and no ordinary method would work."

Recalling the work he had done in Berlin a decade before, he proposed that uranium be handled as a gas, as a uranium-fluorine vapor.

His brother chemists thought he was crazy. They pointed out that, before you could combine uranium with fluorine, you would have to go out and make the fluorine—perhaps a million pounds of it.

Nobody knew how to do that but everyone agreed that it would not be a pleasant occupation. Then, how could you store a million pounds of fluorine? How could you ship it from one factory to another? What could you use for tanks, pipes, pumps, valves, gaskets and lubricants which, on contact with fluorine, would not burst into flame or corrode or explode? And, above all, how could you protect your workers?

Those, Grosse admitted, were all very good questions. At the time, he couldn't answer any of them.

One of the first clues came from Pennsylvania State College, where Dr. Joseph Simons had recently created a strange, colorless liquid made entirely out of carbon and fluorine.

It was difficult to prepare, even in very small amounts, and Simons had only two cubic centimeters of it, less than a tenth of an ounce. But, having tested it, he claimed that it couldn't be burned, couldn't be destroyed by acid or alkali, and couldn't be harmed even by fluorine itself.

This amazing liquid—to be known thereafter by the code name of "Joe's Stuff"—was secretly studied in the new atomic laboratories at Columbia University. "Joe's Stuff isn't the answer," the experts said. "It's a liquid. But if there's a liquid which fluorine can't touch, maybe the chemists can make solids and greases and gases which will be safe . . ."

They called on the few scientists who had been working on fluorine in a number of university laboratories—George Cady at the University of Washington, Lucius Bigelow at Duke, Albert Henne at Ohio State, Robert Fowler at Johns Hopkins, William Miller, Jr., at Cornell and Earl McBee at Purdue.

None of them showed any tremendous enthusiasm. They knew fluorine too well. But soon those men and their co-workers were looking for faster and safer ways to prepare fluorine. They were creating new compounds—solids, liquids and gases—urgently needed for vital parts of the mushrooming atomic-bomb project.

Within a few weeks after work began, fluorine vapors had frosted the glass in the windows of every laboratory. They escaped into the atmosphere and corroded near-by metalwork, killed the ancient ivy on the college walls, and wrecked the fruit and vegetable crops for miles around. Inside the laboratories, equipment was demolished, clothes were wrecked, and almost every scientist got one or more minor burns.

But by the spring of 1942, the work had gone so well that big industrial organizations were asked to take on the laboratory-scale operations and put them on a factory-scale basis. Most industrial scientists, like their university colleagues, were not happy. They were less happy when they saw for themselves what fluorine could do.

They put on asbestos clothes, and fluorine set the asbestos on fire. They tried rubber gloves to protect their hands, and the rubber burst into flame. They set up barricades of wood, steel, concrete and brick, and fluorine ate through them. They tried to pump fluorine through steel pipes, and the pumps exploded and the steel caught fire.

"Steel can be used only if it is absolutely clean—no water, no pipe 'dope,' and no grease," they said.

If any of these contaminants were present, the fluorine would start reacting and produce a hot spot in the steel, a spot about the size of a fingernail, which would suddenly become white hot and then flare into action.

"The metal melts and bursts, flame appears, and molten metal and fluorine is ejected to a considerable distance," they reported. "The whole effect is one of great danger to personnel."

Interstate Commerce Commission representatives were consulted informally on the possibility of shipping tanks or cylinders of compressed fluorine gas in freight cars. The I.C.C. men investigated, learned what fluorine could do to steel, wood and flesh, and said, flatly, "No!"

But then the industrial experts at Du Pont, Hooker Electrochemical, Harshaw Chemical, Kellex Corporation and Pennsylvania Salt found how fluorine in enormous quantities could be controlled.

To make fluorine, they built electrolytic cells which would rumble and crackle but wouldn't blow up. They built barricades of quarter-inch steel backed up by bricks; this combination wouldn't completely stop a blast of fluorine but it would give the workers time to get out.

They manufactured compounds like Joe's Stuff and used them to safeguard their own operations. They tested hundreds of special fabrics until they came upon one—a fireproof neoprene on a fiber-glass base—which could stand up under fluorine.

Special Tests for Workers

They learned how to store fluorine in nickel and Monel metal. They subjected workers to regular X-ray examinations and special blood and urine tests. And finally they even convinced the I.C.C. that fluorine could be shipped safely on freight cars.

Miraculously, only one major accident occurred—a runaway reaction resulted in an explosion which demolished a plant and killed two men.

Strangely, fluorine turned out to be an aid to health in some factories. Dentists found that small amounts of it absorbed by the workers had given their teeth protection against dental decay!

During this research and development program, tons of fluorine were produced and combined not only with uranium but also with sulfur, boron, silicon and other elements to give a striking assortment of new and useful materials.

Typical of the new compounds now on the market is a combination of fluorine, boron and oxygen which is making electroplating safer, faster and more profitable. This compound does away with the poisonous and explosive vapors that constantly worry electroplaters. It saves on materials. It produces better products—such as a new electroplated steel fishing rod which has all the good qualities of steel but will not become brittle. And, especially in the electroplating of "master" phonograph records, it does the job in half the time—three hours instead of the usual six.

Most remarkable of these war-born chemicals are compounds of fluorine and carbon—substances now known as fluorocarbons. They were essential to the atomic-bomb project. Today scientists have them especially in mind when they talk of the coming glories of fluorine chemistry.

Last fall, Joseph Simons—the man who had contributed Joe's Stuff—announced to the American Chemical Society convention at Portland, Oregon, that fluorocarbons can be made in the form of paints, textiles and plastics with amazing resistance to destruction.

"They are so resistant to combustion," he claimed, "that they will not only resist being set on fire but will even block or smother any fire already started."

Fluorocarbon fiber drapes and curtains, for example, couldn't be ignited by a match. A coat of fluorocarbon paint on the walls would protect the whole house from fire.

Such materials, which would also be mothproof, termiteproof and decayproof, are not yet on the market. But Simons and many of his fellow chemists feel sure that their development is inevitable.

The chemists have fluorine, their one-time hellcat, purring contentedly on the hearth rug.

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Watch Out For Trolleys

By COLLIE SMALL

Finding an apartment is no trouble, but just try to keep it

MY WIFE and I sort of like apartments. Oh, I promised her a castle to live in, if you want to get technical, and I went out and looked for one, too, but the man said the only castle around that he knew anything about was a Spanish importation that had never even been uncrated.

And anyway, like I said, we like apartments. We like the idea of being surrounded by delicatessens, and in the summertime—in New York, at least—the asphalt pavement gets just as soft and springy as any green lawn you ever saw, and I say nothing could be finer for the kiddies, especially if they happen to be indestructible. The traffic lights outside our window are a veritable riot of color, and, well, it's just heaven.

Of course we had a little trouble getting our dream apartment, but that was to be expected, I guess. Anyway, we were sort of desperate and we were getting awful bruised up from having sublets jerked out from under us.

One place we lived in was furnished in genuine collapsing Italian, and the next place was a leaner. We figured we could get used to an apartment if it leaned only in one direction, but this one was built like the Fun House at the amusement park and we could never get our legs adjusted right. We tried hotels, too, but the waiters made me feel inferior

We sort of like apartments

and my dependency on room service was starting to affect my whole attitude.

Finally, though, we found The Place. This time I was smart. I didn't fool around with real-estate agents or ads in the newspapers. You never get anywhere that way. I just waited until a man I know came down from Montreal for a week end and I asked him if he had heard any talk around Montreal about apartments in New York. Well, I don't have to tell you that I had an apartment sewed up in less time than it takes to tie yourself down to a 99-year lease.

It's some place, too, or will be when they get it finished. When it snowed the other day they came around and put the windows in right away, and I figure that shows the management is right on the tenants' toes every second.

My wife keeps a laundry map

The length of our lease seems a trifle excessive, being something over the life span of the average human being, but the agents for the building were thoughtful enough to charge me two commissions instead of the usual one, and it seems to me you have to be grateful for *some* favors.

There was one thing that seemed a little screwy, though. A lawyer—I think he said his name was Mephistopheles—got hold of me and demanded that I deposit enough money with him to cover about ten years' worth of rent in case I decided to break out of the lease. He said he would give it back eventually, but I told him I was a pretty cagey gent myself and that he'd better not try any of his funny business on me.

Well, by golly, I never knew this to happen before but he let go of my arm and I haven't heard from him since except for a card announcing the death of his partner.

The rent for our dream apartment is a pittance—some 40 per cent more than I earn—and the service is outstanding. There aren't very many places where you'll find the number of laundry agents we have in our new building. There is a steady procession of them, and it is astonishing how much each one looks like the others. The family laundry is now scattered over a large part of Manhattan and Queens with one pair of socks and an old basketball jersey reported in Pennsylvania. My wife, however, keeps a large laundry map in the kitchen, and by not doing anything else all day she is able to chart the course that our linens take.

One delightfully hilarious incident occurred when the man came around to sell us the carpets. Unfortunately, he was a Greek with a rather unpredictable accent and I'm not sure I understood everything he said. In fact, I *know* I didn't hear him say "seven thousand dollars." I thought he said "seven hundred dollars." Well, would you believe it, it turned out when the lawyer came around that he actually had said "seven thousand dollars," and we have had many a hearty laugh over *that*.

The painters were co-operative and brought up only one little unpleasantry. We had a choice of two colors—white or black—but since it was a new apartment, they added slyly, they were in a position to give us several other colors at a slight added cost. Fortunately, my wife and I like black apartments, and this news had a rather unsteadying effect on them.

In fact, my wife says she heard one of them say, very distinctly, "Chiselers!" but I explained to her that is a technical term employed by painters much as a fox hunter uses the term, "Zounds!" and is the sort of thing a painter is likely to say when, for example, he is stirred by a beautiful sunset or, perhaps, the Milky Way, although I am not sure about this last.

We defeated the furniture problem decisively by buying everything wholesale. Buying wholesale, as you probably know, not only gives you a giddy feeling of elation at having outwitted innumerable retailers, but it is also more expensive. A pair of Chinese lamps that cost $80 retail, we were delighted to find, could be had with a little ingenuity for as much as $125 wholesale, and *that* was a bargain I can tell you we didn't let get away.

I guess, though, we had the most fun with our sofa. We had that one custom-made, and when they brought it to the apartment, it was a regular circus. The sofa wouldn't go through the doors and it wouldn't come through the windows. The men huffed and they puffed, but it wouldn't fit any way they tried it. Finally they took it back, while my wife and I, who had been waiting for five months for the sofa, lay on the floor and howled with laughter until we thought we would split.

But it wouldn't fit

They are now making us a new sofa in two sections and—wait a minute. There's someone at the door. Go ahead, fellows, right this way. What seems to be the matter? Still too wide? Ho-ho . . . stop it . . . ha-ha . . . you're . . . I can't stand it . . . you're *killing* me!

DRAWINGS BY CARL ROSE

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An American Original *means Something* Better

CYRUS McCORMICK (1809-1884), a practical farmer, invented and perfected the mechanical grain reaper... later turned it into a vast industrial enterprise. Truly an American Original development which revolutionized harvesting all over the world.

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DENTISTS SAY:

Colgate Tooth Powder
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OVER 4,000 DENTISTS, IN A NATIONWIDE SURVEY, SAY "YES" TO THIS EASY WAY

1. Simply brush teeth for two minutes, morning and night, with Colgate Tooth Powder.
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3. Always brush *away* from the gums.

REMOVES DULL FILM— THAT IMPROPER BRUSHING MISSES

Yes, this routine removes film, even between and behind teeth . . . leaves teeth shining clean, naturally bright. And, Colgate Tooth Powder *tastes* pleasant. Leaves *breath* fresh and sweet.

BOTH teeth and breath get "romance-clean" with Colgate Tooth Powder!

No dentifrice can get Teeth and Breath cleaner!

MEN'S TEARS

Continued from page 28

Jack Connell. He ain't married either. When a married man tells you he's boss of his outfit, you better watch him. He's liable to lie to yuh about somethin' else, haw haw! I'm tanglin' with Jack at the rodeo for a ten-thousand-dollar purse. I rode sixty hosses and piled up 6,714 points two years ago."

"Jack piled up 7,385 points," murmured little Mr. Jones the storekeeper. "Jack earned twelve thousand dollars on the hurricane deck alone last year."

"Waal, we're fightin' it out in August," said Larry Brown. "He's good but"—with a wink so ferocious that it was almost audible—"I'm better. And agoin' to prove it this year. I'm goin' to ride home with you, Miss Olsen. When you leavin'?"

The girl said that she would be busy in our little town for some time buying provisions here and over at the dry-goods store and she gave little Mr. Jones, with his poised pencil, an order for about twelve hundred dollars' worth of stuff—flour, canned tomatoes and so on—not at all unusual in our country.

"Papa will get it with the pickup truck," she said to Mr. Jones. "Well, I am very glad to have met you, Mr. Brown and Mr. Connell, I'm sure."

They all stared at her as she crossed the dusty street outside, the glitter of sun in that gold hair, and Larry Brown boomed out that he had never seen such a looker. "And I'd be willin' to marry the little beauty."

"Yes," said Jack Connell but it was more a breath, a sigh, than a word.

Larry Brown filled the store with his tumult. "I always said if ever I found a lady I couldn't kiss, I was gonna marry her," and he laughed his very loud laugh which always sounded as though he were imitating somebody with just that loud laugh although he did not quite see the joke himself. "You haven't a chanct, Bashful."

The two cowpunchers sauntered over to Hank's saloon where Larry Brown could keep an eye on Miss Olsen's horse hitched outside the Dry Goods Emporium. Larry had his usual snootful, which never seemed to hurt him any, as he put it, and presently when she came out and mounted, Larry climbed on his famous roan, Pardner, and galloped alongside her on the road that leads south toward the Yellowstone River and her father's place.

BASHFUL JACK was afraid Larry might have had a drop too much and embarrass the lady so he followed on his famous buckskin at a polite distance, just keeping them within eye range, and tossing his rope dreamily at the dusty goldenrod by the roadside.

When he saw, far away, that they had entered Ed Olsen's ranch house under the butte, he turned and rode homeward, going as the crow flies across country and cutting off five miles.

Just as he rode through the last cleft in the dark mountains, a huge pale gold round moon as thin as the halo of a saint, came up and flooded the mountains and endless vales with an eerie light, and because he had been thinking of Miss Dolores it seemed to be flooding and drowning his own heart. . . .

Larry Brown's courtship began. He and his foreman put up five miles of fence for Ed Olsen. He took Dolores to the American Legion dance in Blackfoot Crossroads. Bashful Jack Connell was there but outside in the dark night. He never dared ask for a dance, and he didn't know how to dance anyway. A fellow named Rattlesnake Becker asked Miss Olsen for a dance and Larry Brown got in a fight with him, an easy and rather unvalorous skirmish.

"But," Larry said afterward, "that makes a hit with women"; and Jack Connell knew that it did, from the movies. Larry laughed at poor Jack and his chances. "When me and Dolores is married I'll find some gal who'll do for you, Bashful. But you got to foller instructions, Mister. You gotta be tough with girls. *Ack* tough."

Then at a horse auction a few days later he made a remark that made something in Jack Connell snap in two as if it were his spine or maybe his heart. He said, "I kissed the cute purty yellerhaired little filly."

Bashful Jack thought he would shoot Larry Brown but instead he tore out of the place, gashing a chair with his spur and vaulted into his saddle and galloped home. And in that ten miles thoughts came into his head; in fact he was quite a thinker of elaborate and original and mysterious thoughts, having been alone so much in his life and without any education to speak of. He thought:

Here I am supposed to be afeared of nothin'. I've clomb down the chutes to ride the broncs that killed Gene Folgero and Windy Pete Johnson the next day. "Mister," he said addressing himself, "you want this girl so much you feel you'll die. Well, then, Mister, you know how you got to act. Then do it. It don't make any difference how skeered and miserable you are."

He watched for her like a fox. He made himself. He forced himself. And sure enough just a week later he encountered her coming across the vacant lot next to the Lutheran Church among the milkweed plumes and burdock. He thought he would suffocate but he said, "How about an ice cream soda, ma'am?"

"Why, sure," she said, and Bashful Jack swaggering with his chunky shoulders and narrow hips navigated her sternly by an elbow into the drugstore.

She asked him where he was born. How many children in the family? What was his ambition in life? Did he love Nature? Did he think girls should go to college? His answers were the briefest monosyllables—Yep. Nope.

"I love your shirt. I think it's stunning," she said. It was the thousand-dollar rodeo shirt he had won at Denver with platinum and gold tie slides and buttons studded with rubies. He took another spoonful of ice cream and ate it ferociously. Then he unbuttoned and tore off the shirt, wrapping it savagely into a bunch, and thrust it in her lap.

"Oh, but I couldn't—"

"Keep it!" he said. She looked at him, aghast and silenced by his fierceness, though inside he felt so upset in his feelings that he bumped his coffee cup against his front teeth.

"I imagine that you are quite a fighter, like Larry Brown," she said.

"A fighter, ma'am? In Fort Worth me and five cowboys locked horns and rolled over the ground like tumbleweeds. This bull nurse thought he had his finger in my eye, but he had it in my mouth and I bit off the end of it. 'Why don't yuh fight fair?' he yells. 'I didn't know there was any sech thing as fightin' fair,' I shouts back. I then git loose and jump on him and stomp him with my boot heels. I knowed I shouldna done it because those other four hands piled in on me. When they got through my nose was laid over on my cheekbone and when I got home I had to interduce myself to my little brother Tom."

She looked startled and horrified and so he felt that he must be on the right track. But she would not keep his fancy shirt.

NOW the next Friday was August 25th and both Bashful Jack Connell and Larry Brown were in Blackfoot Crossroads with all their gear packed up for the rodeo which started on the following Monday, August 28th. Everybody in Dry Root County who had a buckboard or car or truck was going of course.

That evening the American Legion, Rudolph Bleibe Post, gave a barbecue for its two nation-famous heroes and tables were set out in the park around the little bandstand.

After the band concert and the speeches, Larry Brown was telling about his accidents: how at Phoenix an ornery steer ran a horn through his thigh. Limping out of the arena with blood spurting from his levis, he went to his camp wagon where, plugging his thumb into one aperture of his wound, he poured coal oil from a lantern into the other. The next day he returned to the competition and won first money.

Now big Ed Olsen and his pretty daughter were listening, she with a brown hand to her mouth because it was a painful, graphic tale. Then Bashful Jack Connell spoke up in a clear voice with a kind of singing in it:

"What's all that amount to? Last year at Prescott, New Mexico, they got an overtight cast on my laig and it brought on gangrene. 'Tom,' I said to my little

Bashful Jack Connell tore Larry's arms from the girl

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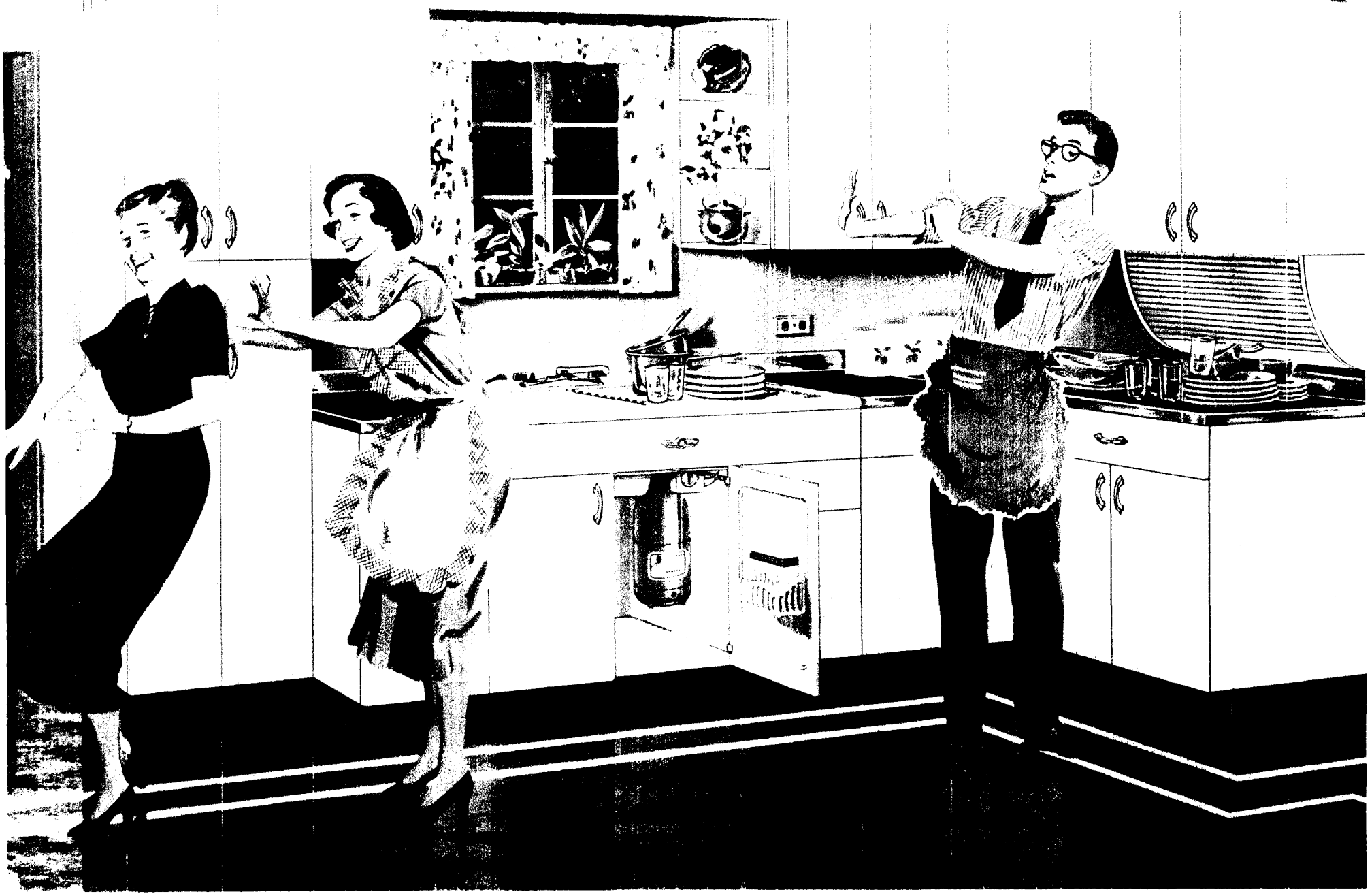
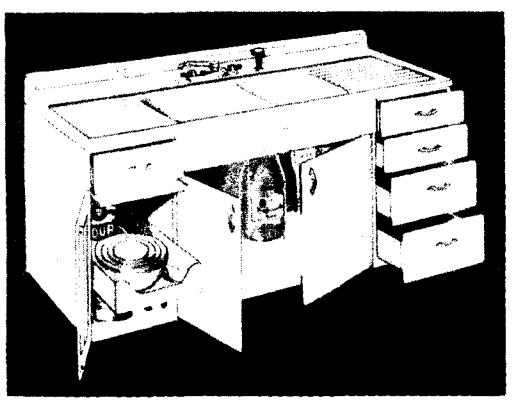


New low-cost magic for your dream kitchen



66-inch Kitchenaider-Mullinaider combination is tops in value. Note twin-bowls and drainboards. Top of finest, acid-resisting, porcelain enamel. Generous work-space and storage; sound-deadened doors; handy cutlery drawer. Mullinaider electric garbage disposer makes it easy to fix meals and clean up after them! Fits all Kitchenaiders and many other sinks.

LET'S imagine this lovely Youngstown Kitchen is yours. (You know, *it can be!*)

And when it is, revel in this thought: You'll be free forever of the garbage pail and all its messiness.

The kitchen shown has a 48" Kitchenaider cabinet sink with a Mullinaider electric garbage disposer —Youngstown's newest kitchen magic. It grinds away your food scraps before they can accumulate, and whisks them safely down the drain.

And that's only *one* endearing quality of these lovely, white-enameled steel beauties. You've storage space galore, with everything right where you need it for fixing meals, washing dishes and clearing up.

The price? Remember this — every Youngstown Kitchen is an arrangement of *standard* units, produced by the world's *largest* makers of steel kitchens. That's why they cost so little!

Ask your Youngstown dealer to help you plan a kitchen suited to your needs—or to install a Mullinaider in the Youngstown Kitchen you may already own. If you're building, specify Youngstown.

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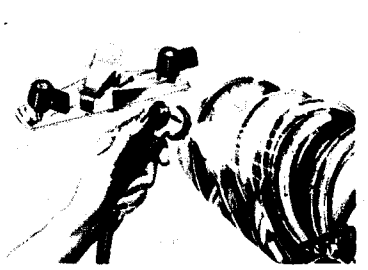
WARREN, OHIO
World's Largest Makers of Steel Kitchens

Youngstown Kitchens
BY MULLINS

Grind away kitchen waste with the safe, sanitary Mullinaider! Garbage goes down the drain. Operation that's simple as A-B-C. No mess, no fuss. Ask today for free home demonstration.



Dishwashing's easy with swinging faucet and speedy rinse spray that reaches all parts of acid-resisting, porcelain enamel sink-top. Fine for cleaning vegetables, too. See your dealer.

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brother, 'I want you to git me the sorriest doctor you know.' 'I know just the man,' Tom says; 'he ain't had a case in two years.' The doctor had no office so we went in his kitchen and he ripped the bad laig from knee to ankle and it opened like a Bible. Then using a pocketknife dipped in alcohol I helped him scrape the bone. 'How much, doc?' I says. 'Well, I think I done a nice job there. Two dollars.' "

"Later," Bashful Jack went on, looking into the sky and at no one in particular, "I encased the laig in a long inner tube packed with cow manure. After two days of poulticing, the red centipedes plumb disappeared. A month later I won the steer-cutting contest at Madison Square Garden."

That night the two doughty rivals slept outdoors. In the afternoon they had loaded twelve wild Mexican steers and their four horses onto two trucks and a big truck trailer and young Tom Connell and Larry Brown's foreman with two cowhands had started on the journey to the town where the rodeo would be, about a hundred and twenty miles by the highway.

At four o'clock in the morning Jack jerked the blanket from under Larry Brown saying, "We gotta get up. People *die* in bed," and sprang into his Army reconnaissance car, saying, "If you're goin' with me you're goin' as the crow flies. It's only 90 miles that way."

Now and then he would jump out and squint at the North Star. "Yep, we're on the right track now." They passed through at least a hundred barbed wire gaps. Larry Brown would get out to open the gaps and then he had to make a dash for the car, grasp the side of the cab as it sped along in high gear and swing himself aboard. Larry would curse blue fire. "What's eatin' you, Bashful? You might allow me to get one foot inside."

"Anybody can be slow," said Bashful Jack.

AT THE arena there were ten thousand people and even the President of the U.S.A. was among them and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and movie stars and producers and Mr. William Randolph Hearst and famous reporters and photographers from New York magazines. But what more than anything galvanized both Larry Brown and Bashful Jack Connell into a state of recklessness was the knowledge that a beautiful unknown Montana girl was sitting in the third row with the Olsen family.

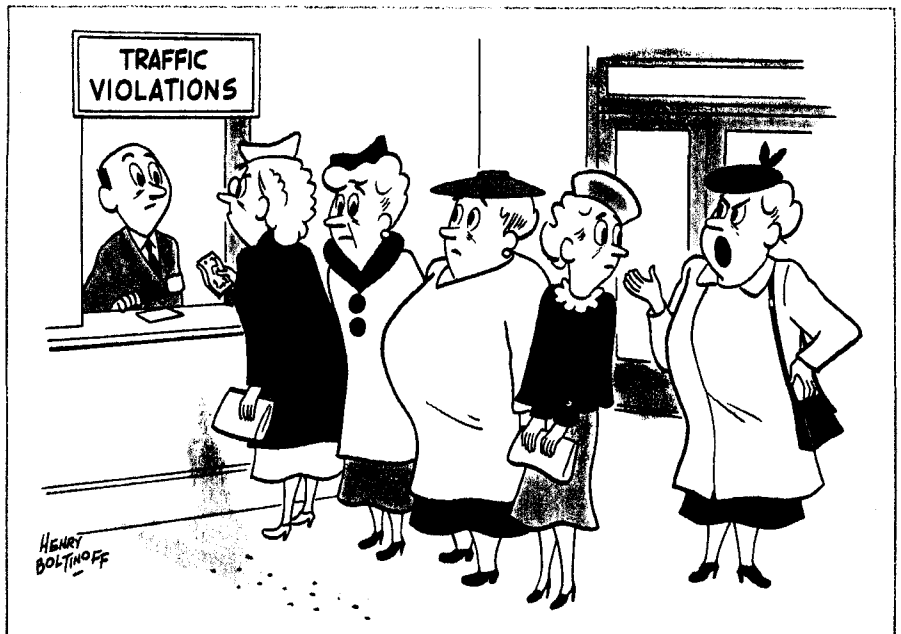
By the fourth day—that was Thursday—both cowpunchers were still alive and not too seriously hurt. Larry Brown had rolled up 49 more points than Bashful Jack Connell and both were ahead of the famous Tom Jacobs of Calgary. On Friday, the day before the finals, the two Montana rivals were still within 39 points of each other and ahead of the field. That evening Larry Brown escorted the golden Dolores to the hotel.

The quite ordinary dining room, the Flame Room, had become a gala night club, so thick with glitter and gaiety that you could smoke a ham there.

There were movie actors, millionaire ranchers, gentlemen Westerners, New York columnists. Bejeweled and high-heeled and red-fingernailed ladies were eager to meet Larry Brown.

Then at midnight Jack Connell slipped in rather shamefaced for a glass of milk. But to be sober among drinkers is, of course, like wearing an invisible cloak: one is on an entirely different plane, like a phantom. But Larry Brown, when he discovered Bashful Jack, blushing and solitary in his corner, was pretty loud and insulting.

"The goldarned teetotalitarian! He was fourteen before they caught him and put shoes on him, haw haw!" The Jovian rivalry between the two men had become hatred.



COLLIER'S "I notice there aren't any young pretty ones!" HENRY BOLTINOFF

Everybody gazed at Dolores, looked away and then pivoted to look again.

Larry Brown said to everybody who came up to slap him on the back, "Meet my future wife. Shake hands with my future wife."

At midnight when he was leaving the Flame Room with the girl there was a jam of people in the doorway. With robustious cowboy humor he picked her up in his arms, à la Lochinvar, to carry her through. At this, Bashful Jack Connell, as noiseless as an Indian, slipped among the people and the waiters and the tables and tore Larry Brown's arms away from the girl.

"Put the lady down! You give this beautiful lady a chance to say she don't care to be manhandled!"

Well, Larry Brown roared and tore into him and there were screams, pandemonium. Now Larry Brown had been drinking and so he was more relaxed and easier to catch than Bashful Jack and about eight men were able to pinion him.

"I know her parents," Jack said to the several men holding Larry Brown, as sensibly and sweetly as a young doctor at an accident. "I have a taxicab outside. I will take Miss Olsen home."

And so he did. When they came to the pasture by the Little Jackass River where Ed Olsen had pitched his tent and camp wagon, Bashful Jack paid off the driver ("I'll walk, Mister") and he put out a hand as though to touch her arm but pulled it back again.

"I want to tell you somethin'. Oh, ma'am, I'd walk a hundred miles just to give you a flower!" To his unutterable horror tears filled his eyes and splashed over his under eyelashes. He turned and left at once. And so ended his happiness on earth. . . .

To skim over the last day of the rodeo: Larry Brown was ahead of Bashful Jack Connell in the morning and in the afternoon it looked even worse for the redheaded cowpoke. Now you know in these various events a man must stick on a wild horse for ten seconds, for eight seconds on a bull, and be doing something special all the time. He must hold, say, the halter rope six inches above the bronc's neck with one hand while he fans the sky with the other.

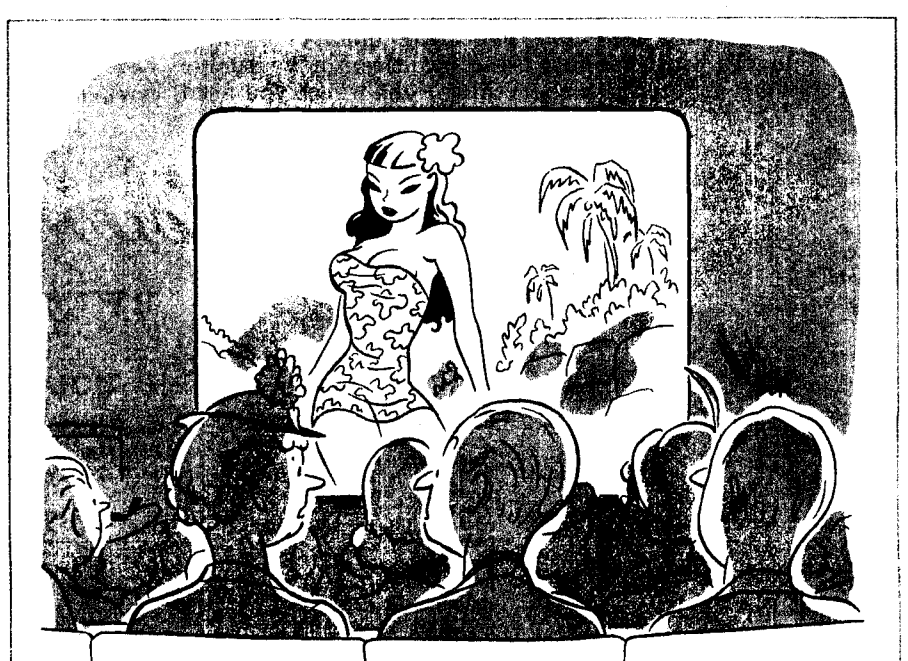
In the sixth event, the competitors were supposed "to scratch the horse with your spurs from stem to stern." Do you know what? That strange Connell fellow defaulted this one. He said he wouldn't do it. No one knows just why, but he was notoriously soft about how he treated the stock. Larry Brown then won this event, beating even the three Texans, and forged up 36 points ahead.

But in the last half hour, everything that had been built up by the various competitors all through the week seemed to kaleidoscope and collapse. Now you know a split second can lose a man the world's championship and ten thousand dollars. And so it was.

By a split second Larry Brown lost the calf-roping and the bulldogging both. Connell's angels were certainly pulling for him or perhaps Larry Brown's celebration the night before, and all that hard liquor, was not as invigorating and toughening as he claimed.

Anyway as the brass-colored sun was sinking behind the dim pink mountains, and the President and his bevy of secret service men were all bestirring themselves to leave their box for their private train, Larry Brown slid through twenty feet of dust, and the heels of a convulsive, maddened steer, twisting in the high air, missed his head by a quarter of an inch. And the sympathetic voice of the radio announcer boomed:

"Make a lot of noise for that boy. That's all he's going to get from today's performance. He is nosed out of the big money by Bashful Jack Connell of Dry Root County, Montana."



COLLIER'S "I can get that for nineteen cents a yard" RED HILTON

A MONTH later in Dry Root County we had all settled down to autumn, waiting for winter. It is as if one could actually hear the thirty-below weather and blizzards stirring around up in Canada and getting ready to whirl down on us. Larry Brown had got a trainload of twenty thousand head off to Chicago. The talk was that he was going to marry Dolores Olsen. He was putting up more fences for Big Ed and he was building in two bathrooms in his ranch house and adding a lawn and flower garden. But they say that he'd stumbled on to one tiny obstacle. This was Big Ed's wife, Mrs. Olsen. She was a fresh-faced comely woman—not fat—who wore pretty hats with veils when she came into Blackfoot Crossroads.

Well, one day when Larry Brown was over at the Olsen Ranch, she made coffee, and asked him to talk to her for a minute in her husband's little office. Looking at him with her lively, level eyes, she said: "Mr. Brown, I hope our daughter won't marry anybody but a cultured, educated man. And not a drinking man. We are serious people."

But of course that never fazed him. He just clapped her on the back with a hand as big as a ham and laughed his laugh and said: "Don't you think about such things. I'm just agoin' to help you folks every way I can."

As for Bashful Jack Connell, he disappeared into his mountains right after the rodeo and vanished into hibernation like the grizzly bears, and we did not expect to see him until the late spring. We assumed that he had not a chance with Miss Dolores Olsen. But here is the end of the story and it is quite a surprise.

One day in late October—an Indian summer day as warm as August, when the air was no longer drowsy and pollen-laden but made all of ice and sapphires—Dolores Olsen came galloping through the cleft in Jack Connell's mountains. In the vale, there, he has just a log ranch house, an unpainted rectangular house that is now the color of tarnished silver with zebra stripes of plaster between the logs.

But somehow the way the windows are cut and the spacing of the barns around a quadrangle and the dark windbreak of mournful willows and the elegant diagonals of the fences he made himself, the whole place reminds one of Ireland and it has something aristocratic and poetical about it.

He was training his new Arabian colt in the corral. And we cannot be sure just what happened, but this is the way it is told:

She just said hello and that she was in love with him; "Not only *in* love with you, but I love you. I will never forget how you cried that day. You see, you have refinement of soul. Who could help but love you? Not me! If you don't mind, can't we become engaged?"

As for what he said nobody is sure. Some say that he said, "My flower of flowers . . . my queen of queens." But that is pretty fancy for an uneducated cowboy.

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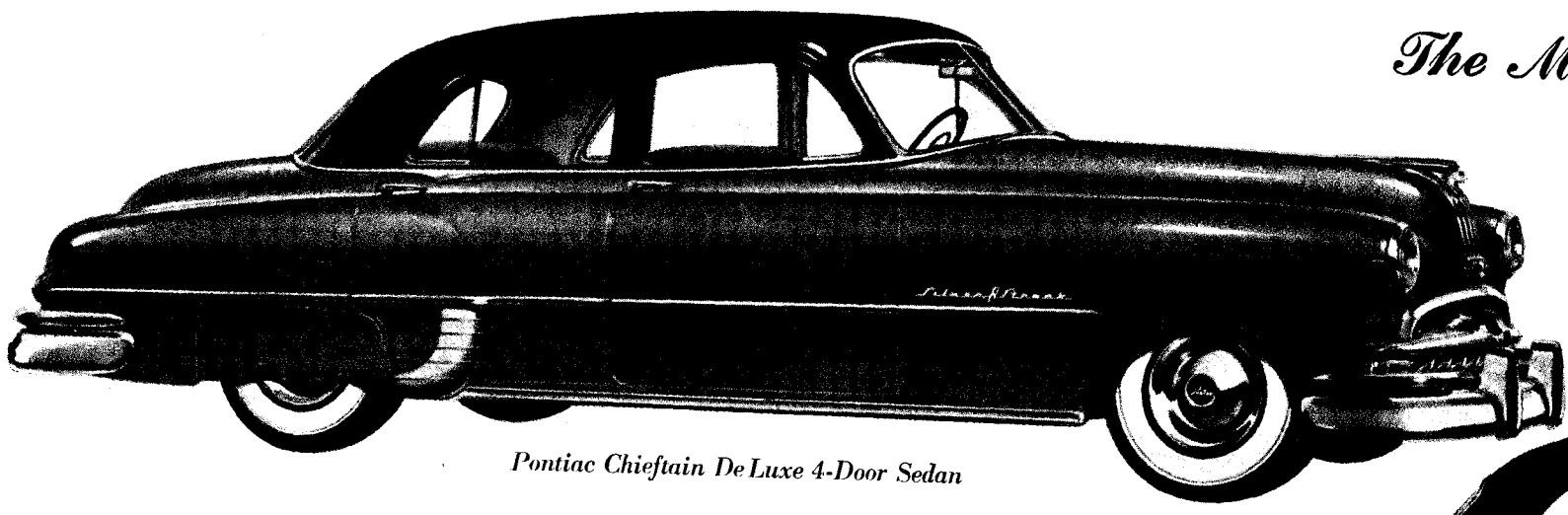
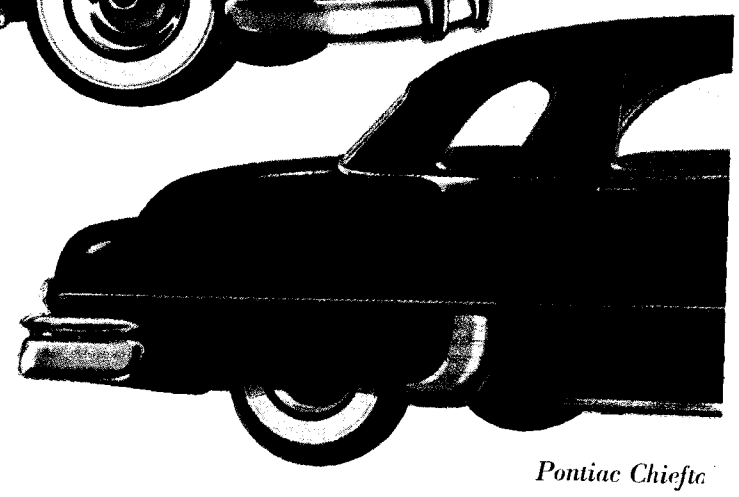
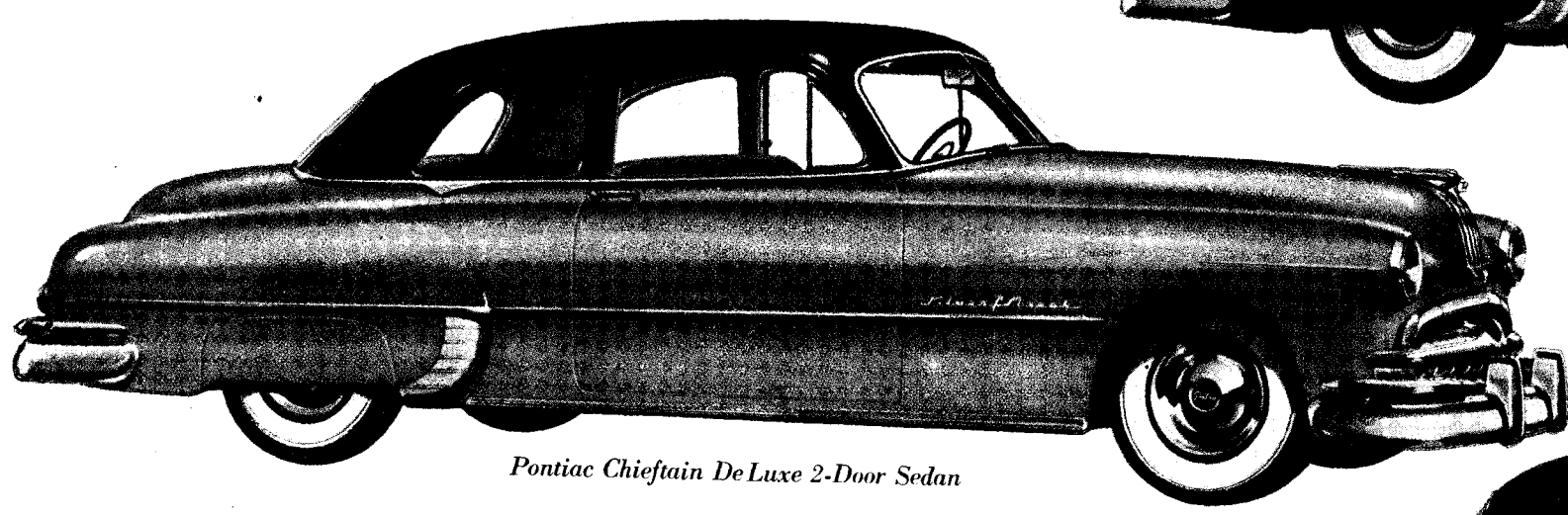


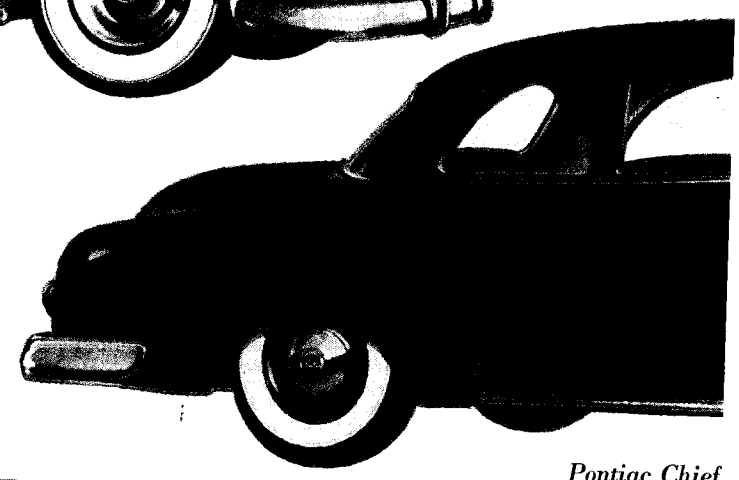
Pontiac Chieftain De Luxe 4-Door Sedan



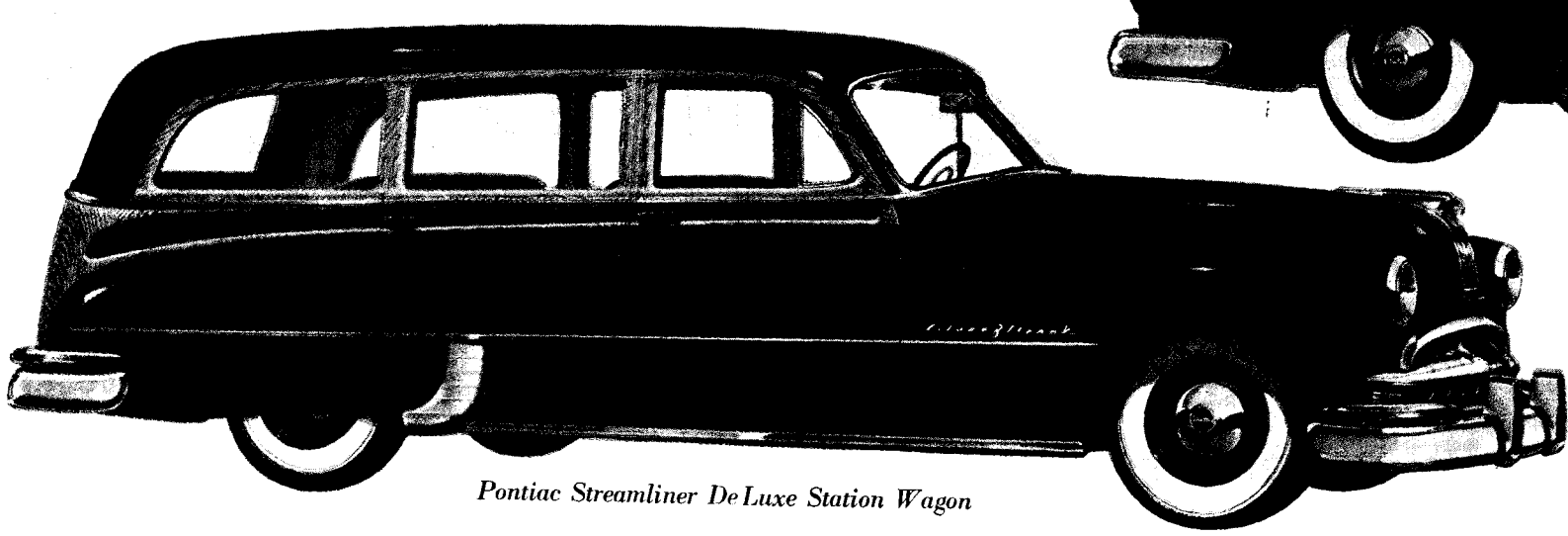
Pontiac Chiefta



Pontiac Chieftain De Luxe 2-Door Sedan



Pontiac Chief



Pontiac Streamliner De Luxe Station Wagon

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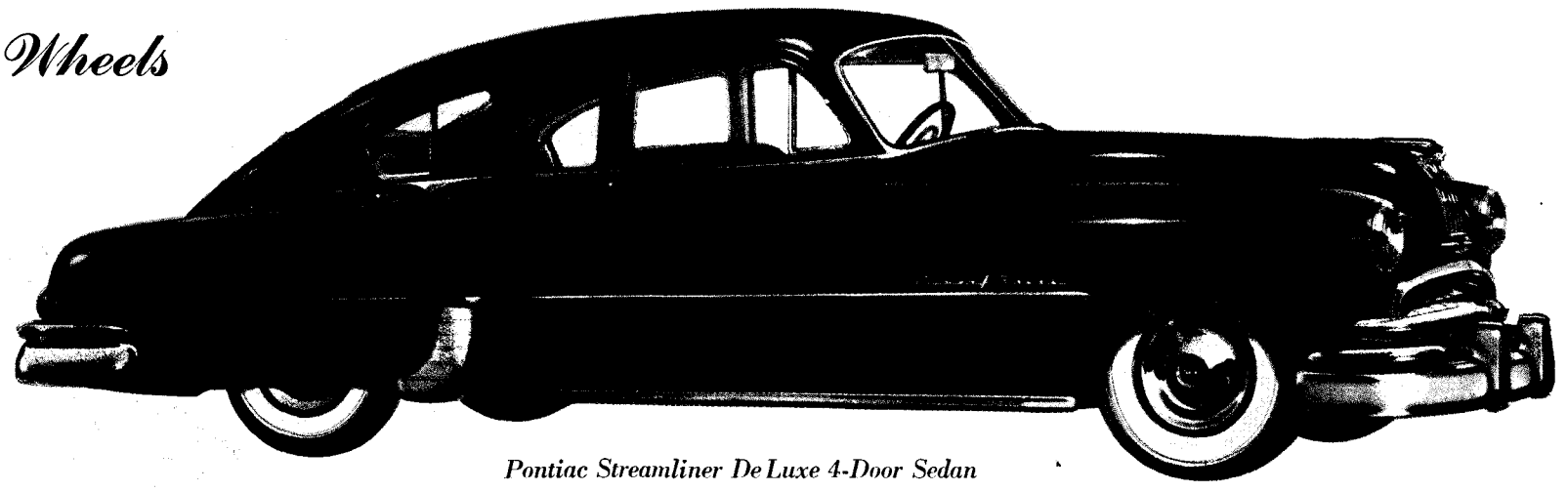
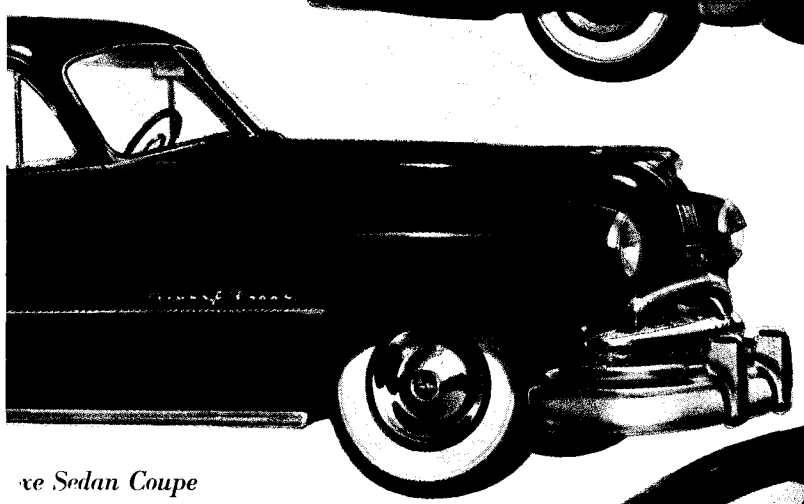


Pontiac Streamliner De Luxe 4-Door Sedan



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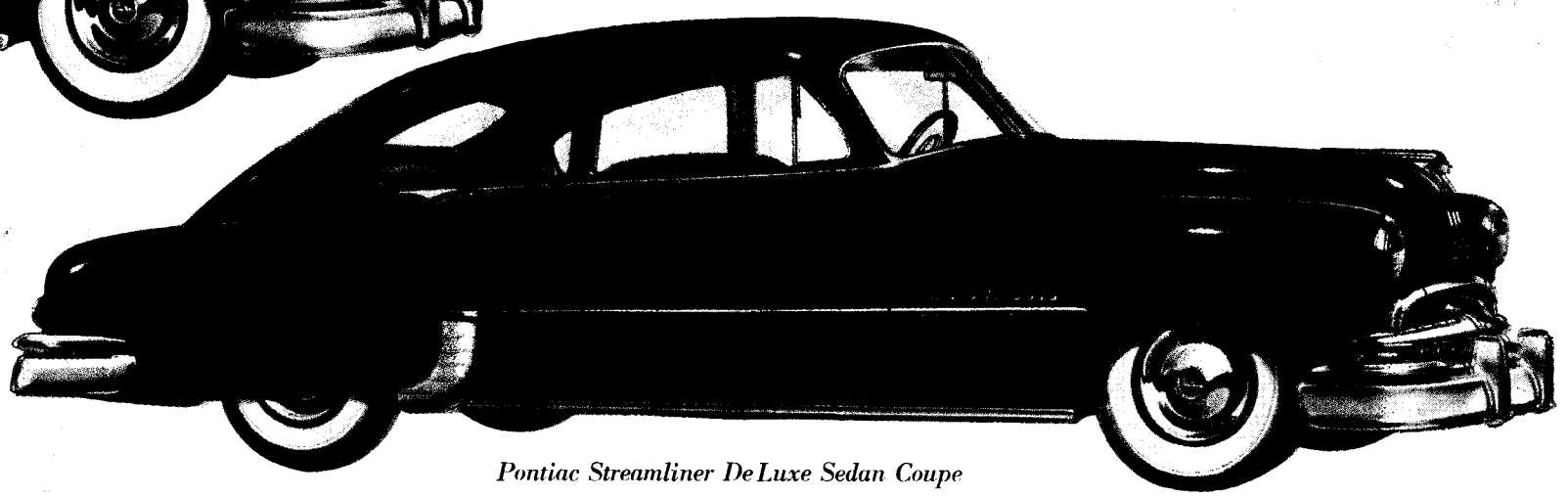
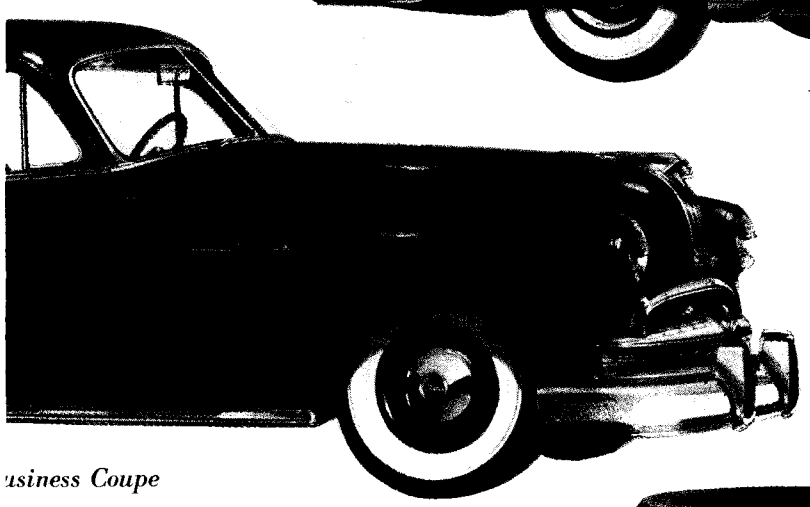


Pontiac Streamliner De Luxe Sedan Coupe



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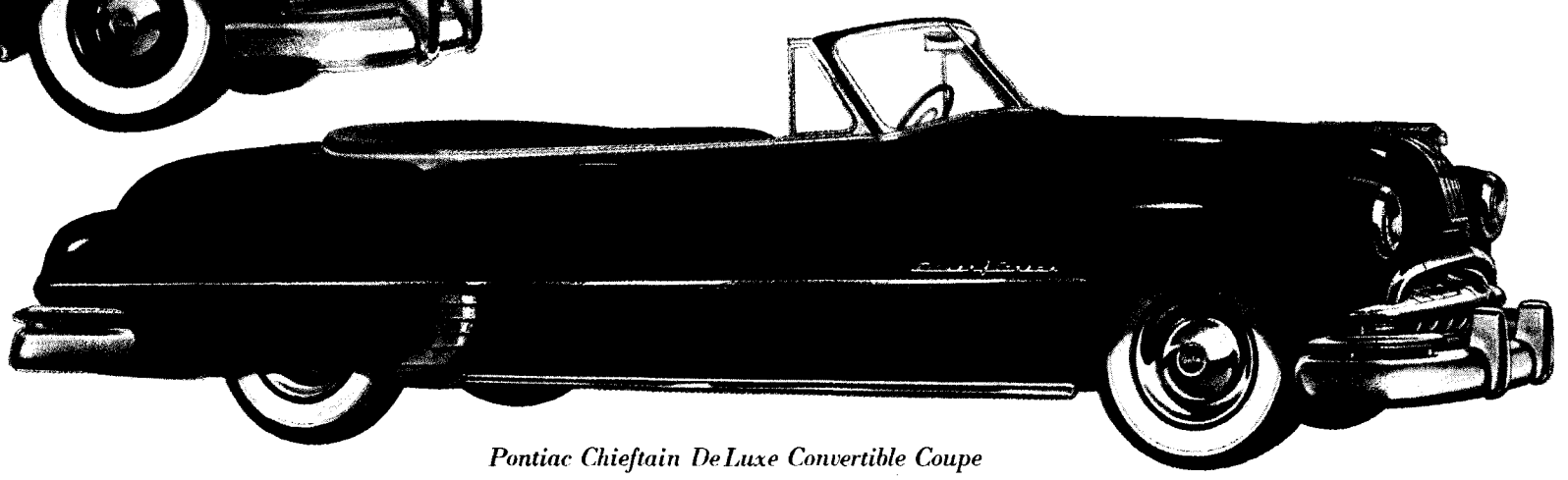

Pontiac Chieftain De Luxe Convertible Coupe

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Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up when you're low . . . calms you down when you're tense!

Luckies' fine tobacco puts you on the right level—the Lucky level—to feel your level best, do your level best.

That's why it's important for you to remember that LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO—mild, ripe, light tobacco that makes a thoroughly enjoyable smoke. No wonder more independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—smoke Lucky Strike regularly than smoke the next two leading brands combined.

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L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

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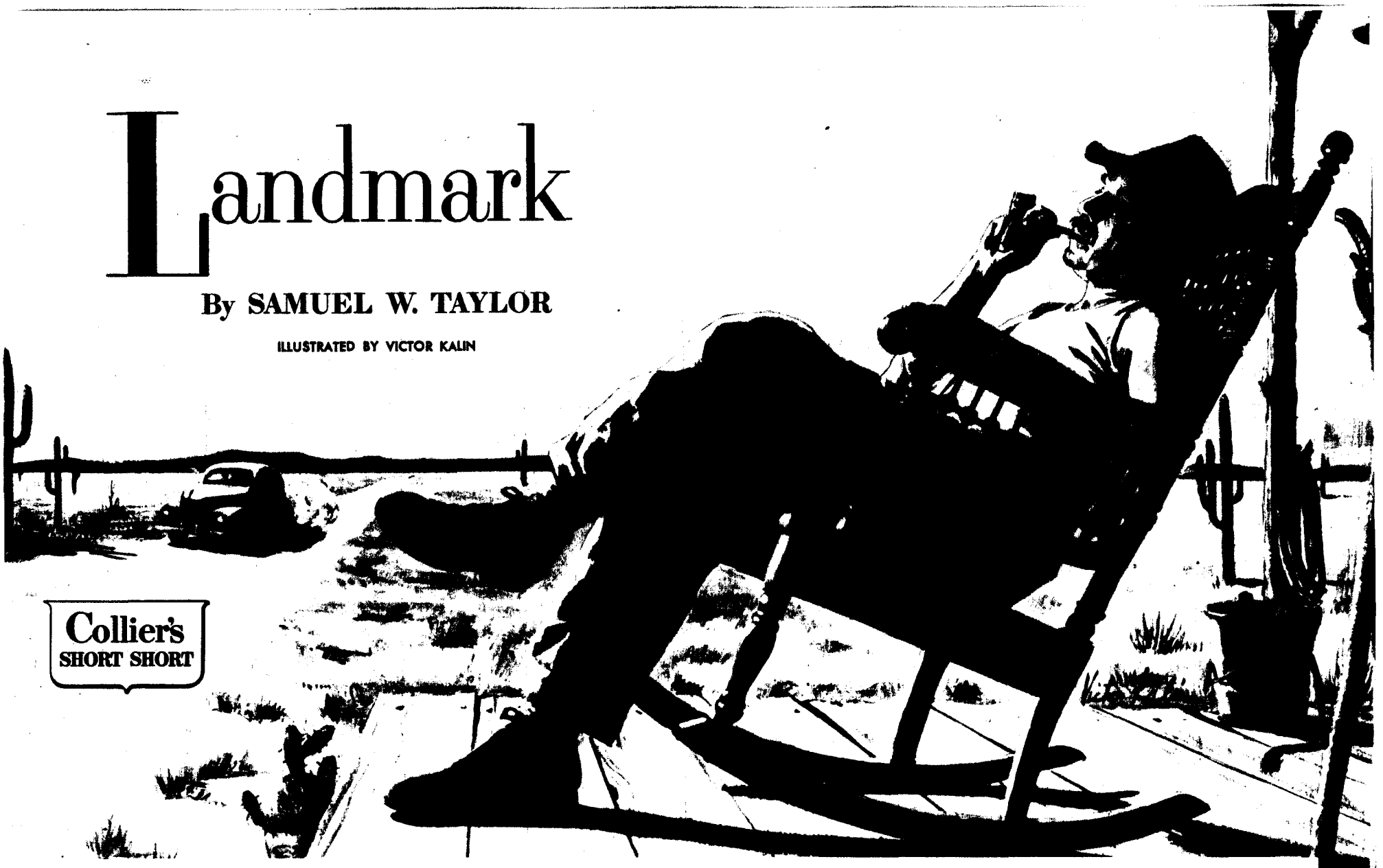
Landmark

By SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR KALIN



Collier's
SHORT SHORT

THERE were two signs where the desert road led off from the main highway. One said: COYOTE CREEK, 83. AMES, 159. IRON PIPE SPRING, 251. The other one said: WARNING. DESERT ROAD. RESERVE SUPPLIES OF GASOLINE AND WATER ADVISABLE. IF STALLED DO NOT WANDER FROM ROAD.

More than one tourist turned onto the road because of the warning sign. Here was armchair adventure, something to tell the neighbors back home. After all, Coyote Creek was only eighty-three miles. What's that in a modern car?

He found out. First there was the heat. As long as the car kept going it wasn't so bad, for the air was utterly dry. But while the human body is cooled by evaporation, an automobile isn't. The pace was governed by the needle of the heat indicator, not the speedometer. On the grades the needle would creep into the red. But if he stopped to cool off the engine he'd be sorry. Sometimes he might have to stop, with vapor lock. And then the heat was a blinding pressure.

When he opened the hood to help the cooling-off, he got burned on the metal. Then he sat in the shade of the car, the only shade there was, and realized how small and puny he was, and how utterly his life might depend on a nut or a wire or a bit of tubing or a tire. And when he got in to go again it was like crawling into the pits of hell, with the steering wheel too hot to touch and the very seat cushions scorching.

Next there was the shock when he got to Coyote Creek. For it wasn't a town or a gas station. It was just a place on the map, a landmark—a water hole where someone once had shot a coyote, or seen a coyote, or found a dead coyote in the water. There was nothing there but the tiny pool, a film of dry alkali dust on its surface, and a sign saying: COYOTE CREEK. WATER SAFE TO DRINK.

So he filled the radiator and any spare containers in the car and went on, more soberly, watching the gas gauge and cursing the state highway department for not telling a man there were places on the map that were just landmarks and not towns.

And then when he got to Ames, seventy-six miles farther on, he felt like shouting at the beauty of it. The town of Ames was just a single shack in the middle of nowhere. But it was a human habitation, and a human being was sitting in a chair under the little porch. And an ancient gasoline pump was before the shack. There was no sign urging the tourist to stop and fill up. There didn't have to be.

The man under the porch didn't rush out to wipe the windshield. "Crank it yourself," he'd say when it was intimated that some gas could be used to advantage. "Inside," he'd say when the matter of oil came up. And on the matter of water, he'd say, "Well's out back."

Those who thought that here was an interesting character to pump were in for disappointment. The fellow could carry on an indefinite conversation with "Yep," "Nope," "Maybe" and "Seems like."

But sometimes a tourist would ask him point-blank, "Why do you stay out here in the middle of nowhere?"

And the man would consider the question a while, squinting out over the heat waves rising from the desert floor. And then he might say, "I like it," or, "Only place I know where a lazy man can make a living by doing nothing."

And the tourist always went on wondering about the man in the middle of nowhere, sitting in the shade of the porch.

WHEN the tourist reached Iron Pipe Spring he found it was just that and nothing more—an iron pipe with water coming from it. A point on the map. He was mighty glad to reach the intersecting highway and once more be back in civilization where there was traffic and a service station every thirty or forty miles anyhow.

But if he kept wondering about the man out in the middle of nowhere, and asked around, he'd learn what was known about Frank Ames. Because the bigger a country is, the smaller it is; the fewer the population, the less privacy. In the city you may not know your neighbor in the apartment across the hall, but if your nearest neighbor is a hundred miles away you know all about him.

So they'd say that something had happened to Frank Ames in middle life. Before that, he'd been in the grocery business with his brother. Doing well. Making money. Until one summer on vacation he'd made the trip on the road through Coyote Creek and Iron Pipe Spring. A couple of months later he came back, hauled out supplies, dug a well, built a shack, had a gas pump installed, and had been there ever since.

His brother had come out, several times, trying to bring Frank Ames to his senses. Frank Ames would listen politely, and then say, "I'm not wasting *my* life. You are. Chasing the dollar. Getting ulcers over things that don't count. Never a minute to relax." His brother would ask didn't he want to amount to something, be somebody, and Frank Ames would say, "I like it here."

HIS brother died twenty years ago or so, of a heart attack. Wealthy, they say. Vice-president of a big grocery chain. Frank Ames just kept on sitting in the shade of his shack, selling a little gas and oil and radiator cleaner to the tourists, until last winter when the driver of the oil company truck found him in bed, sick for the first time in thirty years or so, and sinking.

And Frank Ames said to the driver, "Tom, do you suppose when I'm gone somebody else will be fool enough to take over my place here?"

"Sure," Tom said. "It's a living for somebody."

"It's a long stretch of road," Frank Ames said. "Somebody had ought to be here."

And that was the last thing he said. Maybe he'd realized it years before, when he made that vacation trip. It was a long stretch of road, and somebody had ought to be there. Maybe he'd gone out there for the obscure reasons that cause other men to devote a lifetime to digging Indian relics, or converting heathens, or pushing a wheelbarrow around the world. It was simply more important to him than whatever else life had to offer.

But it's odd that the brother of Frank Ames, who spent his lifetime trying to be somebody, has been forgotten. There are plenty of vice-presidents who die rich. While by just sitting out in the middle of nowhere, Frank Ames became a landmark on the desert. His name is on the map. In a small way, he achieved immortality.

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RINGSIDE MAIDEN

Continued from page 25

"It's too late now," Agatha said. "What could you do?"

"Yeah, I know," Oscar said harshly. "He took the ten grand and he hasn't got it any more."

"Let's go down to the street," Jack said. "Let's talk this over, and give those two a chance to sweat it out."

On the way downstairs Oscar said, "I don't suppose there's any way Lefty could pay back the ten grand to Monte?"

Jack's biting voice said, "You mean borrow it from Agatha?"

Oscar grunted. "Forget it," he said.

AGATHA turned on the brownstone step, looked at Jack, and said, "What a mess this is. The fight racket's no place for decent people."

"Aggie, it's not as bad as that," Oscar said. "There's a fix now and then, sure, but there are plenty of good guys, too."

"Then why don't they do something about it?"

"Why don't *you?*" Jack asked.

She stared at him, and he said quickly, "Agatha, I'm going to take charge of this. The most important thing is to get you and Oscar in the clear. That comes first. But second, the fight game may be no place for a woman, but maybe there's something a woman can do about it."

"You mean take it to the commission?"

"Not yet. Agatha, I have an idea Monte Wharton would be pretty upset about having the whole thing aired before the commission. We'll keep that for our trump card, the threat to take it to the commission, and when you talk to Monte you'll play that card."

She frowned. "You mean you want me to call that evil little man?"

"No," Jack said. "I think he'll call you, as soon as Lefty gets him on the phone to tell him we know what's what."

"Yeah," Oscar said. "I guess he'll call. Then what?"

Jack swung around. "Oscar, look here. You go back up there and talk to Lefty. Lay it on the line. Tell him to call Monte Wharton and say that you and Agatha know about the fix and you're pretty hot about it. Have him say that you're especially hot because no money came your way, and that's why you're going to the commission about it."

"Okay," Oscar said. "Then what?"

"I'll take care of the rest of it," Jack said. "Agatha and I will go over to Leo's Place and wait for you to call, Oscar."

Oscar moved back up the steps.

As she walked on with Jack, Agatha said, "Jack, just what's in your mind? What am I supposed to say to Monte Wharton if he calls?"

"The idea is to get him down here and get him to talk."

"You mean trap him somehow?"

"That's it."

The crowd in Leo's Place had thinned, and Agatha was glad to see that Charlie and Selma had gone. She and Jack went back to the office and Walter brought them Manhattans. Agatha suggested that they have something to eat, and called in Joe, the short-order cook. He had some nice sirloins in the icebox, Joe said, and he'd fix some French fries. While they were waiting for the steaks the telephone rang.

She picked up the telephone and said, "Hello."

A low voice said, "Aggie? This is Lefty. Look, you don't want to take this to the commission?"

"Yes, I do," Agatha said.

Lefty's voice changed. There was no self-confidence in it; there was a note of panic. "Aggie, I was just mad. I wasn't thinking. But I wasn't gonna throw that fight. I swear I wasn't."

"You'd better save that for the commission, Lefty," Agatha said.

"But Aggie, I swear if I get the chance I'll go in there and win that fight."

"I don't think Monte Wharton would like that, Lefty."

"But I didn't promise anything."

Agatha said, "Have you talked to Oscar?"

He said uneasily, "Yeah, we talked."

"Did you make that call?"

"Now see here, Aggie—" he began.

Agatha hung up.

A moment later the telephone rang again, and it was Oscar calling. "He busted out of the house, Aggie," Oscar said. "I got an idea he went up to see Monte Wharton."

"I see," Agatha said. "So at least we know which side he's on."

Oscar said, "Aggie, you gonna take it to the commission?"

"I intend to," Agatha said.

"That means they'll call off the fight. That means Lefty will lose his license. He'll be washed up in the fight game."

"Lefty should have thought of that."

"That's right," Oscar said. "He should of. I'm with you, Aggie, right down the line. When you go to the commission in the morning, give me a call. We'll go together."

Agatha put the receiver gently back on the hook, and turned to Jack. But he had left the office; she had not heard him leave. Joe, the cook, brought the steaks, and a moment later Jack returned. Agatha told him what Oscar had said, and he shrugged. "Well, we'll see."

THEY had finished the steaks and were having coffee when the telephone rang again, and this time it was Monte Wharton's low-pitched, familiar voice saying, "That you, Miss Christopher?"

"Yes."

"Say, what's all the fuss about? You got the wrong idea."

"Have I, Mr. Wharton?" Agatha said.

"You're way off the beam," Monte said. "Look, the boy wanted a little dough to buy his girl a restaurant, and I talked him into selling a share of his earnings. He tells me you got the idea there was some kind of a fix."

"I think the Athletic Commission will agree with me on that, Mr. Wharton."

"Now look here," Monte said, "I tell you everything is on the up and up, but you take it to the commission and there'll be a stink. You'll just get your fighter in trouble, Miss Christopher."

"My fighter's already in trouble," Agatha said.

There was a pause, then he said, "Let's get together and talk this over. Why don't you drop in at the Club Pigalle, Miss Christopher?"

"If you want to talk to me," Agatha said, "I'm here in my bar." She dropped the receiver on the hook and looked at Jack.

"That sounds provocative. I think he'll come down, Agatha."

"And then what do I do, Jack?"

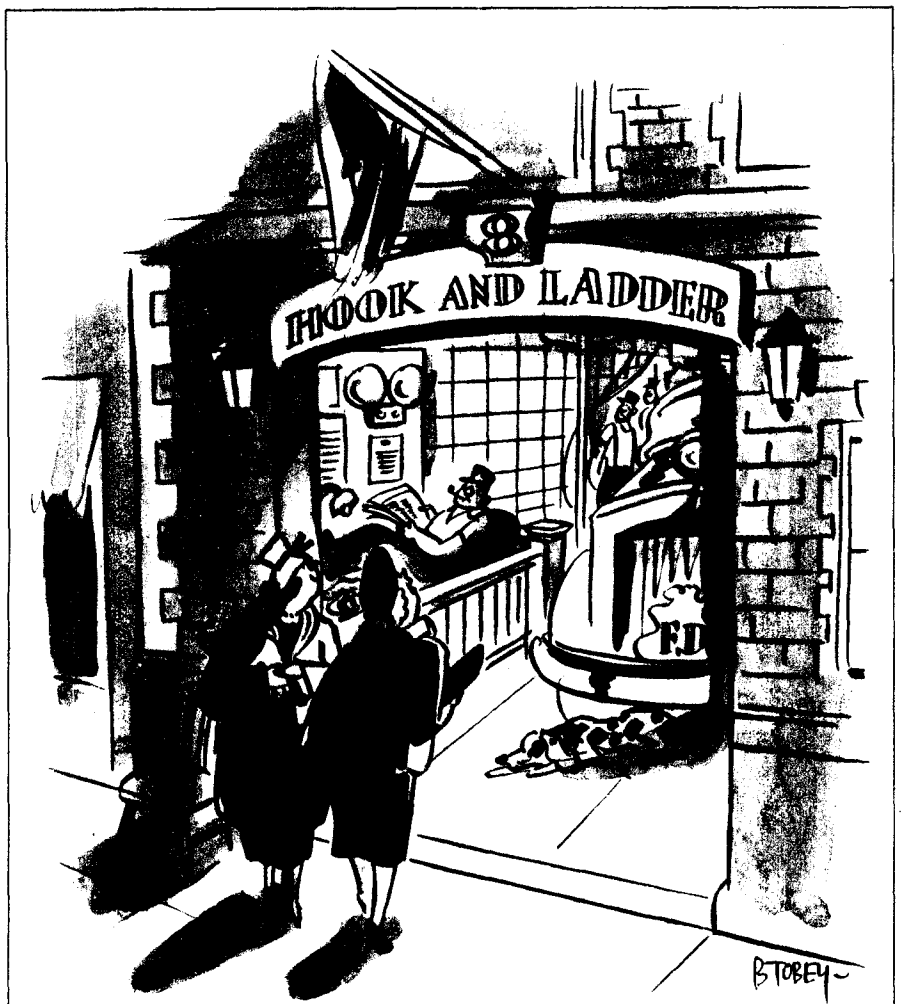
"In a very nice way," he said, "intimate that you're rather a greedy girl. Intimate that you don't like a fight being fixed behind your back. Suggest that you're entitled to some consideration yourself." He got up. "I'm going to leave now."

"Leave? Jack, you can't!"

"I won't be far away," he said. "But I don't want to be seen here."

A half an hour later after Jack had left she heard footsteps approaching her door. There was a knock and Walter's low voice said, "Couple of guys to see you, Aggie."

She pushed back the swinging door. One of the men was Monte Wharton; the



COLLIER'S

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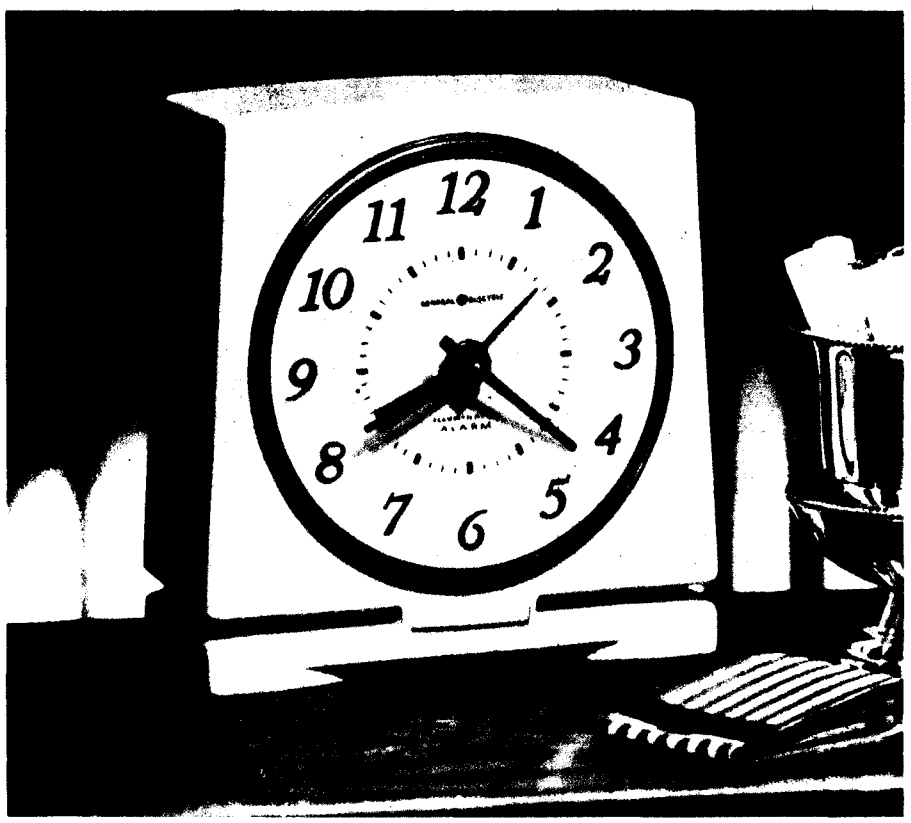

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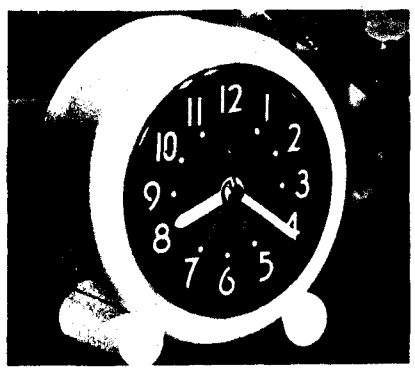

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other was a larger man with a bluish chin and small, dark eyes. Agatha called, "Come on back, Mr. Wharton."

They both approached the door, and Monte looked into the office, then glanced back toward the kitchen where Joe, the cook, was making a prodigious clatter with dishes at the sink.

"Where do we talk?" Monte said.

"In here," Agatha said, and led the way into the office. The other man followed and Agatha said, "We're a little cramped here for three people, Mr. Wharton."

"Oh, Petey will keep out of the way."

"And I'd rather not have witnesses," Agatha said.

His eyes flicked toward her and his soft hand touched the knot of his necktie. He turned his head and said, "Petey, wait outside at the bar. Keep an eye on the joint." He closed the door.

FACING him in the narrow office, Agatha was nervous. He sat down, brought out his silver case and took out a cigarette. Agatha said, "Couldn't you find somebody else's fighter to muscle in on?"

He said with a serious expression, "I like your fighter, Miss Christopher. He's gonna go places."

"Flat on his back?" said Agatha.

"Now I told you you had the wrong idea about that."

"Have I?" Agatha said, with a sarcastic inflection. "Now listen to me, Mr. Wharton; it's cost me a good deal of money promoting Lefty Langan. I've brought him to the point now where I can cash in. But I can't cash in when he's flat on his back."

Monte grinned, but said nothing.

"So let's not beat around the bush," Agatha said. "This fight is fixed and I know it. I've been looking at the odds. I believe it's 1 to 3 on Manolo now."

"Why don't you make a bet, Miss Christopher, if you want to cash in?"

"Bet against my own fighter?"

"It's been done," he said.

"No, Mr. Wharton," Agatha said. "As things stand now there won't be any fight, because I'm going to the commission in the morning."

"I wouldn't do that."

"Wouldn't you?" Agatha said. "Well, I'm not going to be played for a sucker, Mr. Wharton. I'm not going to have my own fighter bought off behind my back. I've got an investment and I intend to protect it."

He still showed his irritating smile; he still tapped the cigarette. Agatha said, "Let's put our cards on the table, Mr. Wharton. You want to fix the fight. All right. I don't like that kind of thing. I'm against it. But if you're going to fix that fight, I've got to have my share."

He looked at her, laughed, and said, "Who you kidding? You need dough like you need a hole in the head."

Agatha's temper flared. "You cheap tinhorn gambler!" she cried. "Get out of here. I'm going to the commission in the morning. I'll stop the fight and I'll raise high hell. I don't care whether Lefty loses his license, because I'll see to it that Eddie Manolo loses his, too, and I'll expose the part you play in—"

"Hey, wait a minute," Monte said.

"Get out," Agatha cried.

"Wait a minute," Monte said. "I didn't believe the boy, but maybe he was right. Maybe you're on the level."

"You had your chance to settle this," Agatha said. "That's all, Mr. Wharton. Good night."

"Miss Christopher, you're quite a dame." He grinned at her. "You're hard to figure, you Park Avenue dames. So you want to cash in, do you? How about Oscar Gumper?"

"I'm talking for Oscar, too."

"How much?"

Agatha had not thought about sums. She said offhand, "Fifty thousand."

"Fifty grand?" Monte said. "You're kind of ambitious, ain't you?"

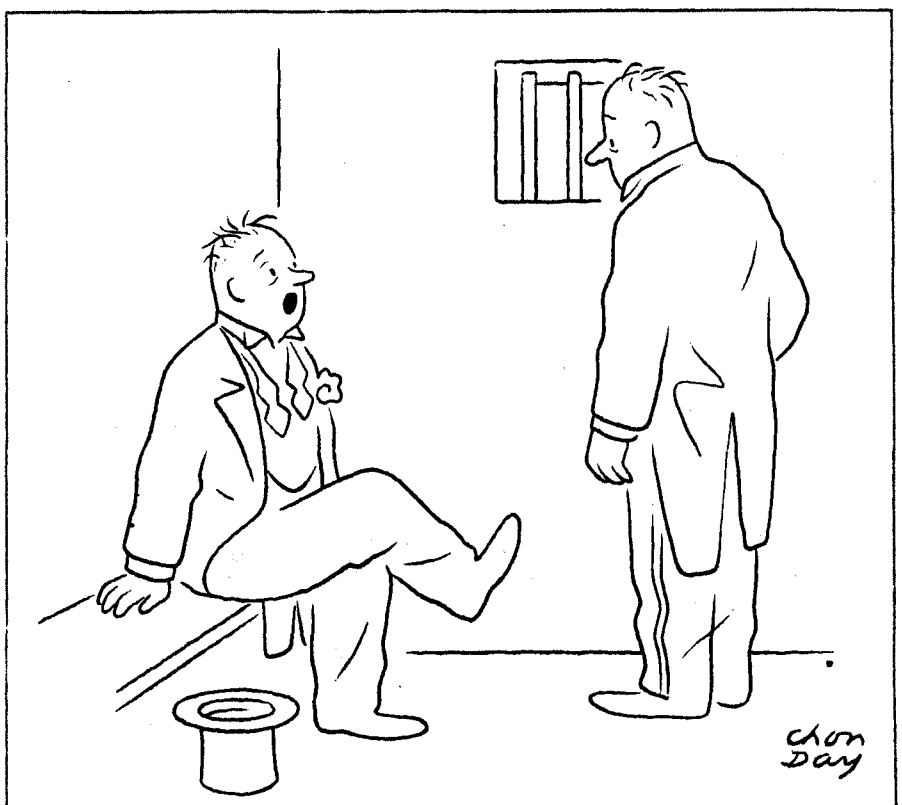
"You want Lefty to take a dive, don't you?" Agatha said. "It will cost him his shot at the title. Fifty thousand is cheap for that."

"He'll get his shot at the title later," Monte said. "Eddie will give him a fight."

"I'm wondering," Agatha said, "if Lefty is knocked out again by Eddie Manolo, what chance has he got?"

"There wouldn't be no knockout, Miss Christopher," Monte said smoothly. "The idea is your boy drops the decision, that's all. He takes it easy and Eddie jabs him to death."

Agatha showed her teeth in a mirthless grin. "Maybe I don't know much about fights, but I'm not exactly simple, Mr. Wharton. What's more, I know enough to know that I'm sitting in the driver's seat, and fifty thousand is my



"You can't see much from here, of course, but after we get out, I'll show you the rest of the town"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

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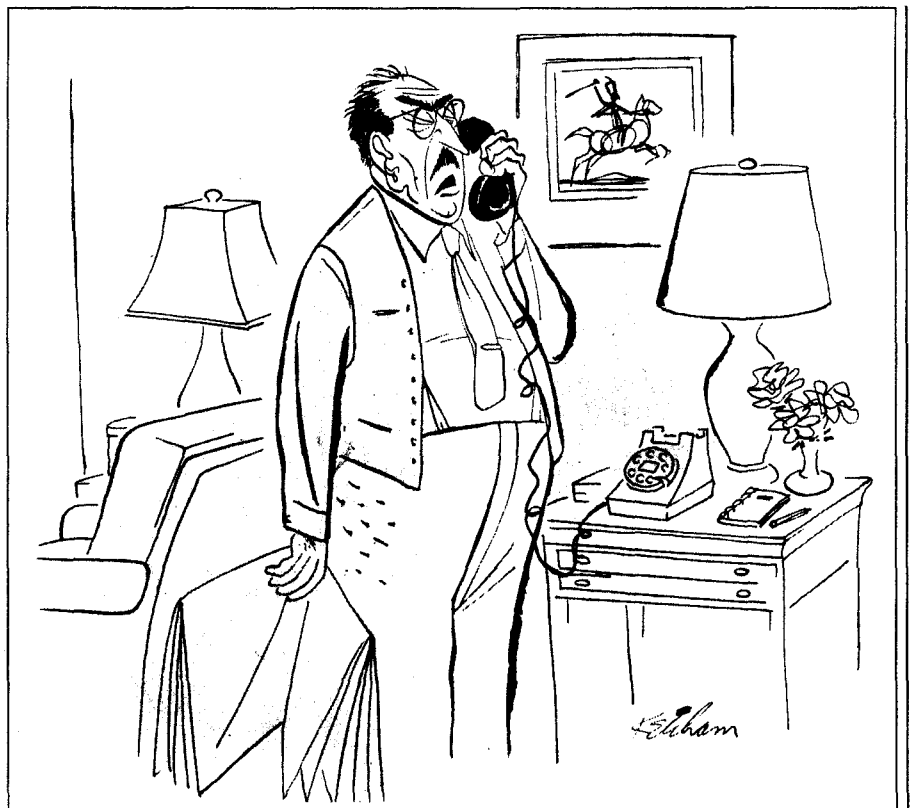

COLLIER'S "Sugar Cake just went out for a walk with Dream Boat. Is there any message, Super-Duper Man?" HANK KETCHAM

price. If you want this fight fixed, you'll pay me fifty thousand dollars."

His eyes small, Monte said, "I got no interest in fixing this fight, Miss Christopher. I'm just interested in my boy, Manolo. I want Eddie to fight the champ, but I don't want it fifty thousand dollars' worth."

"The question before the house," Agatha said, "is whether I go to the commission in the morning."

"Now look here," he said. "You want to protect your investment, you said. Ten grand will protect your investment, Miss Christopher, and that's as high as I can go." He smiled at her. "You're right, you got me over a barrel, and I tell you what: If Lefty goes in there tomorrow night and takes his licking, I'll pay you ten grand, after the fight."

"I'll take twenty thousand," Agatha said. "And I'll take it now."

He shrugged. "I don't carry that kind of dough around in my pocket."

"You want insurance, you say," Agatha said. "Well, I want some little token myself. You pay me half now."

He sat for a time looking at her, the tip of his tongue moistening his lips, then he reached into his pocket and took out an envelope. He tossed it on the desk. "There's ten grand in there," he said. "Want to count it?"

THERE was a knock at the door and Monte jerked his head around. Agatha said, "Who is it?"

"The cook, Miss. Got some dishes in there?"

Agatha said, "Yes, Joe, come in."

The door opened cautiously, and a man in an apron entered, but he was not Joe, the short-order cook. He was a heavy-set man with a square jaw and bright, amused eyes. He grinned at Monte Wharton and said, "Hi, Monte." Then reached out and took the envelope from Agatha's hand. "I'm Lieutenant Miller from the district attorney's office," he said. "You're under arrest, Monte."

Monte Wharton was on his feet. "For what?"

"Got a nice, thin partition here," Lieutenant Miller said. "I took down every word you said, Monte. I guess you heard it's against the law to fix a fight."

Monte's face was pale, and the glance he turned on Agatha was one of cold astonishment. "A Park Avenue dame," he said. "A lousy amateur." He laughed angrily and said, "Lieutenant, this whole thing was a gag. I was just having some fun with the dame."

The lieutenant opened the envelope and riffled the bills with his fingertips. "That's pretty expensive fun, Monte," he said. . . .

It was a long night for Agatha. She went down to the district attorney's office with Jack and waited interminably in an assistant's office. She did not see Lefty Langan, but Jack told her he was there, with Oscar, and was being questioned. At last her own deposition was briefly taken by a hurried assistant district attorney who asked her detailed questions about her interview with Monte Wharton but showed only perfunctory interest in Lefty Langan. The important question was whether she knew if Lefty had agreed to fix the fight. Agatha said that the only facts she knew were that Monte Wharton had paid Lefty ten thousand dollars and Lefty had insisted it represented payment for a share of his earnings.

One o'clock had passed by the time she left the district attorney's office with Jack, and by that time the reporters knew the story and she faced a barrage of flash bulbs. Jack hurried her through to a cab and they escaped.

"Do you have any sleeping pills?" he asked. "You should take a pill and go to bed."

"I couldn't sleep," Agatha murmured. "Not possibly. Not until I know what's happened. Jack, let's go to Leo's Place."

There were already thick headlines in the papers, and Si Kraft was reading one at the bar that said: AGGIE FOILS FIX. The crowd moved eagerly toward Agatha and Jack, but Walter helped them through to the office. He brought them drinks, and left them alone in the office.

Oscar telephoned them after a while with the news. They were taking Monte Wharton around to the police station to be booked, but Lefty had been released. Monte had sworn that he had only bought a share of Lefty, and that there had been no fix. But a man from the commission had come down, Oscar said, and the commission would meet at ten o'clock the next morning. They wanted Agatha to appear, he said.

Agatha called Walter and passed on the information that no charges had been made against Lefty, so far, then she and Jack escaped from the bar, but not before Si Kraft and Tony Franklin

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Deviled eggs, garnished with shrimp, look glamorous, taste wonderful! Use your own recipe for deviled eggs, top with whole, cooked shrimp.

DELICIOUS PIMENTO CHEESE SPREAD

For extra delicious pimento spread, soften cheddar cheese with mayonnaise, blend with a generous amount of sliced pimento. Serve with toasted crackers.

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had a chance to pat her arm and say, "You done good work, Aggie."

Agatha was grateful for one thing. Apparently Gwen had gone to bed before the papers came out with the story. She could not have faced a long discussion with her mother that night. She crawled into bed without even brushing her teeth, and she needed no sleeping compound.

THE next day began early. First Gwen came, with the morning newspapers in her hand, and Gwen was sympathetic and considerate, and surprisingly to Agatha, quite proud of her daughter.

"I can even stomach Aggie Foils Fix," she said. "Kiddy, I'm pretty proud of Aggie. She's my girl. She's good and honest and direct, and she's a fighter."

They had breakfast sent up to Agatha's room, and Gwen read the newspapers aloud over their coffee. She was interrupted by the telephone, and Agatha answered it, sure that Jack was calling. But it was a woman's voice, low and hurried, that said, "Aggie, can I talk to you? This is Lucille. I'm downstairs in the lobby. Can I come up?"

"All right," Agatha said. She hung up, raised her eyebrows expressively to her mother, and said, "Lucille Long wants to talk to me."

Gwen gathered up the newspapers. "I'll get out," she said.

Lucille's rap on the door was a light, timid sound. Agatha opened the door and held it wide, and Lucille came into the room.

"Aggie," she said hesitantly, "I had to come see you. Lefty didn't want I should, but I had to come." She moistened her lips. "I want to ask you to give Lefty a break."

"It's out of my hands, Lucille."

"No, it's not," Lucille said. "If you want to do it, Aggie, you can go down and tell the commission that Monte Wharton propositioned Lefty and he told you about it and then you made a plan to get the goods on Monte, and Lefty helped you."

Agatha said, "Why should I do that?"

"Lefty didn't want me to come," Lucille said. "He says he's gonna take his medicine, Aggie, but I think you ought to give him a break. It was my fault. I done it, Aggie. Listen to me."

Agatha turned and met Lucille's eyes. Lucille went on in a low, toneless voice. "Aggie, Monte talked to me about it and he put all that money in my hand and he said take it to Lefty and talk to Lefty. I never saw that much dough before, Aggie, and I was thinking of my brother. He went into the fight racket and all he come out of it with was scrambled brains. I took that money to Lefty and told him we could buy that restaurant we looked at and he'd have it to come back to."

"Well, you've got it," Agatha said.

"Sure we got it," Lucille said. "But, Aggie, what I mean is Lefty done it for me. He didn't want to, and I had to talk him into it. If anybody takes a rap, I ought to take it, Aggie. But believe me, I was thinking of Lefty. I wanted Lefty to come out with something to show besides a beat-up face and a shook-up head, and I talked him into it. I was wrong, Aggie, I was wrong all along."

Lucille sat down suddenly, clasped her hands in her lap and sat looking at the floor. "And now he says he won't never put a f-foot in that restaurant," she said. "He says he'll go out and burn the joint down." Lucille began to sob, but kept on talking. "You know how Lefty is, when he gets mad. And, Aggie, I was just thinking what happened to my brother, and all that. Lefty—he wants to fight and he wants to pay back that ten grand to Monte Wharton and pay you back for all you done. He wants to clear the books, he said."

The telephone rang, and they both started. Agatha picked up the receiver. It was the desk informing her that Mr. Barlow was waiting in the lobby. Agatha hung up, turned and said, "I'm going down to the commission now, Lucille."

Their eyes met, and Lucille did not speak. She sat with her feet close together, her hands clasped in her lap, like a hungry job seeker. Agatha bit her lip, and emotion welled up in her, sympathy and a fierce impatience all at once, and she cried, "I'll help all I can! But I'm not going to lie for Lefty. Pour yourself a cup of coffee, Lucille. Stay here and pull yourself together. I'm going on downtown."

Jack met her in the lobby, and squeezed her hand as they walked out to the hack stand. On the way to the State Building in a cab he said, "Agatha, Lefty did his part after all. He gave Monte Wharton the message last night."

"He did?" Agatha cried. "Lucille didn't tell me that."

"Have you seen Lucille?"

"Yes, this morning. Just a few minutes ago. She was begging me to give Lefty a break. But she didn't tell me that."

"Lucille didn't know," Jack said. "He didn't confide in Lucille."

"Oh, it probably isn't true," Agatha said.

"It's true," he said. "The district attorney believes it. He got it from Monte Wharton as well as Lefty, Agatha. Lefty went to Wharton last night and told him that you and Oscar could be bought off and all you were sore about was being left out of the dough."

Agatha sighed. "Then at least that makes it easier. I was worried about what I could tell the commission."

Lefty Langan was waiting with Oscar in an anteroom, and Agatha saw another worried face she recognized as Eddie Manolo's. Lefty gave her one quick, anxious glance, then lowered his gaze to the floor. The room was crowded with reporters, and flash bulbs went off on Agatha's arrival. She had no opportunity to speak to Lefty.

It was not the ordeal she had anticipated. She reported the facts as she knew them, but withheld her own opinions. She told the commission that Lefty had accepted ten thousand dollars from Monte Wharton in payment for a share of his earnings and had reported the matter to her, which was true, if not complete, in every detail. She said that after discussion with her attorney, it had been decided to try to trap Monte Wharton, and Lefty had led Monte into the trap. It was by manner, not by words, that Agatha may have given the commission the impression that Lefty was at all times a party to the plan.

Outside again, after they had run the gantlet of photographers, Jack said, "You were easy on him, Agatha."

"But I told the truth, didn't I?"

"Yes." He grinned. "You told the truth, if not the whole truth."

"I don't know the whole truth," she said defensively. "I wasn't going in there and report my assumptions. We've never had any proof that Lefty agreed to take a dive, have we? The real culprit is Monte Wharton, not Lefty, and he'll get what's coming to *him*."

His eyes studied her, and he was smiling a little. "Agatha, it's all right with me," he said. "I hope they let him fight."

They parted on Foley Square, but before Agatha returned to the hotel she went to her bank and took the contract with Lefty Langan from the safe-deposit box. But back in her room in the Westbrook she did not tear it up; she did not even remove it from her handbag. Gwen had sleeping tablets on hand, and Agatha took one, left orders that no calls be put through to her room, and went back to bed. She slept until midafternoon, and at once called Jack when she awakened.

"The fight goes on," he told her. "The commission decided to hold up both men's purses pending a full investigation, but they weighed in at noon, and a little while ago the commission announced that the fight would go on. Agatha, suppose I call for you about half past seven and we'll have dinner and go on to the Garden."

"No," Agatha said. "I couldn't face it, Jack. Let's just have a quiet dinner somewhere and forget about the fight."

"I don't blame you," Jack said. "A quiet dinner it will be. I'll see you at seven thirty."

Agatha lay back on a chaise longue. The adventure was over now; it had passed its climax. She had not heard from Oscar, and suddenly she recalled that she had shut off incoming calls. She got up and moved over to the telephone

Oscar recognized her voice and said in a low, depressed tone, "I tried to get you. I guess you know the fight goes on?"

"Yes."

"We'll try and win this one for you," he said. "I don't know what kind of shape he'll be in, but we'll do our best. Aggie, you want to wish the boy good luck?"

"All right," Agatha said. "Put him on."

Lefty's voice was low. "Aggie, I'm gonna knock Eddie Manolo into your lap tonight." His voice rose. "I'll get him in the first round."

Agatha had had enough of boasts and crude male ego. Impatience and weariness welled up in her and she said sharply, "Lefty, I hope you do, and I wish you the best of luck. But I just want to say that our contractual relationship has ended. I hope you go on and win the championship. I really do. But I'm not in your camp any more, as I told you last night."

There was a moment's pause. "I don't care what you say, Aggie. I'm gonna win this fight for you."

"Win it for yourself, Lefty," Agatha said, and hung up.

AFTER the call, Agatha was restless. Long before time for Jack to arrive she began dressing. He had reserved a table at the Petite Marmite, and had ordered the dinner in advance. It was an occasion, and it needed no words to signalize it. But while they were watching the waiter prepare the crepes Suzette, Agatha said, "You know, Jack, I have three tickets in my handbag. We're not going, and Mother didn't want to go, but somebody should use those tickets. Somebody at Leo's Place would want them."

"That's right," he said. "And there's a television set at Leo's Place."

Agatha smiled. "So there is." A tingling excitement had returned, in spite of herself. After all, it was the night of the fight, the big fight with Eddie Manolo.

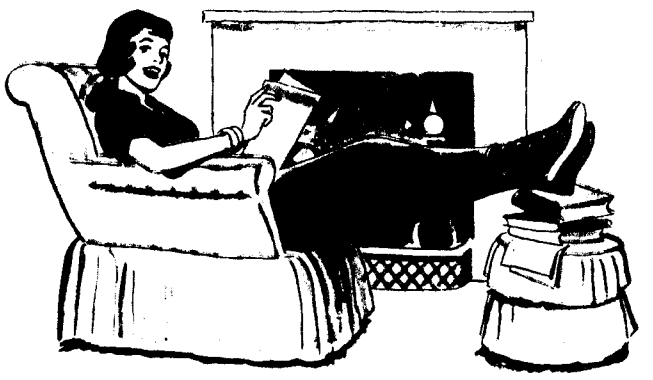
It was twenty minutes past nine o'clock when they arrived at Leo's Place. As they got out of the cab Agatha saw the sign proclaiming with mockery in the window: LEFTY LANGAN FIGHTS TONIGHT. Lights were dim inside the barroom, and the television set was turned on, tuned to the preliminary bouts at the Garden.

Walter hurried up, saying, "Ain't you going to the fight?"

"We're going to watch it here," Agatha said. "Walter, I have three tickets to give away." She put them in his hand and then whispered to him, "I want you to do something for me." She opened her handbag and took out the contract. "When Lefty comes in tonight, will you give him this?"

Jack gave her a questioning glance. "The contract?"

"Yes," Agatha said. "Win or lose, the



CASEY JONES

Winter Sport

The weather is perfect for skiing, you say?
It's cold and it's bright and the snow is Grade A.

The landscape is lovely, the air is divine.
Well, wax up your skis, chum, but don't molest mine.

Your stem turns are gorgeous, your herringbone's neat.
You skim from the heights and you land on both feet.

But can you evoke any law that says whether
Or not *I* must slalom to savor the weather?

I, too, dote on Nature but I must admit
I really don't ski half as well as I sit.

Of all winter sports that I truly admire
The nicest is parking right here by the fire.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

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How old are you in your daughter's eyes?

Suppose a younger woman comes to you again and again full of enthusiasm for discoveries she has made. And you show that you are indifferent to almost all of her new ideas. Then don't be surprised if she thinks you "set in your ways"—and "old" . . . You are probably also missing some excellent suggestions.

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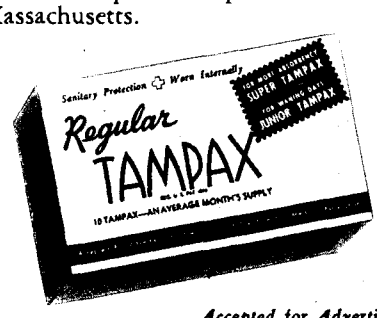

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contract is Lefty's. Let him tear it up, Jack."

The semifinal bout ended, and after the decision was given, there was the customary fanfare announcing the main event, and when it was over, the television announcer said, "Well, this is it. This is the fight, the one they tried to fix. Well, we'll see. Here comes Lefty Langan now—"

The announcer's voice was drowned out by the booing of the crowd, an ominous rumble that filled the Garden and overflowed into every corner of Leo's Place. Agatha bit her lip and watched Lefty climb through the ropes. Behind Lefty was Oscar in his white sweater with the letters Agatha had stitched on the back.

The Garden was quieting now, and the camera had panned up again to the ring, where Eddie Manolo was waiting in his corner. The camera followed him to the center of the ring and picked up Lefty there, and the instructions from the referee came over the loud-speaker.

They went back to their corners, and then the bell rang. The long-range camera showed all the ring, showed Lefty moving slowly forward, caught Manolo in a wild rush across the ring. It was a fight all right; it was a fight from the bell. In Leo's Place, after the first bell, there was silence, with here and there a whispered comment.

Manolo crowded in, hooked his left, and Lefty clinched. He moved lethargically and seemed tired and arm-weary, before the fight had hardly begun. When the referee broke them Manolo landed three sharp jabs like brisk raps on a door. Lefty backed away and Manolo drove a right to his head. Lefty bounced off the ropes, and Manolo caught him coming out with a left hook, flush on the jaw. Lefty went down like a man stumbling and fell on all fours.

"It *is* fixed," Agatha murmured. "Jack, he fooled us all."

Agatha saw the referee's arm moving as he counted. She saw Lefty rise on his knees, shake his head, and push himself to his feet. The referee wiped his gloves on his shirt and stepped back.

Manolo rushed in, overeager, and Lefty covered up. Manolo missed with an overhand right and Lefty moved into a clinch, holding Manolo's right at the elbow. The referee broke them, and Lefty clinched again. He still looked groggy, and if it was an act it was expert, Agatha thought.

NOW Manolo was jabbing at long range, looking for an opening. Lefty backed away from the jab. Manolo hooked his left in again, then swung a right uppercut as Lefty covered up. Lefty went down again, on his face, and at the count of five pushed himself up on all fours. Agatha saw his face, white and agonized, and now she believed him and her heart went out to him.

Lefty put up one glove and caught the top rope. He pulled himself to his feet, but sagged again, and dropped to his knees. His gloved hand still held the rope and he pulled again, made it at the count of nine, and stood on legs of jelly, swaying against the ropes.

"Any other fight they'd stop it now," Jack murmured.

Lefty was retreating along the ropes, ducking and weaving, and Manolo was trying to nail him with a right. Lefty was off balance and staggering and he took hard blows to the body, but Manolo could not reach his head. Lefty clinched and tied Manolo up as the bell rang.

Oscar dashed across the ring to Lefty, and during the rest period the camera remained fixed on Lefty as Oscar worked to revive him with smelling salts and ice along the spine and rhythmic kneading of the muscles at the back of his neck.

At the bell for the second round the camera followed Lefty getting to his feet and suddenly Manolo burst into range with a rush, hooking his left. But Lefty was blocking better now and he was back on the balls of his feet; he was not moving flat-footed as he had after the knockdowns in the first round.

They were in close now, and Lefty was swinging looping uppercuts. One of them landed hard on Manolo's chest, above the heart, and the loud-speaker picked up his grunt, just before the crowd yelled. For an instant his guard was lowered and Lefty hooked a short, vicious left to the head. Manolo staggered back and Lefty rushed in, pumping rights and lefts. There was a tremendous shout in Leo's Place. Manolo was down on the other side of the ring, close beside the ropes.

Agatha cried, "What happened?"

"A right cross, I think," Jack said.

Manolo was on his feet at the nine count, and Lefty moved in carefully jabbing his left, holding his right cocked. Manolo staggered back across the ring, flat-footed, and Lefty caught him on the ropes, in his own corner. The left jab snapped Manolo's head back, and a bolo right caught him full on the jaw. He went down in the corner and Agatha knew he would not get up.

The bell rang sharply and the noise quieted as the ring announcer gave the elapsed time: "One minute and forty-eight seconds of the second round." Then a television man held a microphone to Lefty's lips and he was shouting, "In your lap, Aggie. In your lap!" His brilliant eyes gazed toward her on the screen, and the old confident smile was there. "Okay, champ, how you like that?" he said. "How about a title fight?"

Looking at his white, triumphant face, Agatha thought how little all this had changed Lefty Langan. She had changed, but not Lefty. Already he had forgotten all that had happened in the past twenty-four hours. She looked at Jack and murmured, "This is where we came in."

"Except for one detail," Jack said. "Except Lefty was on the floor, not Manolo, when we first came in."

THE television screen still showed the ring in the Garden, and the crowd, and Walter had not yet turned up the bright lights. Jack and Agatha got up and moved quietly out to the street.

"It seems only yesterday that we first walked in there and saw Eddie Manolo knock Lefty out," Jack said. "That night you took over your inheritance. I thought you were pretty sentimental over just another ring bum, Agatha, but you know, that guy is liable to be middleweight champion."

She looked back. Walter had turned up the lights, and appeared a moment at the window, taking in the sign that said: LEFTY LANGAN FIGHTS TONIGHT.

She looked overhead at the neon sign that had depressed her so much that first day she saw her uncle's legacy, and it was the last time she saw the sign, the last time she saw Leo's Place. Of course she went to the bar again, but the next visit was a month later, after the trial of Monte Wharton, after she had sold the property to Oscar Gumper, and that next time, by agreement in the terms of sale, the neon sign winked out AGGIE'S BAR & GRILL along Eighth Avenue. It was a name that meant something in that neighborhood.

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Prix fixe luncheons are $1.25 to $2.50. Dinners $1.75 to $3. A la carte items are always available. A customer dubbed the following specialty My Salad: Mix 1½ cups chicken or turkey, cut in thin strips, with 3 cups shredded lettuce. To a cup of thick mayonnaise add a Tbsp. of tarragon vinegar. Add 2 Tbsps. chili sauce; 1 Tbsp. green pepper and 1 Tbsp. pimiento, chopped; and 6 oz. blue cheese, crumbled. Place lettuce and chicken mixture on lettuce leaves and pour on the dressing. Garnish with hard cooked egg wedges. Serves 4.

If you wish to receive this My Salad recipe printed on a file card, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Collier's Food Editor, Box 4, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. Start your collection of Collier's Food Recipes now.

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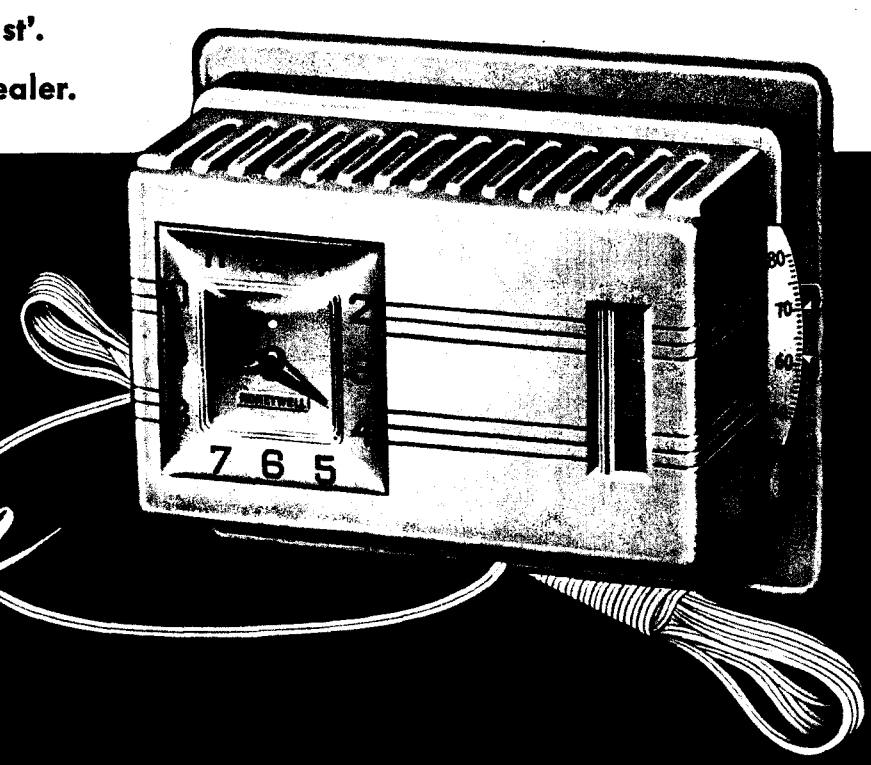

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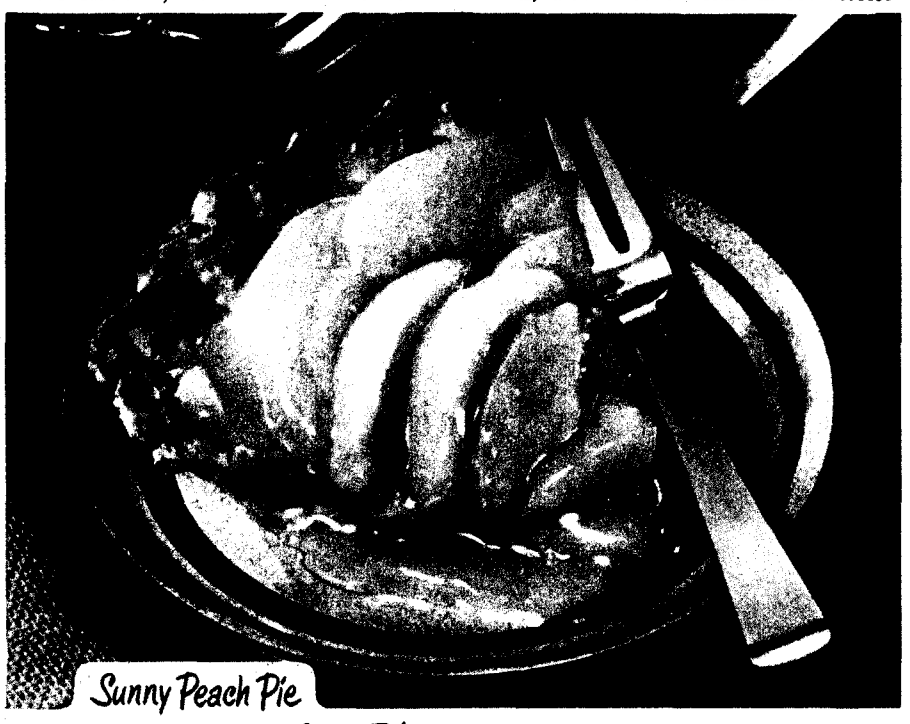
"Peach Pie fit for a King!" sings Bing

Sunny Peach Pie

BING CROSBY, Star of "A CONNECTICUT YANKEE," a Paramount Picture in Technicolor



Ann Pillsbury's Pastry

1 cup sifted Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup shortening
2 to 3 tablespoons cold water

Sift together flour and salt. Cut in shortening with pastry blender or 2 knives until particles are size of small peas. Add water until dough is moist enough to hold together. Roll on floured board or pastry cloth to about ⅛-inch thickness. Fit loosely in 9-inch pan; gently pat out air pockets. Trim pastry 1 inch beyond rim of pan. Fold to form standing rim; flute edge. Prick pastry with fork. Bake in very hot oven (450 degrees F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes one 9-inch pie shell.

Sunny Peach Filling

1 #2½ can sliced cling peaches, drained
1 baked 9-inch pastry shell
¼ cup granulated sugar
3 tablespoons cornstarch
1 cup syrup from peaches
¼ cup orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
⅛ teaspoon salt

Arrange drained peaches in baked pastry shell. Combine sugar and cornstarch. Add to peach syrup and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and stir in orange juice, rind, butter and salt. Pour over peaches in shell. Chill. Serves 6.

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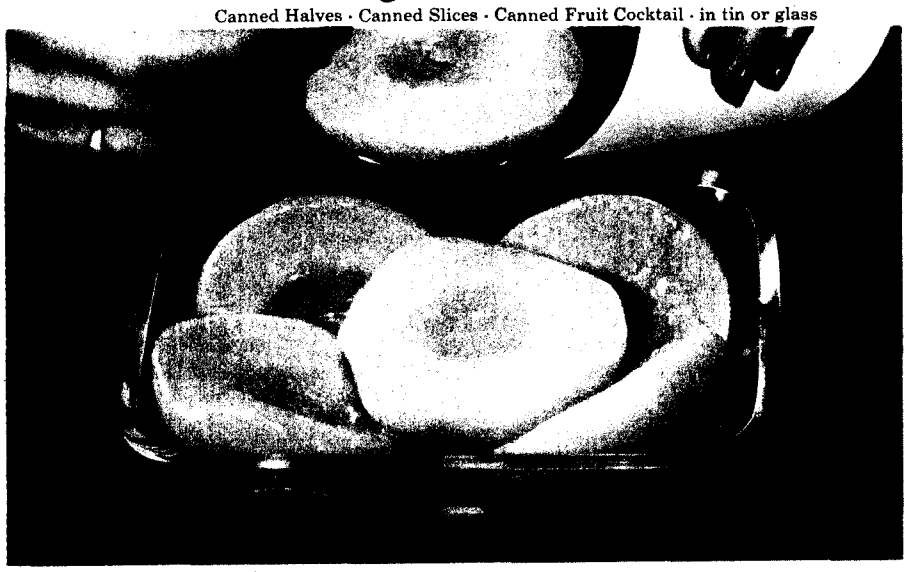

THE WOMAN QUESTION

Continued from page 18

guess it would only be another wall." All of a sudden her fist banged on the table. The glasses jumped. "It isn't *fair!*" she cried. "Just because I'm a woman!"

I looked into my glass. I didn't say anything. After a minute she said: "I'm sorry." Her voice was softer. She was smiling a little, watching me, and she'd taken the chip off her shoulder. She looked friendly. "Tell me about your work. What do you do?"

"Advertising."

"Advertising," she said. "It sounds fascinating."

"Well, it's a job." I watched her for a minute and I didn't think it would do any good but I tried it anyway. "Bennet," I said, "take a piece of advice. Forget about expressing yourself. A job's a job. Grab one and stick with it. Or grab a man and get married."

The friendly look went away. "It's easy for you to talk. You're a man. You don't realize what it's like, for women."

"Yeah," I said. "I realize, all right. They're frustrated." I slid out of the booth and held out my hand. "Come on, let's take a ride through the park."

WE RODE and looked at the moon, and after a while I took her home. She turned at the door of her apartment and smiled.

"Good night," she said. "It was fun, wasn't it?" She was standing close to me, looking up, her lips parted a little, and there was only one thing I could think of to do.

I did it.

For a minute she held still. Then she kissed back. Then she pulled away from me, and the smile was gone.

"Men!" she said. It sounded bitter.

"What's the matter now?"

"You're all alike. Kiss, kiss, kiss!"

What was I supposed to do, talk about the Woman Question? "Maybe you've got some suggestions?"

Her eyes were still bright, but not soft. They were making sparks. She said, "You could shake hands. You could forget I'm a woman."

I could forget my name, too, but it would be a hell of an effort. I stuck out my hand. "Yeah," I said. "Well, good night, Bennet. It was nice knowing you."

Anybody with an I.Q. of over 50 would have left it there. But I kept thinking about her, the next few days, and wondering. I wondered if she was still frustrated. I wondered if her hair still had lights in it.

After three days of that I had a thought. I picked up the phone and called her.

"Yes?" Her voice was the same.

"I want to talk to you. How about dinner tonight?"

"Well . . . I don't know. . . ."

I took a deep breath and swung into it. "Listen, Bennet. I've been thinking about this Woman Question, and I think you've got an idea there. I'd like to talk to you about it."

She said "Oh" again. Then: "Why—I'd love to."

She looked very smooth in a blue dress with her hair shining above it. I still couldn't see why she had to worry about the Woman Question. We went to a joint I knew, with little lamps on the tables and shadows all around and a guy in short pants who drifted around playing a violin. When we got down to coffee and cigarettes I leaned forward and looked into her eyes.

I said, "Tell me, Bennet, how are you getting along on the paper?"

Her eyes got dark. "Don't talk to me about the paper! I'm quitting!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I wanted to cover this murder trial up in Albany. And do you know what that bald-headed old demon said?"

I could have made a close guess. "No, what?"

"He laughed at me! He said maybe in a year or two I might make a reporter!"

He was a good man. Maybe I ought to send him a box of cigars. I said "H'm." I looked at Julie and rubbed my chin. I made my eyes narrow "Bennet," I said, "I've got an idea."

"Yes?"

"You've done some fashion drawing. You've had newspaper experience. It's all good background." I looked at her, hard. "How'd you like to come over to our place?"

She didn't answer, but her face began to glow.

I said, "Of course you'll have to start as a copy writer. But there's plenty of room to move up. How about it?"

Her eyes shone. "It sounds wonderful."

"Fine. That's settled, then. Come in and see me tomorrow." I leaned back in my chair and smiled at her. I felt pretty good. She smiled back. Then her eyes got far away and dreamy.

"I can't wait to tell Elwood," she said.

I stopped feeling good. I stared at her and the back of my neck got cold.

"He'll be so happy," she said.

I hadn't figured on any Elwood. Not after the way she'd talked. I said, "Who's Elwood?"

"We work together," she explained. "On the Committee."

Something else I hadn't heard about. I chewed on my lip. "What committee?"

"Why, the Committee for the Advancement of Woman in the Modern World. Elwood's very active in it."

A Joe with a social conscience and wavy hair and a bunch of frustrated females.

"He's really very sympathetic," Julie said. "You must meet him."

I'd done without for nearly thirty years. Why make a change now? Probably he spent hours every day on his hairdo. And smoked scented cigarettes.

"And wears socks with holes in them," I said.

Julie blinked. "I—beg your pardon?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all." I got up. "Let's blow," I said.

IT WAS still early and there weren't any cabs and she lived close, so I walked her home. We didn't say anything. The air was clear and warm and the moon was just fading away from the full. I could smell Julie's perfume.

At her door she looked up and smiled. "I'm awfully grateful to you," she said.

I didn't smile back. I was thinking about Elwood. A social conscience with a ten-dollar hairdo. It was a good thing I'd thought about getting her into the office, where I could watch her. She needed watching.

"Yeah," I said. She was standing close to me, looking up, and she was moonlight and honeysuckle and mocking birds. My breath went into a quick samba. But I still remembered the last time.

I shook hands with her. I said, "Good night." Then I walked away. I could feel her looking after me, but I didn't look back.

Getting her in was easy. The Old Man had a hot outfit, we were expanding all the time. The trouble I had was keeping her there. All through that fall and winter, regularly, twice a month, I had to talk her out of quitting.

She kept getting frustrated.

The funny thing was, she was good. She had the old socko. She started as a copy writer but before long she moved up into an executive spot, handling some of the smaller accounts. It was like I'd

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thought: she'd never stayed in one place long enough to show what she had on the ball.

By spring, though, she'd kind of settled down. There was a whole month, March, when she didn't say a word about quitting. And meanwhile I kept seeing her a couple or three evenings a week.

We went dancing. We went to shows. We had dinners at homey restaurants, steak suppers in her apartment, long rides in the country on Sundays. It was a pretty good winter.

Of course it was still strictly business, still Bennet and Holcomb. But we were together a lot and every time I looked at her something happened in my throat.

Then it was April. Gray skies all day, and a black night. Rain spattering against the window of her apartment. She sat there curled up in a big chair and she had that look in her eye again. I wondered what it was this time.

"Holcomb," she said, "it's no use. I'm going to quit."

I looked sympathetic, the way I always did. "What's wrong now?"

She didn't look at me. "For a while I thought it was going to be different. But it's the same old blank wall." She stared at the floor, twisting a handkerchief in her hands. "I feel so—so—"

"Frustrated," I said. "Yeah. Suppose you tell me."

Rain made little ticking sounds on the window pane. She pulled at the handkerchief.

"It's just—no good. I'm going to quit and give my full time to the Committee. Elwood needs somebody to help him."

My face got stiff. It was the first time she'd mentioned Elwood in a couple of months. I began to get a little mad.

"Bennet," I said, "don't be a fool. What more do you want? You've got a nice apartment, a good job, everything. You just had a raise last week. What's biting you?"

She looked at me. Her eyes were big and dark and unhappy. "It's—you," she said. It came out soft, a whisper. "I don't know how to say it. But—you're going to Chicago. . . ."

I blinked. I swallowed a couple of times. I thought about it. I knew the Old Man was planning to open a Chicago branch, but it was a tossup whether I could do more good there or in New York. There was a lot of new business to get out there, but I had my New York accounts eating out of my hand. I didn't know.

"Where'd you hear that?" I asked.

"It's all over the office."

I looked at her. I was thinking fast, and the more I thought the better it sounded. We'd been friendly enough all winter, we'd had a lot of fun together, but she hadn't shown any signs of wanting to darn my socks. Now, it looked like I was getting somewhere.

But I played it cagey.

"Suppose I do go," I said. "Why should it bother you?"

I held my breath, waiting. Julie pulled the handkerchief. Then she raised her eyes to mine. "Because," she said, "I want to go."

I STARTED toward her. I opened my mouth to yell. Then she started talking again and I stopped and closed my mouth.

She said, "I should have known better than to expect anything. A mere woman. But I've been doing good work. I deserve the chance. I thought—"

She stopped. She was looking at me and she must have seen something in my face. I felt like the wrong end of a rabbit punch. Julie got up and came toward me and put her hand on my arm.

"Holcomb," she said, and her voice was earnest. "Don't feel so bad about it. I'm not blaming *you*. It isn't your fault. There's nobody else I'd rather see—"

She stopped again. I ran a finger around inside my collar. There was nobody else she'd rather see in Chicago. I hadn't been doing so well after all.

I did some thinking. Me in Chicago. Julie working on her damned Committee—with Elwood. Maybe she didn't intend to fall for the guy, but I knew her better than she did. In spite of the man-to-man stuff, Julie was all woman. And some day she'd wake up and realize it.

When she did, who'd be the first one she saw? Elwood.

And where would I be? Chicago.

I said, "Wait. Listen, Bennet! Don't do anything rash." My mind was coming out of storage. "Promise me one thing. Wait till it's definite, will you?"

She said, "Well—"

"You've got a good job. The Old Man likes you. You've got a fine career ahead of you. Don't kick it away until you're sure."

She hesitated. "Well . . . it won't make any difference."

I picked up my hat. "Just take it easy, Bennet. Wait and see."

I walked home slowly in drizzling rain. Chicago. Julie. Elwood. Rain hit my

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face like little needles. It smelled like spring.

Rain. Chicago. Julie. There was only one answer. She had been doing good work. She deserved the chance. And the Old Man liked her.

I decided that, strictly for the best interests of the firm, I had to stay in New York.

IT WAS Sunday night. We'd spent the afternoon drifting here, drifting there, making all our old spots. Now we were sitting in our favorite restaurant. The same little tables, the same shaded lamps, the same fiddler in shorts. I called him over and bought Liebestraum for a buck.

Julie drank a little wine and said, "I can hardly believe it. It seems so sort of unreal."

It was her last day, her bags were checked at the station, she had the tickets in her purse. Short of getting mail with a Chicago address I didn't see how it could be any more real.

I was feeling pretty good. For a while there it had been close, but I'd done it. With Julie safe in Chicago, Elwood and the Committee would just have to struggle along. I was a brilliant guy. I'd found an answer to the Woman Question.

But it wasn't all good. I looked across the table at Julie, dressed for traveling, and my throat kept getting tighter and the fiddle moaned, with tears and heartbreak. Liebestraum had been a bad buy.

Julie said, "I'm—going to miss you, Holcomb."

"Uh," I said. I kept reminding myself that there'd be a lot of space between her and Elwood.

The trouble was, there'd be a lot of space between her and me, too. I said, "Don't forget to send in your reports."

She nodded. I looked at my watch. It was almost time. "And if you have any trouble, call me."

She nodded again, twisting her glass around and around.

I said, "There's nothing to be nervous about. You can handle it, Bennet. You've got what it takes."

She didn't answer. Her eyes looked around the room. Then, suddenly, she brightened up a little. She lifted a hand and waved at somebody behind me.

"Elwood!" she cried. "Oh, Elwood!"

That was all we needed. Elwood. I turned around slow and looked. I blinked and looked again. Julie's voice came from far away.

"I was afraid you weren't going to get here. And I did want to see you before I left." She added, "Mr. Elwood, Mr. Holcomb. . . ."

All I could do was gulp. He was a scrawny little character with a thin neck and a shiny bald head. He had a red bow tie. He had something else, too. He turned to bring her into it.

"My dear," he said, "this is Mr. Holcomb—Mrs. Elwood."

It rated another gulp. She was kind of round and kind of gray, with friendly blue eyes. She had a paper bag under one arm. She smiled at me and turned to Julie.

"We're so glad for you, dear," she said. "Aren't we, Charles?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Think of one of our own girls getting a chance like this!" Mrs. Elwood said. "Such an inspiration for the Movement. Isn't it, Charles?"

He said, "Yes, indeed." He blinked a few times and thought of a word for himself. "Marvelous," he said.

I just stood there and watched the bottom fall out. This was what I drew for being a wise guy. I was brilliant, all right. I thought of all the trouble I'd gone to to get Julie away from Elwood and I stood there with knots in my tongue.

Julie said, "You'll join us, won't you?" and we all sat down.

"You must write," Mrs. Elwood said, "and tell us how you get along." She set the bag on the table, pulled out a couple of socks and a needle and started darning. She smiled at Julie and me. It was a nice smile.

"I'm sure you'll excuse me," she said. "I have so little time. And Charles is *so* hard on socks. . . ."

She and Elwood looked at each other and there was something in their eyes. I began to like them. Socks or no socks, there was nothing frustrated about that woman.

But it didn't help me any. I'd fixed myself up good. Julie in Chicago, and I was the guy who'd sent her there. It was going to be a wonderful summer. The Elwoods and I could have great old times together. Maybe I could even get Mrs. Elwood to darn my socks for me.

All of a sudden I had to get out of there. I shoved back my chair. "Bennet," I said, "I hate to break it up, but you've got a train to catch."

We shook hands all around and I got her out and into a cab. There was a full moon for anybody who wanted to look at it.

We didn't look at it. Julie looked at the back of the driver's neck, and I looked at

"I know the words to this. It goes, 'It's the most delicious breakfast food, I'll have another bowl. Made of rice and corn and wheat and bran, and kernels that are whole'"

COLLIER'S

GERALD GREEN

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"Billy Halpern was teasing me . . . then George Grimes came over and started teasing me, too . . . then Billy said, 'I was teasing her first!' . . . and George said . . ."

COLLIER'S — STANLEY BERENSTAIN

Julie. She had a nice profile, pale and clear and lovely against the night.

No more steak suppers. No more dinners at favorite spots. No more Woman Question. This time, I'd really solved it.

We got to the station, got her bags, and walked slowly along the platform to her car. She held out her hand.

"Well," she said. "Good-by, Holcomb."

There were porters, redcaps, people with luggage, and the conductor with his watch out.

"Take it easy," I said. My throat felt dry. I wished Elwood had had wavy hair so that I could have poked him in the snoot. I felt I needed to poke somebody in the snoot. I said, "Send me a postcard or something."

She nodded. She turned toward the steps.

SOMEBODY was yelling "Boooard!" Julie put a foot in the car and turned back, looking at me. I shoved my hands into my pockets and tried to grin.

Her face looked funny. She stepped back to the platform and started toward me.

"What's the matter?" I said. "Forget something?"

She shook her head. Her eyes were wide, with shadows. She said, "I." She said, "Holcomb." Then she said very fast, "I've changed my mind. I'm not going."

Somebody yelled "Board!"

"What are you talking about?" I said. "This is your big chance. Of course you want to go."

She shook her head again.

I said, "You've got to go. It's your job."

Her head kept going from side to side. "I don't want the old job anyway," she said. "I'll quit. I'm not going."

I'd had all I could take for one night. I stared at her and I was mad. I let it go. I said, "Women!" I said, "Frustrated! No wonder you're frustrated! Why don't you try making up your mind?"

Her eyes were big and dark and a tear was starting out of the left one. Now she was going to cry. Well, let her cry. All it made me was madder.

"You're going," I said, "if I have to pick you up and throw you onto this train. I talked myself blue to sell the Old Man on you and Chicago. If you think I'm going to let you back out now . . ."

Her mouth had dropped open. She stared at me. Then she came to life. "You!" she said. "*You* did it?"

"Who else?"

The lips quivered. The tears spilled. She said "But—but *why?* Why are you so anxious to get ruh-rid of me?"

I was mad enough to tell her. Where had strategy ever got me, anyway? "Why do you think? Why have I been chasing around after you all winter? Why did I get you the job in the first place?"

I glared at her and told her. "Because I love you, that's why. Because I want to marry you. And I'm the hardest guy on socks you'll ever meet, so go on to Chicago. Go start a Committee."

Her eyes were wide, her mouth was open, the tears were gone. "But you never *said* anything!"

Somebody yelled "Board!" and meant it. The train began to move, slowly. I grabbed her and put her in the car and the porter caught her arm.

"After that first night?" I said. "I should stick my neck out?"

I started to walk, keeping pace with the train. Julie was crying again. She said, "I don't care about the socks. Oh, darling, I know now why I kept running from one job to another. I know why I felt frustrated. I know what I was looking for."

It was a hell of a time to find out. I started to trot to keep up. She leaned out and kissed me, quick, and the porter grabbed her and pulled her back. There was a lot of noise.

I ran a little faster. "Listen," I yelled. "You mean you want to *marry* me?" She nodded, crying.

I yelled, "I'll fly out to Chicago next week end. For the wedding."

She leaned far out, nodding and waving and the tears running down her cheeks. She called something.

I came to the end of the platform and stopped. The train went on, away from me.

"What?" I yelled. "What did you say?"

She leaned out farther. Her voice came back faint but clear: "Jake!" she screamed. "Darling! I love you!"

An arm in a white coat reached out and pulled her back. I stood there watching a couple of red lights going away from me.

Julie was gone.

Well, anyway I knew that next week I'd fly to Chicago. Next week I'd see her. Next week we'd be married.

But that was next week. Right then, there were just the red lights going away. I stood and watched them until they got lost among all the other lights. I felt—

Well. There was only one word to fit it.

I felt frustrated.

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Inside Sports

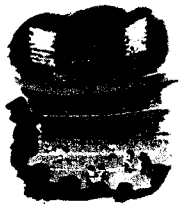
Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

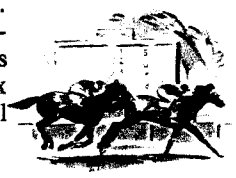
Television promises to revolutionize the sporting world, so Fay takes up his oracular crystal ball and turns out his own version of things to come

During the next 10 years, television will boom all sports, but you may have a hard time recognizing your favorite sport on the video screens of 1959. Here's what's ahead:

GOLF—Tournament committees ban view-obstructing galleries. Mobile television cameras report matches stroke by stroke. Prize money, swollen by television advertising receipts, skyrockets from $10,000 to $100,000 per tournament.



BASEBALL—Minor leagues, the financial victims of network big-league television, collapse and disappear. Major leagues expand to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Owners schedule all week games at night to accommodate maximum video audiences; raze unoccupied grandstands to enlarge parks and thus make home-run distances uniform. Players develop in sand lots and colleges, then jump to majors (as pro football headliners did in 1949).



HORSE RACING—Bookies operate via television sets. Betting totals soar. The government legalizes handbooks and levies a 10 per cent tax on winning tickets. National budget finally balances.

FOOTBALL—Colleges solve campus housing shortage by converting the empty stadiums into dormitories. Video audiences of 50,000,000 watch big games. The telescopic lens of the television camera gives every fan a 50-yard-line seat. New York, Chicago and other large population centers build weather-beating indoor fields designed for telecasts.

BASKETBALL—Takes over officially as world's number one spectator sport—with enthusiastic support in South America, Europe and Far East.

BOXING—Big fights move from ball parks into television studios.

MINOR SPORTS—Water polo, table tennis, squash, bowling, handball and other telegenic sports (previously overlooked because of limited spectator facilities) surpass wrestling, the original television wonder, in the audience polls.

LO, THE PO' MOE

Most hockey players carry a personal accident insurance policy that costs $105 a year for the first year, $100 each year after. It pays $10 per cut suffered in game action and protects the players during the off season.

Bill Moe, New York Rangers defense man, dropped his policy late last season. In two years, he'd paid in $205, collected nothing. Then things started happening to Moe. He developed back miseries which kept him out of the Stanley Cup play-off and away from work all summer. During fall practice he was in an auto accident. Result: 24 facial stitches. On returning to duty, he was accidentally high-sticked by Chicago's Doug Bentley.

Moe reinstated his insurance. It's a sad story. Perhaps it should be entitled: Woe is Moe.

TRACK TAKE

Florida winter racing receipts have nose-dived below 1948 totals, and the track owners are screaming. Somewhere or other they've acquired the idea that only customers are supposed to lose money.

A LITTLE MORE EFFORT

Bob Black worked at Narragansett Pier last summer. He ran barefoot along the beach every morning—sometimes five miles, never less than three. The soft, sucking sand toughened his legs. When Bob reported for fall cross-country practice at Rhode Island State College he weighed a fat 129—he had gained four pounds.

Nobody noticed the extra poundage (Black is 5 feet 10¾ inches), but Bob was worried. "Think I ought to work it off?" he asked track coach Fred Tootell.

"I'd keep it if I were you," Tootell replied frankly.

Black kept two pounds and lost two sharpening his up-hill-down-dale timing for the intercollegiate cross-country meet at Michigan State. In a prerace telegram to the sports editor of the Rhode Island State paper, Bob reported: IF THE WEATHER STAYS AS IS, I'LL WIN. IF IT SNOWS, I'LL WIN. I'M GOING TO RUN 19:50 FOR THE COURSE.

It didn't snow. Black won in 19:52—smashing Greg Rice's record by 27 seconds. Next, Bob captured the N.A.A.U. cross-country title in a photo finish with Curt Stone of Penn State (winning margin: two inches).

Black claims the victory was mind over matter, that the winning kick was the result of a freak mental quirk. "In the last 20 yards I just forgot everything but the slogan on our dressing-room wall back at State: *A Little More Effort Is the Difference Between Being Good and Being Great.* Funny, I never thought of those words before, but they gave me the little finishing kick I needed."

Black will surprise a lot of fans this indoor track season, particularly those who expect distance runners to be constructed along the fire-hydrant lines of a Greg Rice. Bob doesn't graduate until 1950, so spectators have all next year to marvel at the amazing endurance of the Skeleton Who Runs Like a Man.

Meanwhile, other runners plan to give Black plenty of elbow room on banked indoor tracks. "I'm staying clear of that kid," a veteran of the Millrose Games said recently. "If you bumped into him, he'd cut you to ribbons."

Cross-country meets have a new star in Bob Black, a skinny guy who runs like Citation

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

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THE BIG SLOT-MACHINE SWINDLE

Continued from page 26

against the faceless machine. He fared no better than the nine-year-old Wisconsin boy who stole nickels to play the machines on a Lake Michigan excursion boat.

The player need not even be human. When Dr. Clarence C. Clark, science professor at New York University, set out to find your chances of winning a jack pot, he and his assistants saved their arm muscles by using robot lever pullers.

Stoic Calm of Real Addicts

There is a numbing fascination even to the mere rhythm of drop, pull, spin, drop, pull, spin. Some players pound, shake, kick, cajole, plead with and pray to the machines. But the true slot-machine addict takes it all with an unnatural calm. Hands blackened from handling many coins, face set, eyes glassy, he stares trancelike at the whirling fruit symbols. When his coins are gone, he goes over to the bar or cashier for change and hurries back.

Slot-machine addicts have been known to stay at the machines for as long as 16 hours at a stretch, until their arms literally gave out. In Montana they joke about the woman who died of slot machinitis. One version of the story is that the woman's right arm, overworked from pulling the lever, developed an infection that in time killed her.

In Oklahoma a retired businessman spent every day at the machines, from 11 A.M. to 12 midnight, for a period of six months. During that time he wiped out his savings, mortgaged his home and was down to begging small change from former associates.

A Washington housewife who spent every afternoon at the machines just couldn't stop until she had used up the family bank account. Her husband didn't find out about it until the check he wrote for their new car bounced.

The makers of slot machines are shrewd psychologists. They know all the tricks that will make a normally sensible person keep on pouring money into a machine from which it is mathematically impossible to win. The big thing that keeps 'em playing is the illusion of winning.

The machine always hands back to the player a certain amount of money. The 50 coins he puts in somehow do not loom so large in his mind as the ten he gets back all in one handful. While he is thus being baited by come-in winnings, the player has always before him the glittering lure of the jack pot.

Some machines are made so that the jack-pot winnings are visible through a glass window. Even after a jack pot is won, the appeal of winning another is not lost, because an automatic device immediately refills the jack-pot compartment.

The size of the jack pot is in itself enough to tempt the customer into playing 50-cent and one-dollar machines. The latter sometimes pay $1,000 jack pots—against odds of two or three thousand to one. Dr. Clark found that on the nickel machines he tested, the chances of hitting the jack pot were about one in a thousand.

Generally, machines are classed as "liberal," meaning that 60 per cent of the player's money is returned. By changing a few symbols and plugging some holes in the machine, the operator can easily adjust it so that it will have few winning combinations, or never pay out a jack pot at all.

The rule is: Give the sucker a break—but no more than is necessary to keep him playing.

A man has only so much money. If he spends it on slot machines he can't spend it on something else.

When slot machines hit a community, they deliver a body blow to legitimate business. A Youngstown, Ohio, furniture dealer found that out when he had to take back the furniture of three formerly trustworthy factory workers. The money that should have gone for payments was being spent on slot machines in the near-by town of Niles.

Upset by the drop in their trade, a businessmen's association in Reading, Pennsylvania, went on the air to demand that slot machines be cleaned out of the community. Merchants in Idaho towns where slot machines have recently been legalized are beginning to worry. They see their receipts dropping as slot machine take goes up.

Legitimate Business Suffers

A recent survey of chambers of commerce in communities in which slot machines were present, revealed that the officials of these organizations invariably felt that the slot machines had hurt business.

The biggest slice of the player's dollar goes to the men who own the machines, the operators. One operator may have anything from ten machines up to several thousand. He places them in various locations, arranging to split the take with the proprietors of the establishments. Perhaps the split is 50-50. Perhaps as little as 30 per cent goes to the location owner.

The operator's return on his investment would stagger the ordinary businessman. The machines themselves vary in price from $40 for certain rebuilt models, to $1,000 for new super money grabbers. Since a 5-cent machine costing $150 generally takes in more than this amount in a week at an average location, the operator can often get his money back in a matter of days. An owner of $1 machines in Idaho admitted that he took in $1,000 a week on each machine.

In California a man who had lost all his money on a race-track deal turned to slot machines as a means of recouping his fortune. He acquired a one-third interest in a mediocre route that ran along a stretch of highway near San Francisco.

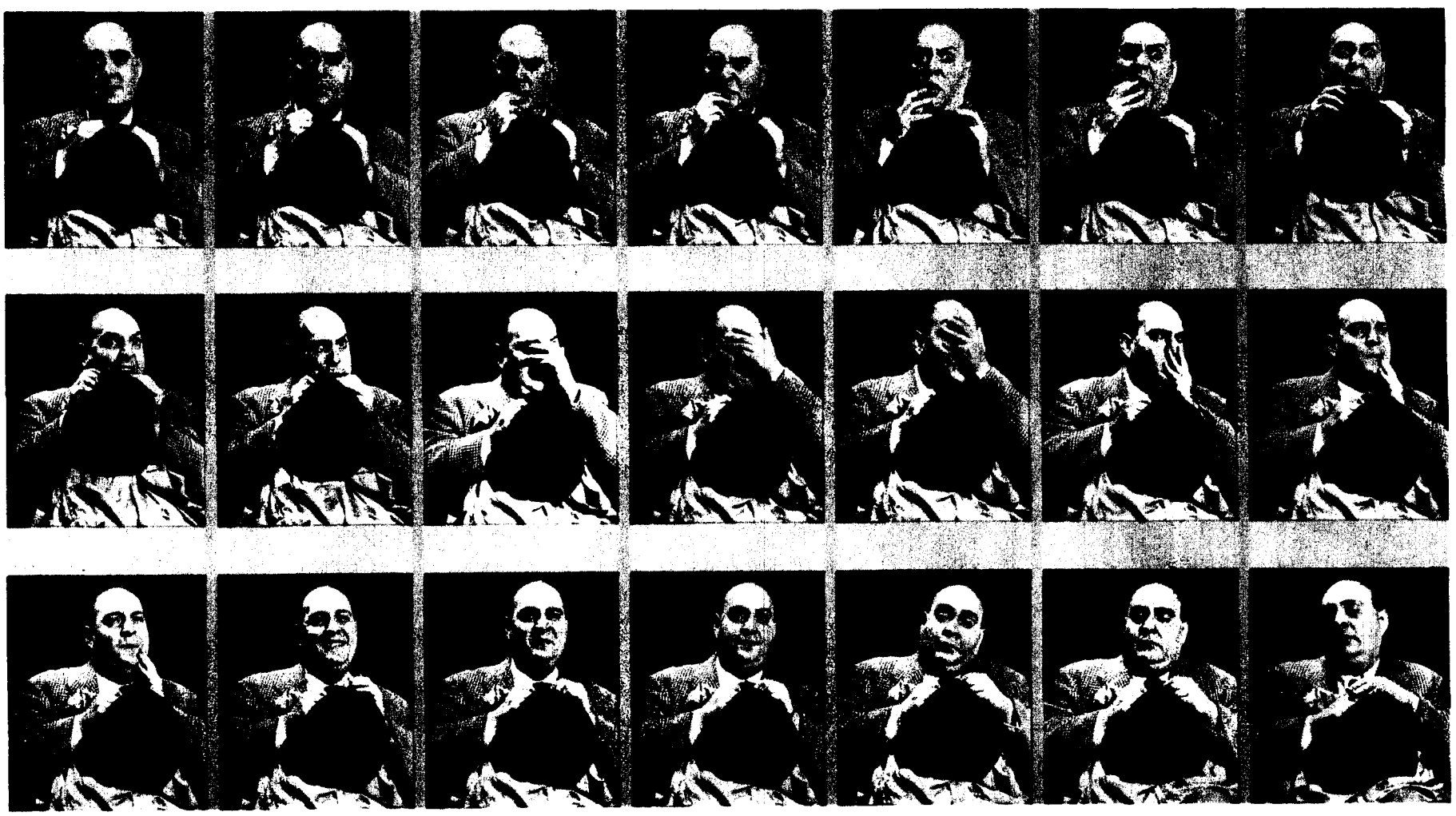
When he died five years later, his estate topped $700,000! An Ohio operator, specializing in placing machines in fraternal clubs, netted $54,766.62 in a typical year. A few years back, before Mayor Fletcher Bowron drove slots and pinballs out of Los Angeles, the big-time operators in the area paid out $400,000 in income taxes.

Law-enforcement authorities are fully agreed that the slot-machine business as a whole is tied closely to the underworld. "The operation of slot machines is almost entirely in the hands of racketeers," says the Chicago Crime Commission flatly. The International Police Chiefs' Association backs up this statement.

When the New York police looked into the records of 1,176 distributors, jobbers, operators and employees of operators, they found that 386 (about 33 per cent of them) had been arrested 774

Movie Fan

Comedian Zero Mostel runs a slight gamut of cinematic emotions



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PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

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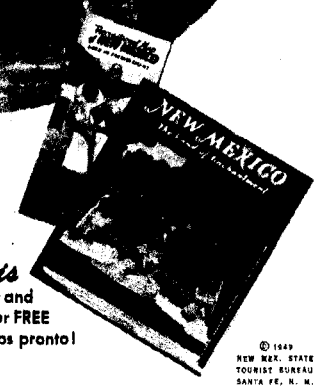

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times; 242 had been convicted at least once. One large-scale operator had been arrested 30 times and convicted 11. The charges included assault, robbery, burglary and homicide.

There are perhaps 100 big-time operators in the country with incomes exceeding the quarter million mark. The take of the Cook County, Illinois, crowd has been estimated at over $1,000,000 a year. The man who is considered *the* slot-machine king, Frank Costello, is credited with having grossed $32,840,000 from his machines in a single year.

To keep the coins flowing in, the operators frequently engage the services of the law itself. The California Commission for the Study of Organized Crime reveals a case which illustrates how the operators purchase the law.

A fraternal club with a number of slot machines considered buying its own machines to avoid the heavy pay-off to the operator. But a police officer appeared and told the manager that if the club put in its own machines, they would be immediately confiscated by the police.

According to the Texas League of Municipalities, police officers in one city responded to public pressure for a cleanup by tipping off the operators, who were then able to move their machines to streets which were *not* going to be raided on a particular night.

If the law cannot be purchased, the operators have other means of staying in business. In some areas they have resorted to such devices as secret wall panels, behind which machines can quickly be concealed. Such elaborate methods, are hardly called for, however, because of the vest-pocket machines. Standing eight inches high they can be easily whisked out of sight.

You can buy all you want from the manufacturer, or if you want to save money, you can get them from distributing houses in Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Baltimore and other cities. The rebuilt models sell for as low as $44.50, new ones, $65.

Another somewhat similar model is the Mills QT, which weighs 35 pounds. "Any counter anywhere will welcome its presence," says the distributor's advertising.

Hijacking Causes Murders

When a newcomer attempts to muscle in on a territory, the operators occasionally engage in a little hijacking. Twenty deaths have been attributed in the past ten years in Cook County, Illinois, to slot-machine wars. To keep rivals from lifting their machines, Florida operators took to filling the bottoms of the machines with so much lead that four men could barely move one. When Anton Miller, a locksmith of Peoria, Illinois, invented a device for opening slot-machine cash boxes without a key, he was promptly shot to death.

One of the weirdest aspects of the slot-machine business is that the federal government derives a franchise from it. An owner must pay a federal tax of $100 on each machine in which he places his robot robbers.

Last year U.S. Treasury agents slapped revenue stamps on 71,511 locations. The state of Washington tops the list with 7,197 locations, followed closely by Illinois, with 7,106, and California, with 6,743.

The federal government does not look at slot machines from the point of view of their illegality. If it did, it would be exceeding its authority by interfering with State rights. It is up to the individual state (or community) to outlaw or legalize the slot machines. When slot machines are outlawed in a particular community or state the federal government goes ahead and collects its tax anyway.

Most violators are eager to pay the federal tax in order not to run afoul of Uncle Sam. Their payments are recorded at the nearest Internal Revenue office. If a local police officer has reason to believe he will find a violator's name listed here, he can have access to that record.

Useful as these lists may be, many thoughtful officials wish grimly that the federal government would do more than that. They would like to see a federal law which would prohibit interstate transportation of the machines, or parts of them.

Five such bills have been introduced in Congress in the past 25 years, the last in 1939. Not one of them even got out of committee.

To harassed local law-enforcement officers, the fact that there is no federal law prohibiting the manufacture and shipping of slot machines seems odd—something like passing a law against the use and sale of narcotics while at the same time permitting their open manufacture and distribution.

Drive out the windy reaches of Chicago's Fullerton Avenue, and you can see a giant red-brick factory that may be described as the slot-machine headquarters of the world. It is the home of Mills Novelty Company, the original and still the giant among slot-machine makers. It splits the business with the O. D. Jennings Company, its closest competitor, and four other companies, all of them located in Chicago, a city which, ironically, prohibits the use of slot machines.

On the loading platforms of these factories you can see the crated devices destined for shipment to every section of the country. Some are marked for shipment by air, to accommodate operators who have just opened up new outlets.

Inside the Mills factory, hundreds of workers stand at the assembly lines. In the giant drafting room, engineers bend over the drawing tables, spending thousands of hours to develop some new gimmick that will get money faster. In the plushy front offices, purchasing agents order the vast array of metals, electronic tubes, wiring, paint and glass that go into the making of the machines.

Granted a Wartime Priority

One of the crowning achievements of the industry during the war was to persuade the War Production Board to grant it priorities on slot-machine handles. The idea was that they were needed to "keep machinery operating." (New slot machines were not made during the war, the industry having applied its talents to war contracts.)

To get ahead of his competitors, the individual manufacturer has regional showings at swank hotels. More than 500 operators and other interested parties recently attended a single one of these gala two-day affairs.

Annually the manufacturers get together to display their wares in a convention held at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago. Here, too, they can talk over the problem that besets the operator, such as how to deal with police officials who have the notion that laws should be enforced.

The industry lives for the day when slot machines will be legalized by local authorities. "Put a tax on machines," the industry says blandly. "They'll bring in a lot of state revenue." Though this would increase the number of slot machines and pour more billions into underworld pockets, communities and states, desperately pressed for funds in a period of high prices, are particularly willing now to listen to any revenue proposal.

The slot-machine interests have already won a big victory in Montana. Although Montana law virtually declares that slot machines are still illegal, some officials will look the other way as long as the machines are in private clubs and the newly levied tax on them is paid. The joker happens to be in the word "club." Anyone who wants to can organize a nonprofit club for such purposes as "to promote and encourage sociability among its members."

More than 600 such clubs are now in existence in Montana. Many of them are little more than blinds for slot-ma-

WHAT YOU OWE YOUR COUNTRY

By GENERAL OMAR N. BRADLEY

The most dangerous enemies of the United States are not spies or traitors, they are common, everyday Americans—they are men and women who do not take their heritage seriously enough. Read this brilliant article

In Collier's *next week*

"Positively not! For eighty cents an hour I'll go out and sit!"

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"'O.K., you old sawbones!' I said. 'When does this carving party take place?' He laughed—seeing how well I was taking it—"

"And then he told George it meant an operation. Well, that did it! George turned positively green!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

chine parlors. Some of them flaunt signs, "Public Invited." They are drawing thousands of customers who never gambled before.

State tax revenue is up, but there are rumblings of discontent among businessmen and citizens frightened by the spectacle of mass gambling. Even some of the club owners are worried. One tavern owner named his The Defense Club. He explains, "I had to start one in self-defense, because all my competitors did. But I don't like it."

Slot-machine operators all over the country are looking enviously at Montana. However, they would be willing to settle for the law that was put through in Idaho two years ago. It leaves the legality of slot machines up to the individual community, at the same time giving the community the right to collect a tax, a percentage of the take or a flat license fee. According to figures compiled by the American Municipal Association, no less than 46 Idaho communities were practically in the slot-machine business by November, 1948. At least one city has charged a license fee as high as $2,000 a machine. Ruppert and Twin Falls tried a 50-50 split with the operators. In the latter community the city take averaged $1,070 per day during 1948, but the citizens, alarmed by rumors of bribery and frame-up, demanded an end to the seemingly lucrative arrangement.

"Interests" Oppose Repeal

Governor C. A. Robins wants to repeal the law. Slot-machine interests are betting that the Idaho legislature won't be able to resist the pressure from communities like Jerome, which gets 65 per cent of its revenue from the one-armed bandits, or Nezperce, which counts on them for 89 per cent of its funds.

Meanwhile the slot machine is being pushed as a financial panacea in other states. In Oregon it has been proposed that it be used to finance education. In Colorado petitions were circulated urging that the machines be legalized and taxed to give every veteran a $500 bonus.

Fearing that this is only a start, the American Municipal Association warns, "The decision as to legalizing and licensing slots should not be based on revenue considerations alone. The issue is too serious and fundamental for that."

For evidence that the slot-machine interests can be beaten, take a look at what happened in Minnesota. Though there were laws against them in the books, Governor Luther Youngdahl found that he could not put slot machines out of business by purely local enforcement.

Going to the legislature he asked for a law which would revoke all state licenses of an establishment found with slot machines on its premises. The uproar in the legislature against the bill was tremendous, but it was finally passed when the Minnesota Church Council buttonholed each legislator, and the Minneapolis Tribune conducted a survey which showed that 70 per cent of the people favored it.

Today, the law works so well there is hardly a one-armed bandit in the state. Few owners of establishments where slot machines were placed could risk losing their liquor and food licenses—the penalty of bucking Governor Youngdahl's sharp-toothed law.

Any community that is not alarmed by the presence of a few slots would do well to look at what happened in New Albany, Indiana. Citizens of this city of 25,000 attached no significance to the slot-machine racket until the Chamber of Commerce discovered that a number of bad checks were turning up. They found that the checks were issued by workers whose gambling losses had outstripped their earnings.

Junior Chamber of Commerce members volunteered to do some amateur sleuthing and find out just who were playing the slots. They were horrified to find many high-school students among the players. Armed with this information they confronted a group of stunned parents at a PTA meeting.

This was the start of the New Albany Better Government Committee. Repeatedly the committee called on the mayor to ask that he clean up the slot machines and other gambling. Tired of being stalled off, the committee finally issued an ultimatum that unless some action was taken within 24 hours it would go to the governor. The next morning the mayor locked his office door and shot himself.

That afternoon, Dudley Jewell, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce was confronted in his office by a man identified with the gambling interests. Before Jewell could move, the man whipped out a knife and lunged for him. Jewell escaped with a vicious slash across his face.

Stunned by the tragedy of a suicide and an attempted murder in one day, the citizens of New Albany urged the police into action. Within a matter of hours, the slot machines were gone. Thoughtful citizens would do well to heed what New Albany had to learn the hard way: No community can afford to ignore the one-armed bandit.

THIS MR. JONES

isn't the man so many people worry about keeping up with! On the contrary, he is quite the average citizen with a moderate income. But he is the head of the world's most important business—his family.

And what a business! No giant corporation has such varied interests, so many things to manage. Mr. Jones must provide his family with shelter, food, clothing, education, recreation and the countless other necessities of everyday living.

Unlike the corporation which frequently borrows large sums of money, the Jones family may, at times, find it necessary to borrow small sums of money in order to maintain itself as a "going business." To serve this need, there are reliable consumer finance companies whose only business is to loan small sums of money to individuals and families.

Household Finance Corporation and its subsidiaries operate 466 branch offices in the United States and Canada where the Jones family may get a cash loan whenever the need arises.

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The Week's Preview

By WARREN PHILLIPS

Although Walt Disney's So Dear to My Heart is 99 per cent round and real, its cartoon sequences make lessons more fun than a Mickey Mouse

Bobby Driscoll plays Jerry, a little boy with a lot of love for Danny, an outcast black lamb

Only in Walt Disney's world could anyone have as wonderful a scrapbook as Jerry's. The pages become animated and a wise old owl teaches little Danny that It's What You Do With What You Got

It takes the creative genius of Disney to improve on folklore. In So Dear to My Heart, the spider, after making the age-old point, has himself a *sword dance to the tune entitled Stick-to-it-ivity*

Jerry and his lamb, Danny, learn another lesson from the Scottish legend about warrior Robert Bruce, who discovered by watching a spider that if at first you don't succeed, try, try, and try again

ABOUT three years ago, Mr. Walt Disney, the Rodent &/Whimsey man, needed an actor who was a Harpo Marx, Charles Laughton and Gary Cooper rolled into one. He also had to be coal black, four-legged and a rascal. Walt was casting his first 99 per cent "live" picture with real, "round" actors—a nostalgic little number dubbed So Dear to My Heart and based on the devotion of a small Indiana boy for an unwanted black sheep.

Hollywood, which can come up with anything from a trained Brontosaurus to a double-talking killyloo bird at a moment's notice, couldn't produce a black lamb with ham in its blood. Seems that the black sheep, while common in the two-legged world, happens only about once in 10,000 times in ovine circles, and none in the knowledge of man had ever developed the histrionic ability of a Barrymore.

So Walt set all the ranchers of the Northwest grasslands to combing their far-flung flocks, and one day the flash came from Laramie, Wyoming, that Danny was found—and on his way to Hollywood.

The story called for the lamb to be of the Southdown breed, squat and hardy, with an impish disposition and the air of a fugitive from a lamb patty machine. Danny had no trouble fitting the specifications. His very life ran strangely parallel to the Sterling North story on which the picture is based.

Created by an unknown ma and pa on the open Wyoming range, Danny seemed destined for the short and dreary life of an ordinary black sheep. Sheep, it seems, practice a stern color discrimination. A black lamb takes an awful beating—his mama refuses to feed him, the flock shuns him, and should he survive, the poor critter winds up on the chopping block because his very wool has no commercial value. How Danny, who was nameless, numberless, earmarkless and a helpless reverse albino, survived until he could graze for himself is not known.

So Fate being what she is, Danny, instead of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)

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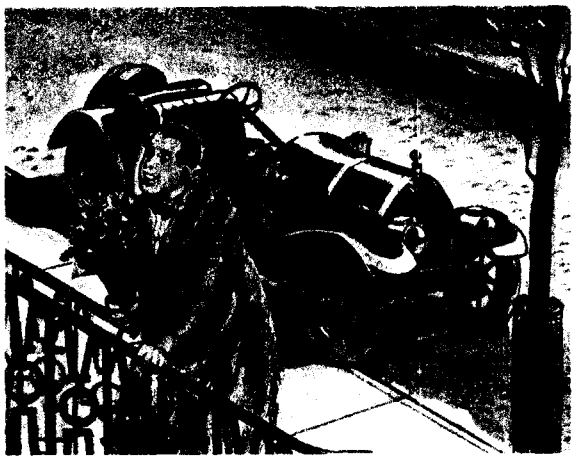
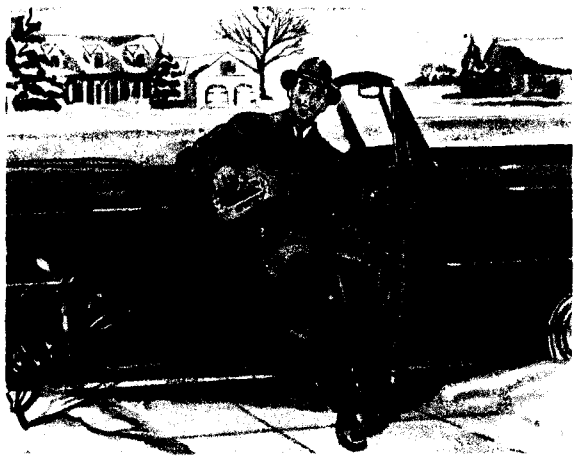
How did she see you on Valentine's day?

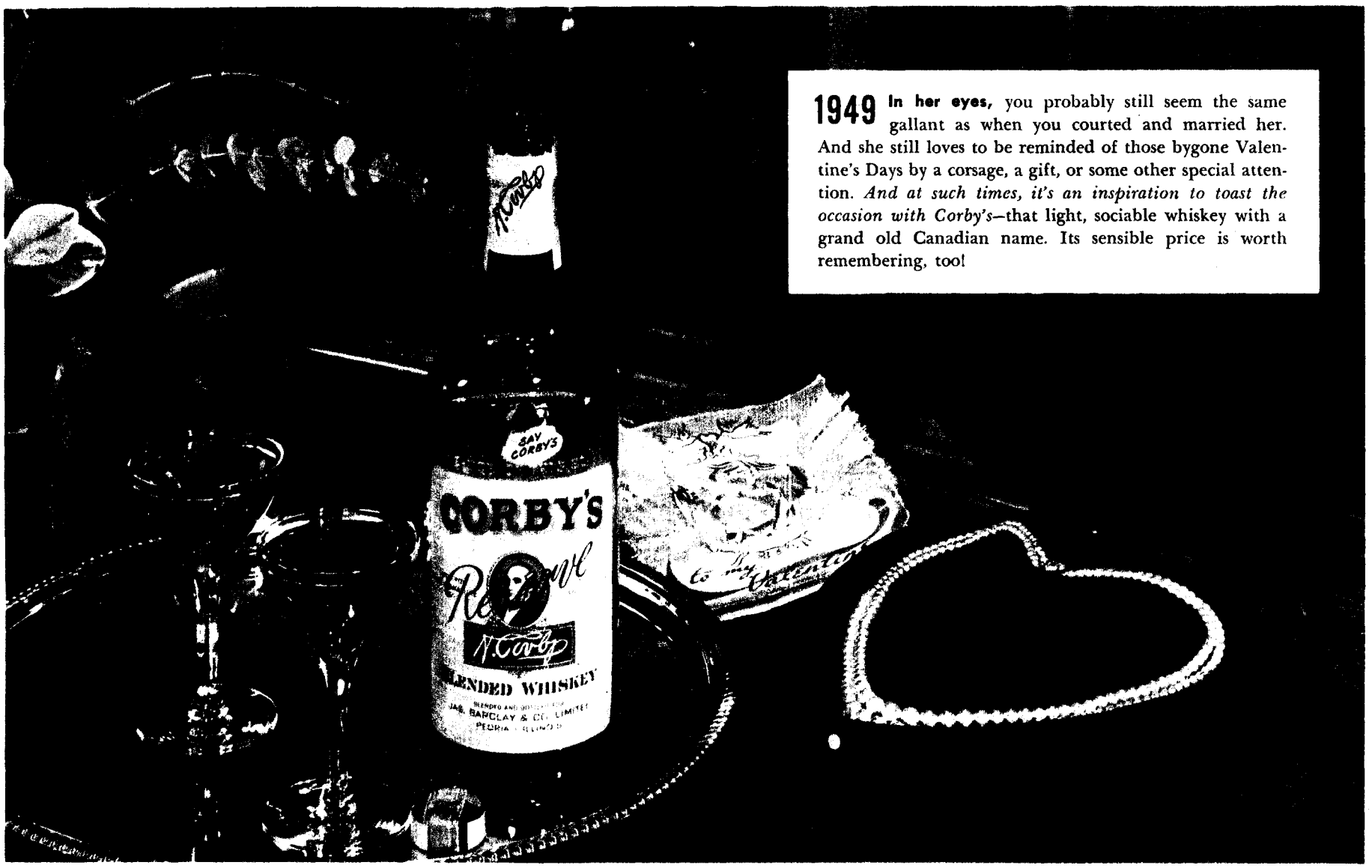
1890 **Age doesn't matter**—it's a bet *she* remembers you as you looked one Valentine's Day when you came a'courting. Was it like this? In a hired rig, you left for *Her* house, followed by cat-calls from stable loafers. Remember? That Valentine's Day was 31 years after the name Corby's came to Canada.



1921 **Or is this it?** You wormed into your pal's raccoon coat and borrowed your uncle's Stutz Bearcat roadster. This was in the loud and raucous twenties, 62 years after the name Corby's became an honored Canadian tradition, but Valentine's Day was still a day for sentiment.



1942 **Recognize yourself** here? Perhaps "greetings" had just arrived from Uncle Sam and you were soon to be a G.I. That Valentine's Day in 1942, when Corby's had been a famed Canadian name for 83 years, is easily remembered because of its ominous war clouds.



1949 **In her eyes,** you probably still seem the same gallant as when you courted and married her. And she still loves to be reminded of those bygone Valentine's Days by a corsage, a gift, or some other special attention. *And at such times, it's an inspiration to toast the occasion with Corby's*—that light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. Its sensible price is worth remembering, too!

CORBY'S... a grand old name in Canada since 1859

AN AMERICAN BLENDED WHISKEY

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MOTHER!
Children love

This Pleasant Laxative!

It's a wonderful feeling to see your child smile when you give her Ex-Lax! Children *love* its delicious chocolate taste.

For over 40 years, millions of mothers have found Ex-Lax *dependable* for their children. It is equally good for grown-ups. Many doctors use dependable Ex-Lax in their practice.

Ex-Lax works so comfortably ...brings effective relief in a *gentle* way. What's more, it's easy on the system. *Still only 10¢.*

When Your Child has a COLD
...be sure he keeps "regular". When he needs a laxative, give him *gentle* Ex-Lax. It brings effective relief without upsetting him.

When Nature "forgets"... remember
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

KING OF THE MIDWAY

Continued from page 30

attraction teetering on the edge of bankruptcy for months and finally the mortgagees closed in suddenly and forced the troupe out of business. Hamid and 15 fellow tumblers decided to strike out for Chicago. They had no money so they walked. With wayside performances that netted $260, seven of the 16 starters reached the Windy City 26 days later, which is still regarded as one of the greatest feats of marathon hoofing ever demonstrated.

The spirited seven decided to continue their impromptu act and made Hamid the manager. What followed then was a merciless diet of nation-wide trouping, playing for peanuts in sleazy carnivals, fly-by-night cabarets and enterprises of similar ilk.

An engagement in Jersey City, however, lasted long enough for Hamid to court and marry Miss Elizabeth Raab. Then he packed her, along with his troupe, on to the next stop.

By 1917 the troupe had circumnavigated the United States and most of Canada four times and been stranded without funds seven times. Finally, the acrobats got tired of it all and dispersed.

The Lebanese tumbler then flitted through a variety of enterprises before he found firm footing. He joined Eva Tanguay as part of her vaudeville act, performed for impresario Alexander Pantages, and did a turn with Howard Thurston, the magician.

He got a taste of the carnival business when Sam W. Gumpertz, Coney Island showman, allowed him to produce Streets of Cairo. It was a successful venture but his next stab was an unvarnished flop. That was his own show —Hamid's Oriental Circus, Wild West and Far East Shows Combined.

"I guess with a top-heavy name like that it was doomed to collapse," Mrs. Hamid recalls.

Tumbling Kept Him in Food

Luckily, George still knew how to tumble and it kept him in coffee and cakes through three more years of amusement park and fair trouping. By 1921, he'd gotten enough of his gumption back to try branching out again. He went into the entertainment booking business with Herman Blumenfeld, who is still associated with him as his office manager.

During the roaring 20s, Hamid's booking office was handling undistinguished acrobats and jugglers and scraping the bottom of the financial barrel. It was then that Hamid turned his attention to country fairs, which were gaining some prominence as important attractions for thousands of rural families who came out to see the agricultural and industrial exhibits, participate in the which-jelly-tastes-best contests and witness the free show in front of the grandstand.

Most of the unsophisticated fair directors were booking acts from New York vaudeville agents who were palming off broken-down trapeze artists and washed-out comics on the theory that "the hicks will appreciate anything." Hamid's master plan was to bring the very best in show business to the fair and puff it up to the point where it would be a spectacular affair, a "must" attraction for every rural—and urban—family within a 50-mile radius.

He barnstormed the country, buttonholed fair directors and asked them to give voice to their suppressed desires. Almost invariably the answer was the same, "Get us something new! We're sick and tired of putting on the same old thing the same old way season in and season out."

Hamid shuffled off to Europe and the Middle East and brought back a fistful of new attractions, which he shipped out to the fairs. The new acts were sandwiched in with things rural audiences had never seen before: disappearing water ballets, simulated waterfalls, ice-skating shows, mammoth fireworks displays which traced in flame the movements of trapeze artists, Gargantuan pageants saturated with color and florid showmanship—in all, the last word in the entertainment business.

To replace the catch-as-catch-can booking methods which often saddled the country shows with three juggling acts one after the other, Hamid gave the fairs their first packaged shows, complete with portable scenery, turntables and portable lighting. This insured a variety of acts, split-second timing of performances and a grand climax to wind things up. It also afforded night shows, something new to the fairs at that time.

The farmers, it turned out, knew what they wanted after all. Hamid's new twist brought the fairs a brand new eminence. Today there are 3,600 in operation in the U.S. and 1,000 in Canada. Almost all of them are bigger this year than they were last and their box-office revenues seem to be maintaining a steady upward curve.

Many fairs which Hamid took over in the 1930s have become infused with new life and have been turned back to local ownership.

Despite his record of achievement, it is the tendency of the big people on Broadway to dismiss Hamid as "that yokel." This epithet is applied because the impresario of the great outdoors bases his entertainment operations almost exclusively outside New York, the self-appointed capital of American show business.

"How can you call a guy big time when his acts only work in the sticks?" they ask. Hamid's scornful reply is that sophisticated show folk can learn a lot from the pageantry being unfolded in the sticks these days.

"Let's say you take your family to Radio City Music Hall or the Roxy to see a movie and vaudeville. It costs you $10," he snorts. "A night club will cost you more and you'll get even less. Now come to the fair. What does it cost? A dollar for a grandstand seat—half price for the kiddies. What do you get?

"Ten to fifteen circus acts, auto-racing stunts, horse-racing shows, fireworks, beautiful dancing girls—plus a whole day of exhibits: the latest thing in agriculture, the newest wrinkles in tractors, autos, and freezers. Everything from a new thimble to a new airplane. How can you beat a show like that?"

If you want to talk about mere size, Hamid will gush with the story of the Canadian Exhibition which he puts on annually in Toronto. It's the largest show of its kind in North America, owns the largest stage—1,000 feet wide—and the largest outdoor grandstand. His greatest single source of satisfaction, however, was derived last year from his New Jersey Fair. At a time when Main-Stem folk were whimpering over a drop in entertainment receipts, Hamid's show was drawing a record crowd of 2,000,000 people during a two-week run.

"You should see how many cars with New York City license plates left Broadway flat and drove 65 miles to our show," he snickers.

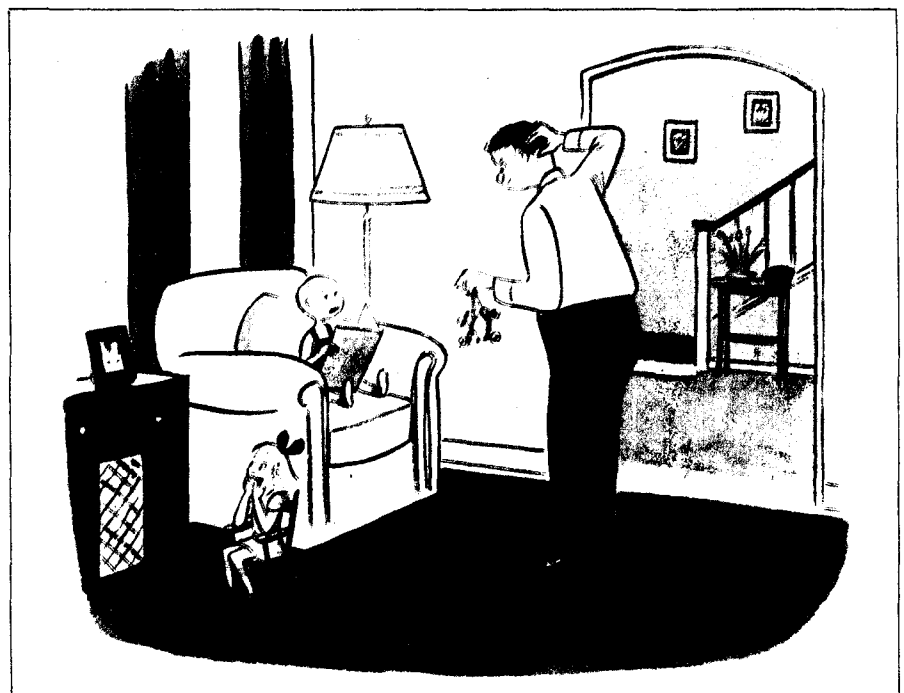
Hamid's Favorite Americans

Although Hamid's organization now encompasses a baker's dozen of amusement enterprises, the country fair remains the backbone of his empire. "It also gives him the most satisfaction," one of his executives pointed out. "George is never happy until he gets out of the big city and onto the fairgrounds where he can rub elbows with the countryfolk. To some immigrants, America is a land of skyscrapers. Those skyscrapers annoy George. To him, America means rolling farmland. And he thinks the best Americans—the real, down-to-earth Americans—are the farmers."

Now 52, Hamid has but two interests in life—his business and physical fitness. He never permits sex attractions or off-color jokes in his productions and prides himself on the fact that none of his shows has ever required the presence of a censor.

In his private life, he follows a strict regimen to maintain his ex-tumbler's wiry, well-knit frame. He doesn't drink, rarely smokes and although he is a convivial companion at trade dinners, he shuns night clubs and all after-dark carousing. Like his favorite Americans, the farmers, Hamid favors a full quota of sleep every night.

Three things of which he is very proud are his four-year-old grandson, the offspring of his daughter Zyne, his son



COLLIER'S "Don't look at me. My skates are still on the stairs" CHARLES PEARSON

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George, Jr., a Princeton graduate who is being groomed to take over the Hamid interests, and the annual Horatio Alger award presented to him last year by the American Schools and Colleges Association.

The man who tumbled into millions might easily be taken for a bookkeeper rather than a top-level promoter. A neat, trim, little fellow, just a couple of inches over five feet, he looks inconsequential sitting behind his desk in his main office in New York's Rockefeller Center.

The telephones always ring in the Hamid office and they never ring one at a time. There is the manager of an Ottawa fair who dislikes a Hamid act; there is a team of Swedish contortionists who've been jugged for fisticuffs in Milwaukee and are due to play Joplin the next day; there is the manager of his Worcester park wanting to know if he should postpone the opening—it looks like rain; there is his associate with the indoor circus who has to have a replacement for an aerialist who's broken his neck; there is a scout reporting from the African jungles that he's discovered the best ape act of all time and how can he get it over here?

Hamid rants and explodes but somehow his compartmentalized mind is able to shape five or six major decisions at the same time and in 15 minutes he has washed his slate clean of problems and is ready for the next batch.

The roaring rumble that is the Hamid voice when stirred sometimes gets a public airing at parks and circuses where his acts are booked. He still has a small-boy enthusiasm for the clown and the fellow on the tightwire and if an attraction enthralls him enough he will give his barkers a few days vacation with pay and take over himself.

This barking talent was put to a completely unexpected use not long ago in Ottawa. Hamid had stopped off at the fairgrounds to see how one of his acts was doing 100 feet up on a high wire. He came at a propitious moment. The acrobat had gone a little haywire and was screaming that he intended to commit suicide by jumping into the crowd. Panic was breaking out like a rash when one of the park policemen recognized the amusement tycoon.

"If your man jumps and anybody is killed, I'm gonna hold you for manslaughter," he shouted.

Hamid began talking. For 20 minutes he shouted eloquently at the aerialist. The performer became so awed by it all that he climbed down meekly and allowed himself to be bundled off to a mental hospital.

Mass Psychology of Danger

It should be noted that attendance at the Ottawa park doubled the day after that. A keen student of audience psychology, Hamid has long been aware that the feeling "Maybe the guy will slip" is money at the box office. For that reason, none of his outdoor aerial acts use nets. He debated this point with the St. Louis Post-Dispatch recently when that newspaper chided him for making his performers take too many chances. The substance of Hamid's rebuttal: His performers prefer it that way and so does the public.

The main criterion for a Hamid attraction is that it must have a new twist. If a trapeze artist cavorted from 100 feet in 1948, he'll have to make it 200 in 1949. If the height can't be changed for some technical reason, then Hamid will send him out in musketeer's uniform instead of tights. Anything to make it look different.

The Zacchinis, famed for their talents in getting shot out of cannons, are one of the outstanding attractions in the Hamid repertoire and present a continuing study in new twists.

When Hamid first spotted them in Italy, only Poppa Zacchini was getting himself blown out of a cannon, and a pretty small cannon at that. The impresario signed the family up, rushed them to America, and doubled the size of their cannon.

When imitators appeared, Hamid started shooting two Zacchinis out of the cannon instead of one. The imitators followed suit. Undaunted, Hamid had the shooting act consist of a male and *female* Zacchini, with one passing the other in mid-air but both managing to land at the same time.

At last reports, this technique was ahead, but Hamid is already dreaming of shooting the Zacchinis out of one cannon and into another.

Competition With Ringling

The Hamid new-twist brain had to work overtime last year when the Ringling Brothers' Circus beat him to the punch with one of their most sizzling thrill acts of recent days. Although the circus is a showcase for many Hamid acts, it has its own scouts and prefers to dig up its own attractions, whenever possible. It costs them less money that way.

At any rate, after Hamid discovered Athos, a Greek who performs the incredible feat of balancing his entire body on his index finger which is placed on a lighted ball, the circus's sleuths spotted a character named Unus who was doing the identical act in another part of Europe. Since Hamid had a bead on his man first, he should have won the race to America. However, Athos had some debts to settle before he could board an America-bound boat. By the time the debts had been met, Unus was ensconced in this country and reaping a harvest of public attention.

But when Unus opened at Madison Square Garden, Hamid saw a chance to put his balancer out front. Unus wore white gloves when he did his act. Athos, Hamid decided, would be gloveless.

Promptly, he billed his attraction as, Athos, the man who balances on one finger . . . uses no outside aids at all . . . no support from gloves . . . nothing but the skin of his finger . . . This, to thrill-minded patrons, smacked of something different and Athos hit an artistic and financial jack pot all around the country.

Most of Hamid's new acts come from abroad since Americans seem to be too busy playing baseball to become proficient in swinging from flying trapezes. Hamid no longer does much global traveling himself but his agents are keen-eyed sleuths trained in the tycoon's tradition of spotting attractions which have a potential new look. Amusement folk credit a good share of his success to his uncanny ability to make snap decisions as to which acts will go over and which will not. His batting average to date is incredibly high.

But even the Hamid judgment is not infallible. His latest error was to ship his brother Nahim all the way to Egypt with orders to corral the widely publicized Gazelle Boy before agents from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or the Ringling Brothers' Circus reached him. After traveling by plane, train, oxcart and mule, Nahim beat the opposition to the prize—the teen-aged boy who was reputed to have been brought up by animals and to be the fastest running human of all time.

The Hamid office rocked with celebration when the news was flashed that Nahim had the Gazelle Boy under exclusive contract. "It was money well spent," exclaimed Hamid to his secretary, in commenting on Nahim's trip.

He changed his mind the next day when Nahim put in a transoceanic call. "The guy's a phony, we've been fooled," yelled brother Nahim. "I took him on in a 100-yard race this morning just for the fun of it. I did it in 15 seconds and I beat him by ten yards!"

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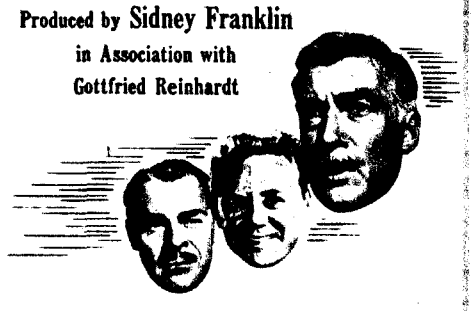
WALTER PIDGEON
VAN JOHNSON
BRIAN DONLEVY
CHARLES BICKFORD
JOHN HODIAK
EDWARD ARNOLD
in
COMMAND DECISION
with
Marshall Thompson · Richard Quine
Cameron Mitchell
Clinton Sundberg · Ray Collins
A Sam Wood Production
Screen Play by William R. Laidlaw and George Froeschel
Based on the Play by William Wister Haines
Directed by Sam Wood
Produced by Sidney Franklin
in Association with
Gottfried Reinhardt



COMMAND DECISION

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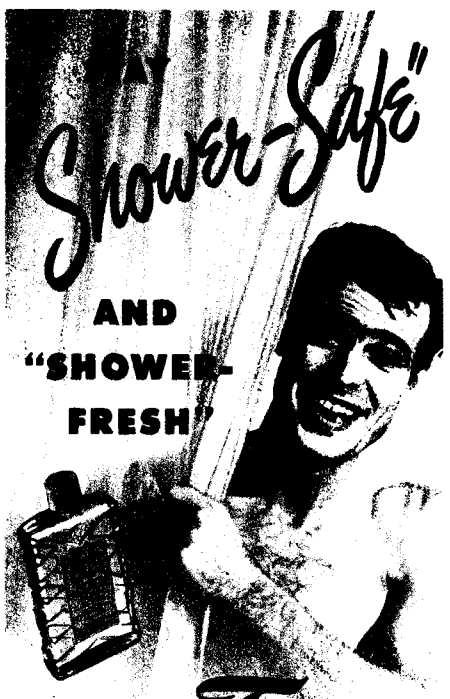

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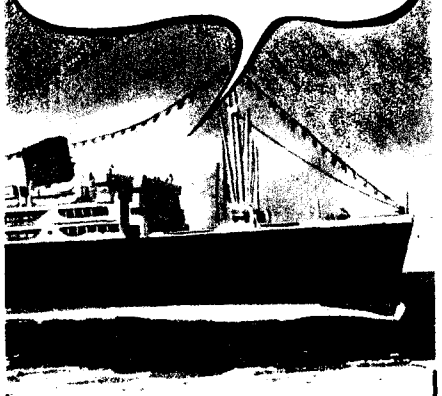

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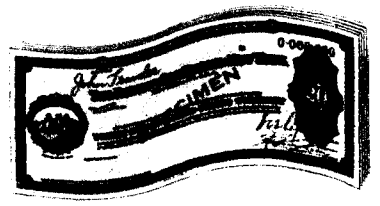

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KOREA: IRELAND OF THE ORIENT

Continued from page 20

national holiday. And it is celebrated not as a defeat but as a smashing victory!

The Independence Bell is to the Korean what the Liberty Bell is to the American. Both are symbols of the founding of a free nation, and both, oddly enough, bear the same deep crack across one side.

Legend has it that the Independence Bell was cast in 500 A.D., during the illustrious Koryu Dynasty, from which Korea takes its name. The astronomers and sages of Emperor Li's court decreed that each man, woman and child throughout Korea should deposit his most precious possession in the melting pot from which the massive two-and-one-half-ton structure would be cast. But on the fateful day, an awesome thing happened. The Independence Bell would not ring!

The court advisers met in fear and consternation. Was the event an omen of ill tidings for Korea? No. Investigation revealed that of all Korea's peoples, one beggar woman, dressed in rags and carrying a suckling babe upon her back, had failed to throw any valuable into the pot.

Once again, the Koreans were told to come to Seoul and to deposit their most priceless possession into a caldron, from which a second bell would be cast. This time, the beggar woman dared not refuse to make an offering. And this time two things occurred simultaneously: one amazing and one beautiful. A deep crack spread across the bell's bronze side, and above the majestic peal was distinctly heard the plaintive sound of a baby's wail.

It is no mere coincidence that Korea's most stirring legend centers around a child. It is true that the Korean can be brutally cruel. During the October riots of 1946, a score of Korean police were murdered by the crude expedient of dropping rocks on their heads. But alongside this cruelty is an abiding love of children.

My first day in Korea, I was enthralled by an elderly gentleman who spent the entire afternoon weaving fairy tales for an appreciative audience of children in a Seoul park. Soon afterward, he was introduced to me as Kim Koo, who carries the deserved nickname of The Retired Assassin.

It was Kim Koo who, on Sam Il Day in Shanghai, tossed the bomb that killed two Japanese admirals. The same bomb was responsible for the wooden leg with which, 26 years later, Baron Shigemitsu clambered aboard the U.S.S. Missouri to sign the Unconditional Surrender.

And it was Kim who, after confidentially admitting that he had been responsible for the recent elimination of five leftists, told me, "The American authorities judge me too harshly. Some even call me a murderer. But how can that be? After all, I love children."

Except for the 40 years of Japanese rule which ended with the liberation in 1945, the Koreans have lived under the uniquely Oriental headman system. This is a patriarchal government under which the oldest male in each community arbitrarily represents that community in all social and political matters. After 2,000 years of such government the Korean finds it difficult to understand the workings of a democratic government. Take, for example, the Interim Legislative Assembly. Sponsored by the Military Government, this group of 90 legislators was patterned after the United States Senate and was Korea's first elected legislative body.

Early in 1947, American commander Lieutenant General John R. Hodge requested the assembly to draft a constitution for what would be the first Korean Republic. Five months passed, but no action had been taken. Losing patience, General Hodge asked his own observers to conduct an investigation of the bottleneck.

Their report read like one of Grimm's fairy tales.

For five months the assembly had been going around in legislative circles, all because of the Korean concept of "face." This is what happened. The right-wing Rapid Realization Society and the left-wing People's party were at loggerheads over the voting age limit.

The influence of the occupying Soviets is shown in the uniform of this North Korean policeman

Whenever the question came to a vote, the minority party, feeling that the opposition had caused them to "lose face," walked out of the assembly in high indignation.

Since both parties were more or less evenly matched, the walkout invariably resulted in the loss of a quorum, and the assembly was forced to adjourn.

After an enforced recess of two or three days, and after profuse public apologies by the majority party for their inconsiderate opposition, the assembly would reconvene. But again the same thing would happen.

Opposition would run high, tempers would run higher, much face would be lost, and the injured party would indignantly walk out once again to await the proper apologies.

After five months of this political seesawing, the Military Government weakly chastised the legislators for their uncooperative attitude and drafted a constitution of its own.

Korean women are no more successful than the men at understanding the new democracy. I remember an illuminating talk with Mrs. Oh, American-educated head of the Women's Bureau. She had recently succeeded in pushing through the assembly a bill to outlaw prostitution.

"Sometimes I wonder," she said, "whether I have done the right thing. The Military Governor told me you had abolished prostitution in the United States. The Japanese have already made prostitution illegal, and we can't let them get ahead of us. But now I am not so sure. Now that there is a law against it, this evil seems harder to control than before. And only this morning I read in one of your newspapers that prostitution is legal in some parts of the United States. If only you Americans could make up your mind exactly what you do want, then maybe we Koreans could do a better job!"

The most lucid comment on the Korean's attitude toward the "new democracy" came from 80-year-old John Surh. Mr. Surh, who had been Korean minister to China before the Japanese annexation in 1905, sat next to me at the inauguration of the Interim Legislative Assembly on December 12, 1946. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, I asked him what he thought of Korea's first representative legislative body. He smiled and said, "I am not old enough to understand such things."

The streets of Seoul, especially on a Saturday night, would make any Irishman weep with envy. The Korean youths sing before, during and after the day's work. A five-minute walk through any Korean village is ample proof of this. You will hear snatches of the haunting folk song, Arirang, or, if you are lucky, you may hear a choir rehearsing Onward, Christian Soldiers, in Korean of course. And rare and unfortunate is the stroller who does not pass by a Keisang house, from which he is certain to catch strains of the popular song, My Broo Heaven.

Music is as much a part of the Korean's life as three square meals a day. Literally thousands of Koreans lined the sidewalks in February of this year to see the first postwar opera, a production of Verdi's La Traviata, sung entirely in Korean. No one seemed to mind when the subzero temperature converted the soprano's rendition of *Ah, fors è lui* into a visible cloud of vapor.

However, the Korean is no softie when his country is at stake. Neither Russian propaganda nor American persuasion has altered his conviction that his next government shall be a government of Koreans, by Koreans and for Koreans. And one man stands today as a symbol of this national unity. The outside world knows him as Dr. Syngman Rhee. Thirty million Koreans idolize him as Rhee Pak-sar, or sometimes merely Pak-sar—the Good Doctor.

Both the Americans and the Russians are alternately angered and confused by Rhee's tactless and outspoken gibes against foreign interference. This same quality is what makes the 74-year-old Methodist minister and Harvard and Princeton graduate the indisputable people's choice.

Lieutenant General John R. Hodge should, and probably does, know more about Korea and the Korean mind than any American today. First as liberator, then as teacher, Hodge labored for three years to prepare The Hermit Kingdom for its coming independence. Shortly

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before he returned to the United States, this is what the general told me:

"Above all," he said, "the Korean is otherwise-minded. You tell him to go right, and he goes left. You tell him to go left, and he goes right. Tell him to go straight ahead, and he stops dead in his tracks. He hates the Russians, he's amused by the Americans, and he's going to do just what he wants without anybody's interference.

"To complicate matters, every Korean is his own boss. You can't get three of them together without giving birth to three separate political parties. He's unpredictable. He's your friend one minute and your enemy the next. He's cruel and he's kind, both at the same time. If we show him the road to democracy he may take it, but in his own way and at his own time. Only one thing is certain. No foreigner is going to be his boss for long. He's the 'Irish of the Orient,' and no two ways about it!"

General Hodge could have pointed out something else. Korean stubbornness and individuality have indeed complicated America's role in that country. But these very same qualities are the one guarantee the United States has that the Korean people will never willingly espouse Communism.

In the short space of time between the collapse of Japanese authority and the landing of American troops in South Korea, a huge Communist network swept into power. Calling itself the Korean People's Republic, this group seized complete political control of the southern zone. The new government parceled out landed estates to individual farmers, levied and collected taxes, and declared its allegiance to the "humane principles" of the Soviet Union.

Why the Republic Failed

Yet, in spite of their organization and their head start, the Korean People's Republic failed. The farmers, the backbone of Korea, discovered that land was being parceled out only to loyal party members. And they reasserted their independence in a series of bloody riots in September, 1945, which crushed the short-lived Communist regime.

Since that time, Communist influence has steadily deteriorated in South Korea. The tales of some 3,000,000 refugees from the North—10 per cent of the entire population—have had their effect. Besides, a constant flow of American aid, although deemed by many to be inadequate, has provided the average South Korean with a stark contrast between conditions in his zone and in the Russian-occupied area, where for three years the Red Army has been living off the land and has stripped the country of vital industrial equipment.

The very intensity of his national pride is also helping to bring the Korean into the Western fold. His desire to be first and best in everything he does has given rise to a new Korean war cry: "We can't let the Japanese get ahead of us!" And, with his eye on a democratized Japan reviving its war-torn economy and engaged once again in profitable international trade, the Korean is anxious to rebuild his own chaotic economy.

Finally, the Koreans are beginning to realize that only along American lines can they hope to achieve their ultimate goal of complete independence. Rhee Pak-sar and his 20,000,000 countrymen in the South are fully aware that had it not been for American arms and American training, the attempted Communist revolution this last October might well have been successful.

Meanwhile, United States authorities, exhibiting the utmost patience, are doing their best to kindle this spark of pro-Americanism. They know what Communist control of Korea would mean.

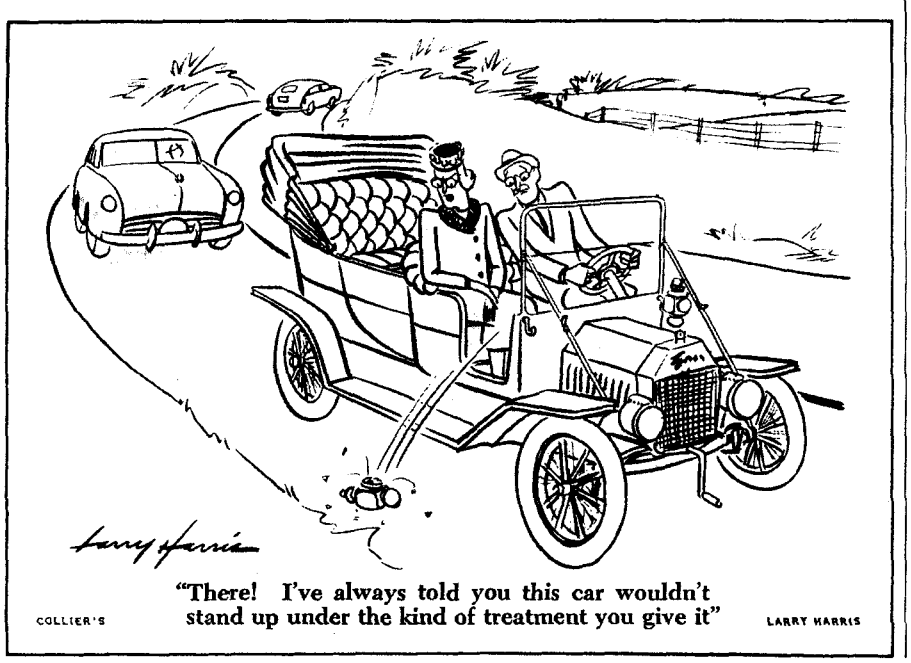
Strategic Value of Seaports

Unhampered use of the east-coast port of Wonsan, considered to be the finest port in the Far East, and unrestricted authority in the Yellow Sea, with the vital ports of Dairen and Port Arthur, could immediately change Japan from a Pacific fortress to another Pearl Harbor. Air Force authorities also insist that, with airfields along the entire west coast of Korea, one nation could control two thirds of the coast of China.

But, in the long run, the United States has only one objective in Korea. And that is to bring about stability and independence. It is felt that such a government in Korea will add not merely one more ally to the Western Powers, but, by example, will convince other wavering Asiatic nations that there is more to be gained by embracing the ideologies of the West than those of the East.

At the present time, although fighting an uphill battle all the way, the United States in Korea faces only one real danger. And that is that, after three years of divided nationalism and a split economy, the Koreans may lose hope. But the future holds signs of promise. As one Korean student put it only a few months ago:

"When the war ended, military government took over the country, and we thought we were only changing Japanese imperialism for American imperialism. The chance of our ever again becoming a united and independent nation looked hopeless. But today it is different. The United States has given full diplomatic recognition to the South Korean regime. We understand now that we must defeat Communism in our country before we can unify it. Then Korea can once again become a whole nation."



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PICK OF THE U.S.A.

No. 5

The Alaska Range

ON THE maps, Alaska begins as a twisted ribbon edging the Pacific Coast of Canada. As it moves north and west, its shore line is crinkled with fiords and speckled with islands. At the ribbon's end, the Territory opens deep and wide, sprawling in a thousand guises of land and weather from the Yukon to the Bering Straits, from the beaded Aleutians to far above the Arctic Circle. Almost in the center of this vast land lie the magnificent mountain peaks of the Alaska Range shown in this photo.

Made by Air Force photographers, it is a portrait that matches the legend that has grown up around the Great Land. It is strong, beautiful, awe-inspiring, frozen. But it is a topside view—a look at a crown that tells little of the land beneath.

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U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTO

Alaska is no longer a frozen waste on which men die in frantic pursuit of gold. Alaska is growing up. Brick and concrete are replacing canvas and logs. Families are being raised where hard-living bachelors once waited out long winters for the springtime rush to gold fields. Golf courses and tennis courts are creeping up on pool halls and saloons. In the past 10 years the population of Alaska has increased by a third. Today some 90,000 Americans live there. But there is still much to be done.

The men in Alaska know where the future lies, but they cannot reach it—for Alaska is road-poor. In all of the Territory's 586,000 square miles, there are only 2,500 miles of roads. If there is to be a real future in Alaska, there must be more. Roads move produce. Without them industry is throttled.

Enthusiasts point with pride to Alaska's air consciousness. There are 27 major airports in Alaska. There are almost 600 registered commercial planes. But behind the glitter of wings lies one sad and simple fact: Planes alone cannot build industry. And in the face of actual, practical transportation needs, the government-owned Alaska Railroad, with only 470 miles of main-line track, means little more than a snowball in Juneau.

"With roads," says Cap Lathrop, Alaska's richest, wisest entrepreneur, "industries and mines will spring up and take care of themselves." Cap isn't talking about gold. He's talking about tin and copper, lead, zinc, silver and antimony. He's talking about coal and sulphur and the all-important possibilities of uranium for an atomic age.

Industry in Alaska could open an area of farm and grasslands roughly equivalent to all of the Atlantic states north of Virginia. It could mean the development of 4,000,000 acres of spruce and hemlock forests. Based on the present rate of consumption, there is enough wood in Alaska to take care of more than one quarter of U.S. paper needs—*forever*.

So the crown sits on Alaska, brilliant in the setting winter sun. The untouched mountaintops spill over with glory. At their feet 90,000 hopeful pioneers hammer away at everyday life, dreaming of a future locked somewhere in the wilderness. The mountains stand high and mighty—while Alaska, pushing itself slowly forward, seeps into the reluctant conscience of the 48 states.

To obtain a reprint of this photograph, send 15 cents to Collier's Alaska Range Reprint Dept., Springfield, Ohio

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THE WEEK'S PREVIEW

Continued from page 62

winding up in a shroud of lamb-chop panties, arrived in Hollywood to become a star for Mr. Disney and Mr. RKO, who makes sure that you see Disney productions. He was seven months old, weighed 90 pounds, measured 25 magnificent inches from his rambunctious head to the ground, and was eager to register hate, love, fear and joy and look sheepish if necessary.

His first shot called for Danny to lower his head and run plunk into the inviting rear of a county-fair livestock judge, played by the late Harry Carey. This Danny performed in a single take—and after that he took Mr. Harold Schuster's direction like everything.

Incidentally, Danny's ancestors came from Shropshire, are built like little running guards and make fine mutton chops. Some of Danny's range relatives won blue ribbons last year!

The trainers found that Danny reacted best to a simple, Biblical diet—milk and honey. All they had to do was conceal some of the ambrosia around the set, cry, "Come and get it!" and Danny would be lured into the most complex emotional scene called for by the script.

Plot Based on Farm Life

The story itself is a charming, yellowing page from the memory book of any kid raised on a farm. When a tiny black lamb is born on Granny Kincaid's southern Indiana farm, she is all for dispatching it to the butcher's for practical reasons. It is another mouth to feed—a no-good. Grandson Jerry reaches the old lady's heart and is allowed to adopt the pathetic, unwanted critter. He names him Danny, after Dan Patch, a famous pacer of the times, and begins pointing him toward taking a prize at the County Fair.

Like any underprivileged juvenile, Danny presents quite a problem. He is forever in trouble—he bursts through Granny's screen doors, overturns furniture, breaks out of his pen, learns to open doors and take it on the lam and occasionally gallops through Granny's new patchwork kivvers, new-hung wash and cabbage patch.

There are moments when it looks like mutton chops for Danny after all, but Jerry's love and Granny's softness save the square-rigged black imp for the County Fair. Here he disgraces himself by butting the aforementioned judge—but brings a happy fadeout to a very touching film.

Since the researchers sent to the home grounds felt that genuine southern Indiana scenery looked less like Indiana scenery than did the scenery near Porterville, California, the picture was shot at the latter place—Disney erecting the folksy hamlet of Fulton Corners, Indiana, there, in entirety.

Burl Ives plays a tuneful village blacksmith given to lilting the picture's old and new songs (you've been hearing a lot of Lavender Blue recently), and Beulah Bondi does a bang-up job as Granny with the spine of steel and heart of mush. We can still hear her rebuke Jerry sternly when he suggests they pray to the Lord for just a leetle cash with which to get Danny to the Fair. "Not in this house," she cries. "Things of the spirit, yes. Things of the flesh, no. I reckon the Almighty is plumb disgusted to hear what folks pray for." Then she lets Jerry go to the Fair.

Jerry, of course, is played by 11-year-old Bobby Driscoll, who might be Tom Sawyer himself. Actually the son of an ex-Iowan, Bobby has been hamming magnificently since he was five. He got into the movies thanks to a Pasadena barber, is freckle-faced, cowlicked, snub-nosed and quite a picture stealer. However, in his pal Danny he finally has met his match. To Danny: One animal Oscar.

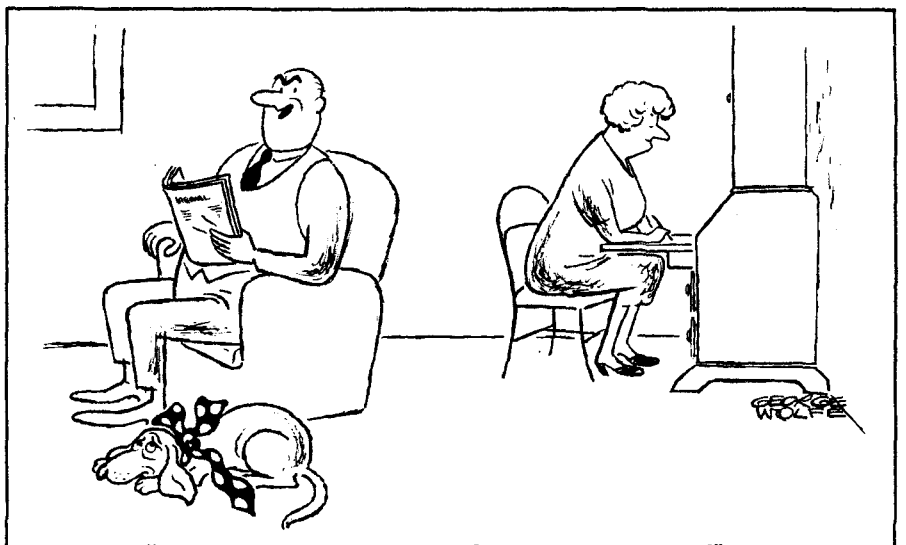
What has happened to Danny since So Dear to My Heart was finished? For a time he was a household pet of the Driscolls—Bobby and he had become inseparable during the making of the picture. But he grew too big and Disney had to let him go. Hollywood offers few opportunities for a black sheep; and there were rumors that Mickey Mouse was a bit jealous.

Again it looked like Lamburger Heaven for Danny but Disney solved it by getting Danny a job with the Wilson Company in Chicago. Thanks to his Hollywood training, Danny became a Judas sheep, glamorously luring his fellows to their destinies on the slaughter block.

This, naturally, wasn't to Danny's liking, so when last heard from, he was at Purdue in the Animal Husbandry College. He has grown somewhat portly with success—weighs 140, is 37 inches from his proud head to the floor, and we assume he is working for his manskin on the side. On the hoof he's worth about $40, but his memories are priceless. We imagine he's waiting for his Hollywood agent to call, and possibly ask him to step into the lead in Run, Sheep, Run!

Anyway, we can see him growing older, surrounded by ewe and ewe and ewe, boasting: "Now when I was in Hollywood—" a fine example of what a little antidiscrimination, a little grease paint and a little boy can do for a plumb no-good critter.

We think you'll take So Dear to My Heart to your heart.



COLLIER'S "Just say the tie she sent me is being worn every day!" GEORGE WOLFE

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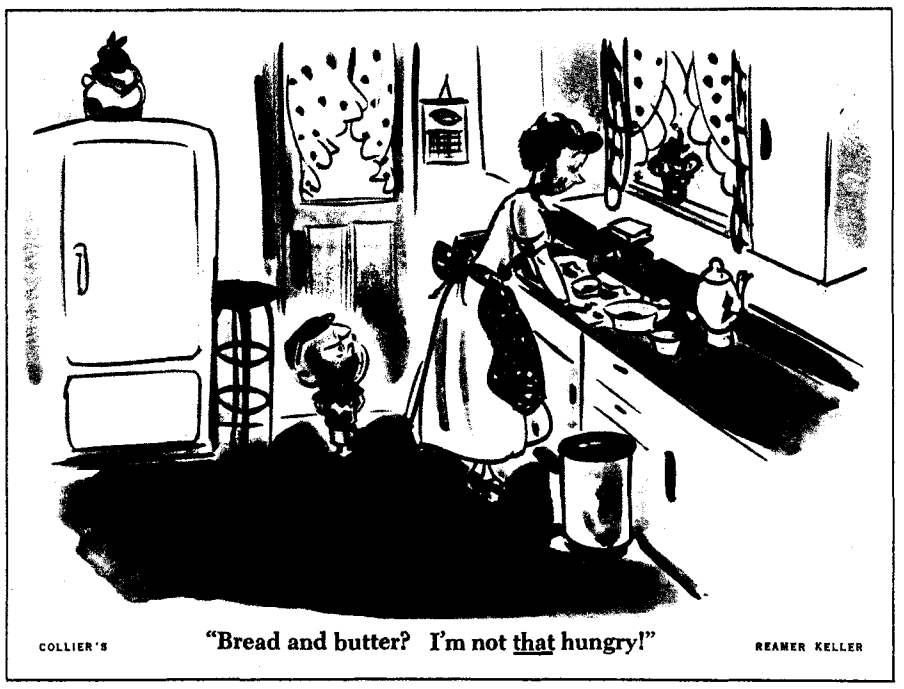


COLLIER'S "Bread and butter? I'm not that hungry!" REAMER KELLER

LOOK OUT FOR THE TAX COPS

Continued from page 17

colorful pictures of U.S. family life. "I am filing my kid's mother as a dependent. The housing shortage has delayed our marriage for 14 months," explained one Los Angeles taxpayer to his local collector's office, but the law said no go.

Nor have pets any status in the eyes of revenue men. An Indiana man listed "Jackie, Jr.," as a dependent until the bureau discovered that Jackie was a cat. In a similar case, the St. Louis office was confronted with a return that claimed medical expenses of $250, which turned out to be for a dog. All the agent asked was: "Related by blood or marriage?" and the citizen paid up post haste.

The idea behind the Audit Control Program has been kicking around for a long time. The past methods of checking up on taxes have been very fruitful, if judged by results. But it has long been felt that the bureau's limited manpower forced it to concentrate on the big-bracket boys, where the deficiencies paid off in millions.

Where Revenue Is Lost

Meanwhile the small taxpayers were getting away with almost no systematic checkup on their returns. With the increase in the number of taxpayers from five to over fifty million since 1939, and with a high percentage of the tax revenues coming from the $7,000-and-under brackets, smaller evasions are becoming increasingly important.

A group of tax experts, set up by the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation last year, said in the report it submitted to Congress this fall: "Taxpayer compliance is deteriorating at a dangerous rate . . . Entire segments of the population are virtually immune to investigation." To correct this, it recommended the random sampling method of checkup that will be used by ACP. And also urged that men be assigned to the program even in preference if necessary to investigation of larger tax returns.

ACP is expected to achieve more than the recovery of billions in unpaid taxes. It plans to help those who spend weeks before March 15th gnashing teeth, pulling out hair and muttering under their breath. By finding out directly what sections in the tax form are particularly confusing, the agents can report to the bureau, which may then make revisions to promote clarity.

The ACP will also find out in its sleuthing how much taxable income there is loose in the country. By passing on this information to the bureau it can help in the framing of more intelligent tax laws.

"This approach is expected to enhance the level of taxpayer morale," says a bureau spokesman. "When we find a taxpayer who has made out a good report we will pat him on the back. People will learn to respect our fairness. And compliance will go up. Investigators have been instructed to be as zealous in protecting the rights of the taxpayers as in protecting the rights of the government. If an investigator finds you have paid too much, he reports that, too, and you receive a refund."

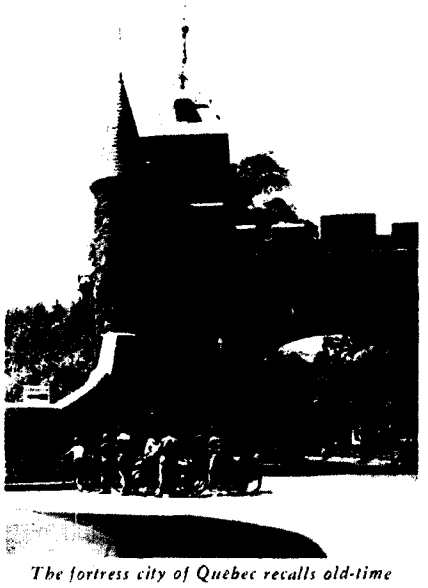
But don't get the idea ACP is going to be gentle if you get tapped for evasion. In order to be effective it must be thorough. Deputy Commissioner Alvin H. Cross, whose staff of collectors will do most of the enforcement work, says: "Legally, an attempt to defraud the government of $10 is no different from a $1,000,000 evasion."

On the other hand, the bureau can be reasonable. Agents thought they had a Syracuse, New York, grocer dead to rights when his return showed no allowance for food that his own family consumed. But they accepted his wife's explanations: "His prices are so high, I buy from the supermarket."

They were sure they had uncovered something fishy when a Nashville, Tennessee, drugstore owner claimed he had lost money on his soda fountain last year. But they accepted his explanation that his five-cent ice-cream scoop had broken down, and he had spent the whole year trying to learn how to dish out a small-sized portion with his big ten-cent scoop —a trick which he never mastered and so his customers ate up his profits.

The day of slipping through the tax net just because you aren't a big taxpayer is over. If ACP doesn't get an evader this year, next year it may, or the year after that. If they tap you, any underpayment can be assessed for as far back as three years, or longer if there has been intentional fraud. If it was just a mistake, you pay the tax and a five per cent fee. If there has been willful fraud, you may be liable to a penalty up to 50 per cent, with interest.

Anyone who is not paying his full tax can never know what source of income or what expenditure may give him away. This is why a tax expert tells you: "Now, there is only one way to avoid paying taxes. Get your money from an untraceable source, and bury it in the ground, forever."



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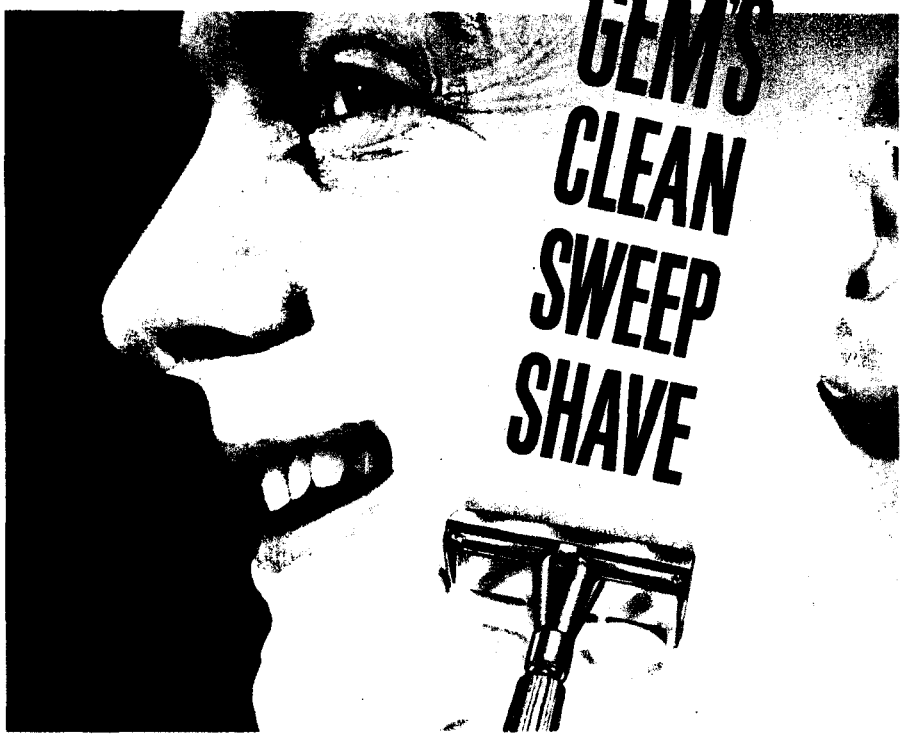

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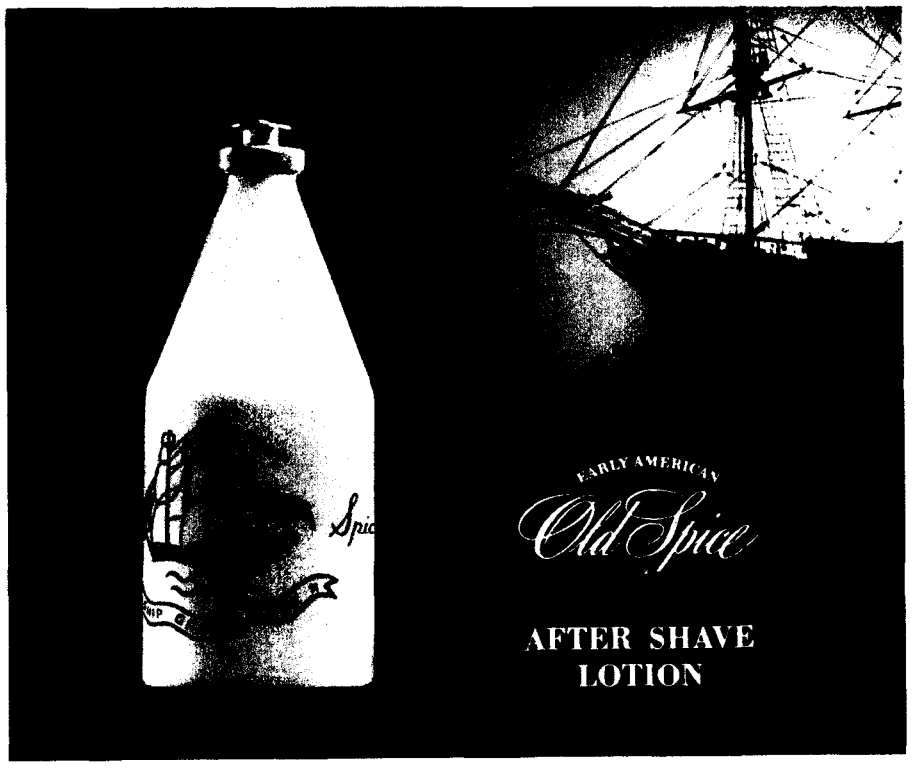

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BY FRITZ WILKINSON

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HANGOVER HOUSE

Continued from page 15

resembled the profiles of Syrian captives depicted there kneeling before Pharaoh.

Composedly, she dialed a number. The light was poor, but she seemed to experience no difficulty. Then, listening, she waited.

Evidently there was no reply. She hung up, and then dialed again.

The dance band in an adjoining room crashed into a perfunctory and abbreviated rendition of God Save the King, so that the woman listening on the telephone failed to hear a faint sound proceeding from the draped French windows.

A SUDDEN chill of colder night air blowing in the window made her shiver. She glanced over her shoulder.

But she could see nothing to account for the draft. Nevertheless, only a moment before, brown fingers had parted the faded velvet draperies, and dark eyes—eyes dark as her own—had looked in.

Muttering impatiently, she put the receiver back and turned to go. The draperies hung undisturbed. She actually had her hand on the doorknob when the door began to open.

A man came in, a man who peered shortsightedly through the thick lenses of his glasses. He wore full evening dress and his white piqué bow was slightly soiled. His fair hair lay plastered inertly back and he had a mustache.

"Oh, I say!" He pulled up. "Am I intruding?"

"Not at all!" The woman flashed him a brilliant smile. "As a matter of fact, I was looking for—someone."

"Perhaps I can help you."

"Well—I have been trying to find our hostess ever since I came. But she seems to have vanished."

The man adjusted his bow, nervously. "Someone told me—I forget who it was—that Mrs. Faraway had rushed off in a huff. Fed up with Peter. He's at his old tricks again."

The woman laughed. "I should have thought Joan was used to it by now. But champagne always went to her head. Quite a lot of the crowd have left, though, isn't it so?"

"Undoubtedly. I was looking for you. A heavy fog is coming on, and I was wondering—er—if I could offer you a lift back to town."

"That is very sweet of you. But I have ordered a car to call for me, Mr.—"

"Lovelace. Allen Lovelace."

"I know the band has gone."

"Bar's shutting down, too."

"*That* is tragic. Do you think, if we hurried—?"

They went out, closing the door.

As if this had been a signal, the man with the pince-nez materialized at the top of the stair. He came down, and crossed to the inglenook, his archaeological journal under his arm and an empty glass in his hand.

The glass he refilled, opening his small cupboard for the purpose and then carefully reclosing it. From somewhere outside came a racket of starting engines and voices. He glanced once more at the clock, growled, and sat down.

Someone was running along the terrace outside, shouting, "Sidonia. Where are you? We'll never make town!"

Evidently noting the opened French window and light shining through, the runner paused, pulled the draperies aside. The man in the corner never stirred.

"Sidonia! Are you there?"

Anybody seated in the shadowy alcove must have been invisible to one looking in, for the man dropped the curtains and went away. As his footsteps receded, a film of vapor floated across the room—and the hitherto motionless figure stood up.

Crossing, with his shambling gait, to the slightly billowing draperies, he jerked them aside, closing and fastening the window. Then, he turned, glaring about him. His expression was one of sheer ferocity.

Returning to the inglenook, he picked up his glass and walked across to the stair. From a switch on the newel post he extinguished all the lights, excepting one standard lamp near the window, evidently not controlled from that point. Then, he went stumbling up the dark stairway.

Mohammed looked in, cautiously. Finding the room unoccupied, he entered. He walked silently to the draped windows, and, learning that they were fastened, unlatched them. He slipped out into the mist, and dropped the draperies behind him.

LADY HILARY BRUTON sat staring straight before her with wide-open haunted eyes. She sat on a couch, where a few wraps still lay—for the small, oak-paneled room had been used for that purpose during the evening.

"Elfie—he isn't there!"

"It's the fog," Elfie pronounced sternly. "It's fate."

"I say he's doing it deliberately!"

"Whichever it is, stick to your guns. Tell him where he gets off. And if he has the courage—which he hasn't—to do what he threatened, face the music. I'll face it with you."

Hilary's eyes glistened. She turned, on

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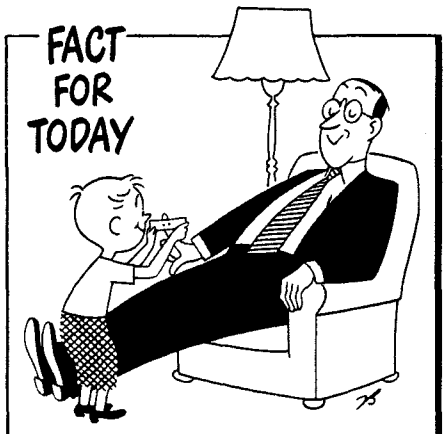

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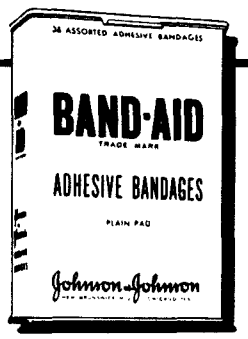

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a swift impulse, and grasped both Elfie's hands. "You're a grand old trouper, darling! Don't worry. I won't let our side down—whatever else I do."

"Atta girl!" said Elfie gruffly.

"You may be right about the fog," Hilary admitted, unhappily. "He may not have been able to get here."

And *we* may not be able to get back if we hang around much longer. Nearly everybody's pushed off. Lord knows what's become of Joan. And that ape, Peter, is all roped up with the singer from the band."

"I'll go down and take one more look. If he isn't there now, I shall have to give it up. How I hate the very thought of speaking to him!"

Elfie nodded comprehendingly. "Well, pop off and have a go, dear. I'll scout around again and try to keep anybody we know out of the way till you've done the deed." Elfie went out.

And she had been gone no more than ten seconds when the half-glazed doorway behind Hilary opened, and a man came in out of the fog. Hilary twisted around and faced him.

"Larry," he whispered, and held his hands out, beseechingly. "I have found you." He was, by crude standards, a strikingly handsome man, in the late thirties.

Hilary, breathing quickly, stood watching him. "I had given you up."

"It seems to me, Larry, that you want to give me up altogether—"

"I said so. Apart from anything else, even you must admit I have good reason. There's only one thing more you can do for me. Go away."

"Larry! After all you have meant to me! There's nothing I can't explain—"

"There never was anything you couldn't explain. Please don't drive me too far. I've grown up. I was a silly, vain, stupid schoolgirl when you told me those tales. Don't you understand—*can't* you understand—that I *know?* I know all about you."

"But, darling—"

"Stop!" Hilary's hands were white-knuckled fists. "I have nothing to say except that I never want to see you again. Carry out your despicable threats—if you have the courage. And now, go away."

"Larry. Larry. You shall, you must listen." He took another step forward.

Footsteps approached the door. "I believe," came a girl's voice, "I left my wrap somewhere."

"Come out here!" said Hilary, sharply. "Quick! You mustn't be found in this room with me." She went swiftly through the curtained doorway, which now slowly admitted fog. The man followed.

TWO other cars had groped past Storm Kennedy before he finally came out upon a sort of neglected, weed-grown courtyard into which, from a porch, light streamed bravely. Several parked cars were visible in the mist.

He hurried into a barely furnished entrance hall. Uncarpeted stairs swept upward to shadows. Somewhere, a piano was tinkling. There was no one in sight until a door opened and Peter Faraway came in.

Peter had his arm around a tall, well-modeled blonde. "Hullo! hullo! hullo!" he hailed. "Here's dear ol' Bill Kennedy."

"Hullo, Peter. Have you seen Hilary Bruton?"

"Have I seen her? Certainly—seen her. Five minutes ago. Meet my fiancée." He towed the blonde forward. "This is Sidonia."

But Kennedy had turned and headed in the direction of the tinkling piano.

He discovered a long, lofty apartment, beamed and paneled with time-blackened oak. At the farther end he saw a gallery supported by massive pillars. Trestle tables piled in one corner showed where the temporary bar had been, and under the gallery stood a grand piano. Four tall French windows, wide open, admitted fog, from a weed-grown terrace.

A woman wearing a dress not unlike some sort of uniform, was smoking a very long cigarette as though it had been a cigar. She leaned on the piano beside a blond, bespectacled young man, listening, without enthusiasm, to the appalling playing of a brunette who, from where Kennedy stood, was apparently naked.

Kennedy withdrew unnoticed. Peter and the blonde had disappeared. He paused for a moment. Glancing about the lobby, he crossed and looked along a dim passage. He decided to explore.

He passed a door marked Private and then another bearing a notice, Powder Room. He went ahead, opened a third door at the far end, and was met by a barrage of fog. He found himself out on a narrow terrace.

No one was in sight. But he thought that a vague shape, real or imaginary, merged into the shadows of an arched opening on his left. He dismissed the idea but walked along quietly and looked through the arch. It led to some steps, which he descended, to find himself at the end of the main terrace.

Near by he saw a partly open, draped window. He pushed it wider and drew the drapes aside, looking into that strange museum room where shadows of the past mocked shadows of the present. Only one lamp was alight. There was no one in the room. Proceeding farther, he paused by the first of the big windows and looked into the paneled hall. The musical trio had dispersed. Both women were gone. The blond man was inspecting a brigade of bottles paraded on a trestle table, evidently hoping to find one that had something in it.

Storm Kennedy swore under his breath. Whatever had brought Hilary to this lunatic party on such a night, had already happened, and she was gone. He was too late. He stepped into the room. The blond man turned and peered at him.

"Can you tell me if Lady Hilary Bruton is still here?" Kennedy asked.

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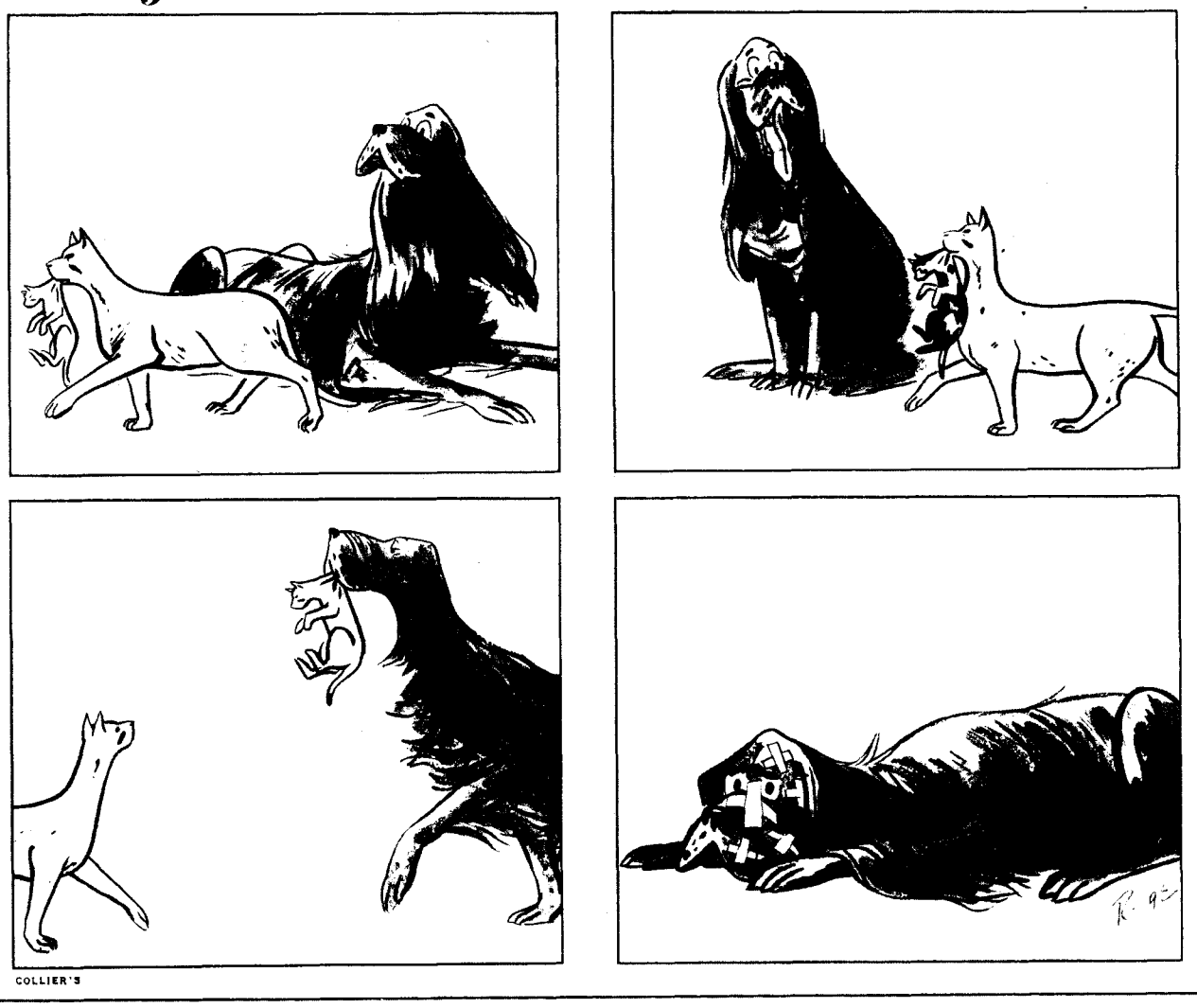

COLLIER'S

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"Er—I'm afraid, sir, I don't know Lady Hilary Bruton."

"Sorry." Kennedy crossed the floor and went into the now empty lobby. He glanced up uncarpeted stairs. The landings to right and left above were unlighted. He was about to go outside, when a sound of approaching footsteps made him change his mind. He turned, and saw a woman bearing down upon him like a destroyer at full speed.

"I don't know who you are," she announced gruffly. "But have you seen Hilary?"

"Why, I was just about to ask you that. My name is Storm Kennedy."

"Elphinstowe," snapped the lady. "Miss Amelia Elphinstowe. Heard Hilary speak of you. Where the devil is she?"

"Suppose," said Kennedy, quietly, "you tell me when and where you saw her last?"

"Powder room. Along that passage. We were getting ready to push off. Ten minutes ago." There was urgency, sternly repressed, in her manner.

"Let's go and look again," he suggested; then, recognizing the necessity of covering the real purpose of his visit, he added: "I turned up very late, and when Peter told me you were here I thought I might be useful as a fog guide."

The small, oak-paneled room was empty. That doorway which opened on a corner of the terrace was closed. As they returned to the passage, the door marked Private burst open, and Hilary ran out. She was unnaturally pale.

"Thank God!" said Miss Elphinstowe in a deep voice. "You gave me a shocking fright, dear. Mr. Storm Kennedy has come to rescue us."

TO KENNEDY the fact became unmistakable that Hilary was taxed to the limit of her endurance. Therefore, he admired the way in which she held out a quivering hand, and spoke in a controlled voice: "I'm so glad to see you. Will you excuse me for just ten minutes? Come with me, Elfie."

Kennedy stood aside to let them pass. What had happened? And why had Hilary come out of that room? He opened the door, and glanced in. The interior was quite dark. He flashed a pocket torch momentarily.

It was the room into which he had looked from the terrace—the room which resembled a museum. There was no one there.

He walked back to the long hall, and found it deserted, fog floating among its high beams. Lighting a cigarette, he went outside—and learned that visibility was now reduced to about fifteen feet.

He wanted to think, to think calmly. But his meditations were interrupted by a muffled voice, coming from somewhere beyond and below: "Tallyho! Fog warning! All out! All out!"

It was Peter Faraway, down in the garden, presumably endeavoring to round up possible stragglers. And presently, through a moving curtain of mist, Kennedy saw the erratic movements of a flashlight. The light drew nearer. Peter was coming up the steps from the lower terrace. Suddenly, he stopped.

"God's mercy!" The flashlight fell from his hand.

The words suggested that something had sobered Peter like an icy shower. Dimly, Kennedy could see that he had set his light on a step and was kneeling down. He ran to him. "What's up, Peter?"

"Is that Bill Kennedy?" Peter Faraway raised frightened eyes. "I say! Look here!"

Kennedy snapped on his own flashlight.

LYING half on his side on the bottom step, so that the light shone upon a ghastly, contorted face, was a man whose limbs were drawn up as if in agony, whose fists were clenched. A red patch showed on his shirt front, and lying near—so near that he might have plucked it out in his death struggle—Kennedy saw a small dagger, its jeweled hilt glittering in the rays of the flashlight.

"Don't touch him!" Storm Kennedy said sharply.

"The poor cove *is* dead, isn't he?" Peter Faraway said.

Kennedy nodded. "Very dead—within the last few minutes."

"Good Lord! That explains it!" The blond young man who wore spectacles stood there staring down.

"Explains *what?*" Kennedy demanded, turning.

"The row I heard. Sort of gabbling, and—er—loud breathing. It was just after you came in and asked me if I'd—er—seen somebody or other."

Kennedy looked at his wrist watch. "That would make the time of the attack approximately one thirty." He glanced down again at the contorted figure. "One of your guests, Peter?"

"Good Lord, no! Never saw the cove in my life."

"Stay here and keep the women clear. I shan't be a minute." Kennedy ran up the steps and along a few paces to the window of the room harboring many relics. He had seen a telephone on a table there. He found the window wide open, now, but the room in darkness.

When a few minutes earlier, he had looked into this odd sanctum from the terrace, a floor lamp had been burning. When Hilary ran out into the corridor the room had been in darkness. Who had switched the light off? When—and why?

He snapped his flash on again and stepped inside. Sixty seconds wait on the telephone satisfied him. The line was dead.

He was about to run back along the terrace, when a faint sound checked him. He switched his light off.

Someone very quietly opened a door on the other side of the room. A slender figure whose head seemed to be of disproportionate size showed silhouetted against faint light from the corridor.

"Is anyone there?" came a soft voice.

Kennedy shot the flashlight onto the man's face. The illusion of the deformed head was explained. He saw an Egyptian who wore a turban.

"Whom were you expecting?"

"The wise man expects nothing, sir."

"Is this your house?"

"I have no house, other than the house of clay which the All-Knowing, the Omnipotent fashioned to imprison my spirit."

"Not too helpful. Have you been in here before?"

"Twice, sir. Once, to converse with a student and philosopher, and a second time in search of the Honorable Peter."

"When was the second time?"

"Perhaps some ten minutes ago."

"What lights were on?"

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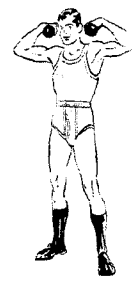
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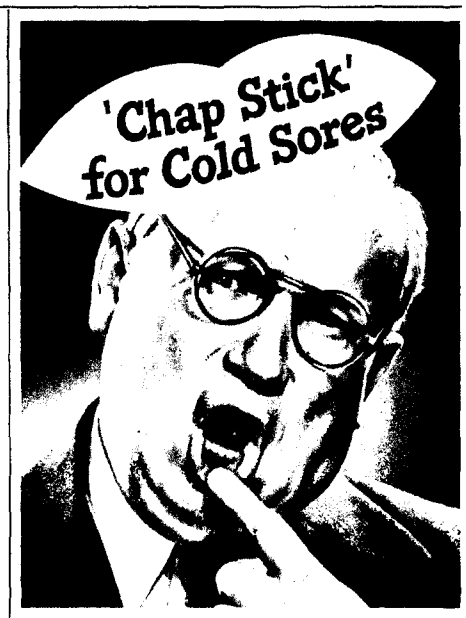

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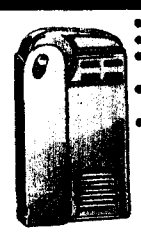

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"Did you switch the lamp off?"

"Why should I disturb the arrangements of others?"

Storm Kennedy challenged the gentle eyes, but they met his regard unflinchingly. He went out and back to where two shadowy figures loomed like phantoms through the fog.

"Phone's out of order, Peter," said Kennedy rapidly. "But there's a callbox at the end of the lane leading to this place. I know, because I ran into it when I came. There are one or two things I must check up on, immediately. So, it will have to be you. Feel up to it?"

"Positively. What do I say?"

"Police. Surgeon. Murder. Hangover House. Hurry."

"Got it," he replied. "But wait a minute. Joan has pinched the car."

Kennedy turned to the blond and now pale young man. "Got a car?"

"Yes—yes, I have."

"You drive him, then. Come on, Peter."

He was feverishly anxious to get these witnesses away from the scene of the crime—to conduct a private examination before the police arrived. Grasping Peter Faraway's arm, he hurried him along past the open windows of the big hall, around the angle of the house and into that weedy courtyard where cars were parked. He waited until the car crawled past the open gates; then he turned back.

He checked up quickly on the cars. There were four, including his own, and the Morris in which Peter had gone. He could still hear the latter stuttering through darkness on its way down that serpentine elm tunnel which led to the main road and the call box. No other had left Hangover House since he had arrived. Of this he was sure.

Apparently there were no servants in this singular establishment. Not a living creature appeared in the weedy courtyard. Kennedy wondered to whom the place belonged and how it had come to be selected by Joan Faraway. He went inside again, and found no one in the gloomy lobby. The paneled hall was similarly deserted. Fear of being fogbound accounted for the break up of the party, the desertion of the caterers; but what of the inhabitants?

IT WAS more than peculiar. It was uncanny. *Somebody* must live in the place, as evidenced by the furnishing of the room marked Private.

He went out onto the terrace, and down the steps, but paused above that on which the body lay. Peter had left his flashlight there, and Kennedy switched it on.

The dead man's face was so horribly and unaccountably contorted that he avoided looking at it. There was more blood than he had noted at first. A red, sticky rivulet had touched the dagger. Stooping, Kennedy checked an exclamation.

Footprints—marks of high-heeled shoes—showed clearly in the light! Using his flashlight, he circled gingerly around the body and examined the lower step. There were other, larger, footprints here. Peter's, no doubt.

And there was something else—a tiny lace handkerchief covered with red stains!

Storm Kennedy found himself face to face with the most vital decision he had ever been called upon to make. He switched off his own flashlight, put it back in his pocket. Then, stooping, he also extinguished Peter's light—

The sound of a slammed car door brought him running around to the courtyard—but not before he had completed his task. He found the turbaned Egyptian preparing to drive away in a smart-looking sedan. Raising his hand, he stepped to the open window from which the man was looking out questioningly.

"Just a moment, if you please."

"Can I assist you in any way, sir?"

"Yes, you can. Be good enough to get out again."

"Perhaps, sir, I misunderstand you?"

"No, you don't. There has been an—accident. I'm afraid no one must leave until the matter has been cleared up."

"I am at your service, effendi."

"Thanks," Kennedy said dryly. "If you will wait in the big room, the rest of the guests will be joining you there."

He followed the Egyptian, and as they entered the half-lighted, paneled hall he saw the glittering brunette coming toward him. She came from that passage which led to the powder room. A mink wrap covered her bare shoulders.

"As you have just been outside"—she addressed Kennedy—"please tell me—is there any sign of my chauffeur?"

"I'm sorry—but there isn't. Where did he go?"

"I lent him to somebody, local, earlier."

"Bad luck. He's probably fogbound."

"But that is terrible. Is someone else going back to town?"

Mohammed crossed his long hands on his breast and bowed. "I am at madame's disposal—directly this gentleman gives his consent."

"His consent?"

"I am quite without authority in the matter," Kennedy said. "But there has been—a little trouble."

"Can I help?"

"Thank you. But all you can do will be to wait until the doctor comes."

"The doctor, then, someone—?"

"Someone has been hurt—badly. I'm sorry to be a nuisance, but I'm just acting for Peter Faraway, who has gone to the call box."

"Who—is it?"

"No one any of us knows."

The dark woman smiled, and shrugged her shoulders, as Hilary and Miss Elphinstowe came in.

"Well, troops," Miss Elphinstowe remarked gruffly, "what about heading back to camp?"

Hilary's face was unreadable.

"I'm afraid," Kennedy told her, "we shall all have to stay here a while." But he was watching Hilary. "Someone—a stranger to Peter, and to me—has been killed out there on the terrace."

"Killed?" The last remnants of color deserted Hilary's cheeks. There was terror in her eyes.

"Yes. Peter has gone to call the police. The phone here is off duty." He detected an exchange of glances between Hilary and Miss Elphinstowe, laden with understanding. Hilary was biting her lip.

"Male or female?" Miss Elphinstowe asked.

"A man. Dark, sunburned. Might have been a good-looker. Wavy black hair, with a fleck of gray."

Hilary, performing one of those amazing feats of self-control in some way reminiscent of her father, looked Kennedy squarely in the eyes.

"Someone Peter doesn't know? Someone who wasn't at the party?"

"Yes."

Hilary glanced again, a swift glance, at Miss Elphinstowe, then: "How was he killed?" she asked quietly.

"He was stabbed—with a rather unusual weapon. A small, silver-hilted dagger, the hilt set with amethysts."

"How horrible!" she whispered. "I suppose it means we are all prisoners here until the police have—?"

"I'm afraid so. I arrived late, myself, and I was going to offer my services as a pilot back to town."

HILARY thanked him with a smile which was, at once, a miracle of courage and an acknowledgment of the fact that she liked him.

"Looks as though we are all in for a cheery evening," said Miss Elphinstowe. "So the sooner we get matey the better. I am Miss Elphinstowe to my tradespeople; Elfie to my friends. You know Hilary. What's your name for short?"

"Bill."

"Now we can get cozy. There isn't a spot left in the bar, there's nowhere to sit down, and I've run out of cigarettes. I suppose"—as Kennedy produced his cigarette case—"the next part of the entertainment will be viewing the corpse?"

"I suppose so."

"I should have hated to miss such a gorgeous party," said Elfie.

And as Kennedy lighted her cigarette, his esteem for Amelia Elphinstowe grew; for he knew that all this was a brave façade which she had built up to shield Hilary, from dangers foreseen.

What were these two women hiding? It was a maddening situation.

Assuming (and he had little data to help him) the dead man to be Hilary's persecutor from whom Lord Glengale had briefed him to protect her, what, in Heaven's name, had happened? Granting (again, hypothetically) Hilary to be capable of killing a man in just anger, why would she have chosen so strange a weapon?

Whatever had happened—Elfie knew.

He wondered how long it would be before the police and the doctor arrived. . . .

Dr. Smithy stood up, an arresting figure in an island of many flashlights around which swirled waves of fog. He was a big man, bald and paunchy. He wore uncommonly large, owl-like glasses and he was dressed in a green pajama jacket, creased white flannel trousers and bath sandals.

The stone steps and a space above and

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below, had been roped off by the police. At the moment, Dr. Smithy was the only member of the party inside the ropes.

"Some heavy-footed oaf," said Dr. Smithy with a wolfish grin, "has been paddling about in the bloke's blood. He ought to be shot, whosoever he is."

"Possibly myself or Peter," Kennedy admitted.

"All this blood, you know," Dr. Smithy went on, "means that there's probably no internal hemorrhage. The blade doesn't seem to have gone far in. Diverted by this rib"—he stooped and prodded his finger into the stripped torso—"I imagine. Damn' funny."

Inspector Hawley, a pale, cadaverous man who rarely took his hands out of the pockets of a depressed-looking Burberry, took them out now and removed a depressing felt hat.

"Do you mean, Doctor, that the wound didn't kill him?" Hawley asked.

"Yes—possibly I do."

"Complicates things a bit," Kennedy murmured.

"It does," Dr. Smithy agreed, enthusiastically. "It does, my dear sir. I mean to say, the bloke's all drawn up—tensed. A bloke with a knife in his midriff doesn't act like that. Then, there's the ghastly expression on his mug. In fact, he looks more like an angina than a stabbing. But we'll know better when we get him on the slab."

"When your fingerprint man arrives he will probably find evidence on the hilt of the knife," Kennedy said.

"He won't, my dear sir!" Dr. Smithy assured him. "It looks as though the defunct had plucked it out of his own chest."

"I'm afraid footprints will be muddled up, too," Hawley remarked. "A lot of people seem to have been trampling about there."

The three men walked along the terrace before tall French windows, closed and draped by Hawley's orders. Kennedy said nothing, but he was thinking much.

"You can send for the hearse whenever you like," Dr. Smithy said. "I'll put my report in."

"Waiting for the Super," Hawley replied gloomily. "I called him at Kings Riding."

They went around the angle of the house and through the arched opening into that weedy courtyard, where the doctor's veteran but self-respecting automobile awaited him. Dr. Smithy ducked into the car and slammed the door.

"Can you find your way in the dark, Doctor?" Hawley called.

"With my eyes shut." Dr. Smithy stuck his bald head out. "A general practitioner has to. Babies have a nasty trick of getting born in the middle of the night. What's more, they favor foggy nights. Vindictive little brats. Cheery ho!"

He drove off into swirling mist.

ALTHOUGH aroused from his bed at nearly two o'clock in the morning, Superintendent Croker had, nevertheless, turned up in uniform. He had gathered that there were ladies at Hangover House, and the superintendent was a gallant officer.

He had arrived in a car equipped with a searchlight, preceded by two motorcyclists, and accompanied by a photographer and a fingerprint specialist.

Having established contact with Sergeant Martin, on duty beside the body, and set the technicians to work, he made a spectacular entrance into the long, paneled hall where most of the guests trapped in the net were assembled.

Conversation was arrested when he opened the door and raised a gloved hand in a military salute. "I regret troubling you, ladies and gentlemen, but I'm afraid I must take statements from all those present."

More than half an hour had elapsed, since then. Storm Kennedy had signed a statement—which sorely troubled his conscience. Peter Faraway, the blond man, and the Egyptian had been called to view the body, and then into the study, requisitioned by the superintendent for this purpose. He was dealing first with the men and reserving the women for dessert. A police sergeant had just summoned the brunette, whose name, Kennedy had learned, was Mrs. Muller.

Hilary, he could no longer doubt, was deliberately avoiding him. She and Elfie had disappeared some time before, Elfie having thwarted his several attempts to talk to Hilary alone. He knew they couldn't have left the house, for constables were on duty back and front.

But he *must* see her, if only for a moment, before Superintendent Croker got her into his clutches. He walked briskly along the dim passage and knocked on the door marked Powder Room.

TWO excited voices ceased instantly, then: "All right. I am ready," Hilary called. She opened the door—and stood stock-still.

"You weren't expecting me," Kennedy said. "But I particularly wanted a few words with you before the interview with Superintendent Croker." He took her arm and drew her quietly out into the corridor. "You see, he will make you sign a statement, and we all have to be careful what we sign."

"I intend to be careful." Hilary spoke in a low, composed voice. "I have no more to be afraid of than—anyone else."

"I don't suppose you were ever afraid of anything in your life. But our various statements will be expected to add up. What I have in mind is this: Can you explain, to the superintendent's satisfaction, what you were doing in that study, with all the lights out? Because, if the explanation is likely to confuse him, say nothing about it."

"Did *you* say you met me coming out of that room?" she asked.

"I didn't refer to it."

"Why?" she demanded.

"Because I thought it was unnecessary."

"You mean you thought it was suspicious!" she challenged.

And Storm Kennedy sensed the fact that Hilary Bruton, under that forced composure, was overwrought to the breaking point, incapable of calm reasoning; that he could hope neither to learn anything from her, nor to guide her in any way.

"I'm sorry you misunderstood me," he said quietly. "I realize we have all got let in for a very nasty business. I only wanted to help, but"—he patted her hand—"think no more about it."

Hilary's lips quivered. She turned aside quickly. "Please forgive me. I'm stupidly irritable, at times. One doesn't expect to come to a party, and become involved in—a murder." She gave him a fleeting glance. "You are very kind."

The door marked Private opened, and Mrs. Muller came out, followed by a police sergeant. She turned quickly in the other direction. The sergeant saw Hilary and beckoned to her.

"Good luck," Kennedy murmured.

Could he hope to get any sense out of Miss Elphinstowe? He was considering the possibility when Peter Faraway came along the corridor. Kennedy went to meet him.

"I say, Bill—have you seen Sidonia?"

"No. Why?"

"Because she's vanished."

"Vanished? Since when?"

Peter combed his hair with his fingers. "Let me think. Where was I just before I found the dead cove? Wherever I was, that's the last I saw of her. More than an hour ago!"

Storm Kennedy hesitated for a moment. "We had better see Inspector Hawley," he said.

(To be continued next week)

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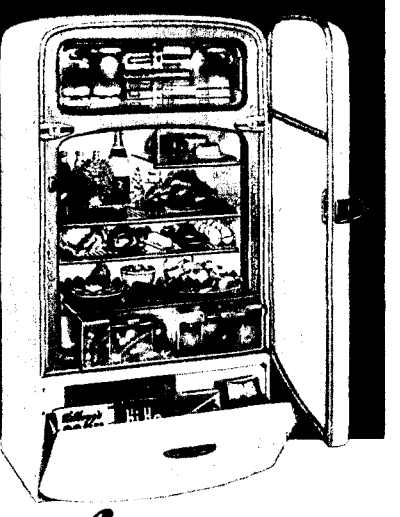

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Brotherhood Week

The seven days from February 20th to 27th is Brotherhood Week. It has been so designated by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. Today Collier's devotes its editorial page to the calm words of three men—a Protestant, a Catholic and a Jew. They speak as brothers, sons of God. Read. Reflect. Then, with them, light the lamp that will dispel the darkness of bigotry in a bewildered world. All of us are brothers—sons of God . . . EDITOR

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Minister Emeritus
The Riverside Church, New York

BROTHERHOOD," says the National Conference of Christians and Jews, "is giving to others the rights and respect that we want for ourselves." *That* is the indispensable quality of all people who are fit to live with—and being fit to live with is the desperate need of the modern world. It always has been man's crucial need in families, neighborhoods, tribes and nations, but within the last few generations, with distance conquered and intercommunication expanded, all mankind has been poured into one receptacle, until what happens anywhere happens everywhere, and it never can be securely well with any unless it is well with all. We humans have got to *live together*—that is the big MUST of mankind from now on.

As Prime Minister Attlee once said, "We cannot make a heaven in our own country and leave a hell outside." Inescapable propinquity and interdependence are here, personally, racially, internationally, whether we like them or not, and it is now a question of brotherhood—or else!

It is fitting that the public recognition of this fact in Brotherhood Week should be sponsored by the National Conference, which represents Roman Catholics, Protestants and Jews. For while brotherhood can be politically expressed, it cannot be politically created. It is a moral quality, springing from good will and from profound convictions about the dignity of human beings as children of God. Unless we have such deeply grounded personal respect for men and women, across all racial, religious and national lines, we shall not get the kind of brotherhood that can save the world.

The National Conference of Christians and Jews is trying to get this idea of brotherhood down out of the stratosphere and make it walk the common earth. The brotherhood of man is usually treated as a beautiful ideal far ahead of us. Upon the contrary, it is the hard-headed facts of our compulsory interdependence as members of one human family that have gone far ahead of us.

As former Secretary Marshall put it, "There must be one world for all of us, or there will be no world for any of us."

Brotherhood Week should be taken with special seriousness here in the United States. We represent democracy before mankind. Racial prejudice has no place in it. Every slur voiced by a Gentile against Jews, or by a Jew against Gentiles, is a sin against it. Economic class-consciousness is the denial of it. To respect others' dignity, needs and rights as we want our own respected is the essential spirit of democracy, and the surest road to the ultimate defeat of Communism is to make such democracy work here.

SOLOMON GOLDMAN

Rabbi, Anshe Emet Synagogue
Chicago, Illinois

THE National Conference of Christians and Jews may be said to hold the following rarely remembered truths to be self-evident:

1. The main cause of hostile manifestations against minority groups is the resentment of the unlike. Politics, religion, economics and ethnic traits, to be sure, play their part but they do so only as secondary factors. A minority is hated primarily because it is suspected and feared.

2. Men upheaved by ambition or greed exploit this primitive instinct and conceal their designs in propaganda against or persecution of minorities, even as Hitler veiled his plans against Western civilization in anti-Semitism.

3. The emergence of a sudden passion against a minority is more often than not the first rumblings of deep convulsions. Thus the Jews have ever been the seismograph, receiving and recording the first impact of the shock.

4. Differences among human beings are unavoidable and are probably here to stay. Consequently, every attempt to develop a society of universal fellowship must be based on the recognition that culture and religious divergences are as real as racial dissimilarities. We cannot by coercion bludgeon the world into a uniformity of belief, worship, or speech.

5. Men prize freedom above life. By freedom they understand the right to differ, to be in fashion with themselves. To deny them such freedom is to stir up antagonism and engender strife.

6. Though recognizing the inherent fact of human diversity, Judaism and Christianity have both taught: (1) that the highest revelation is that God is in every man; (2) that all men are the children of One Father and descendant of a common ancestor; and (3) that they are all implicated in a common destiny.

If what has been said thus far represents the thinking of the conference, then its purpose in bringing Christians and Jews together is obvious. It is to increase and multiply that rarest of all species—an unprejudiced human being.

The quest is not an easy one. But the conference is determined not to forget the horror of Europe, the unspeakable martyrdom of 6,000,000 Jews, the heartache and shame of the 20th century's reversion to primitivism.

Can the conference succeed? Postwar pessimism is certainly understandable. But despair is a bitter medicine that brings no healing. The answer to the question is that the conference must succeed. Perhaps if science were to probe into the original tendencies of human nature with the great resolution with which it concentrates on splitting the atom, the day of universal peace and brotherhood might be very near.

JOHN L. McMAHON

President, Our Lady of the Lake College
San Antonio, Texas

THE times we live in are amongst the most unbrotherly in all history. Our century, not yet through half its course, has rightfully been called the bloodiest of all. By comparison, the wars of an Alexander or a Caesar were but minor battles when measured by the ferocity of our last World War. But the killing of soldiers and noncombatants in unprecedented numbers by the most efficient weapons ever devised is not the only proof of man's unbrotherliness in our times. The sadism of the concentration camp, the forced expulsion of the millions of people from their homes without their adoption by other countries in a new manifestation of racism, the retention of millions of prisoners of war and slave laborers, the unrelieved hunger of three fourths of the people of the earth, the new wars of the East and Near East all bear testimony that the culture of man is sick and that man in his relations with his fellow man has acted and is acting brutishly.

It is in such a world that the National Conference of Christians and Jews seeks to accomplish its noble end—the recognition by all men that they are brothers under God and that they must in their relations with one another act, in whatever capacity and on whatever level, as brothers.

Here in our beloved land the National Conference of Christians and Jews, in only 20 years, has done pioneering and successful work in diminishing group tensions and in promoting mutual respect and understanding.

It is not too much to say that because of this work the intensity of such alien movements (alien both in origin and to the spirit of our institutions) as anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism has been diminished and that the rise of such an organized national hate movement as the old Ku Klux Klan has been made more difficult if not impossible. The conference's work is in the pioneering stage, but through such agencies as its Educational Commission, which seeks to know the causes and cure of group tensions and prejudices, and through its projects in the school, college and neighborhood, it is making a daily contribution to better American living.

The National Conference of Christians and Jews has expanded its activities to include many European countries, where it seeks to remove the age-old suspicions and enmities that have characterized too much of European life. It has now banded all its national organizations into an International Council of Christians and Jews, because its profoundest conviction is that brotherhood is universal and knows no earthly limits. It believes, too, that if a new age is to arise, men of good will of all the nations must give it their impress.

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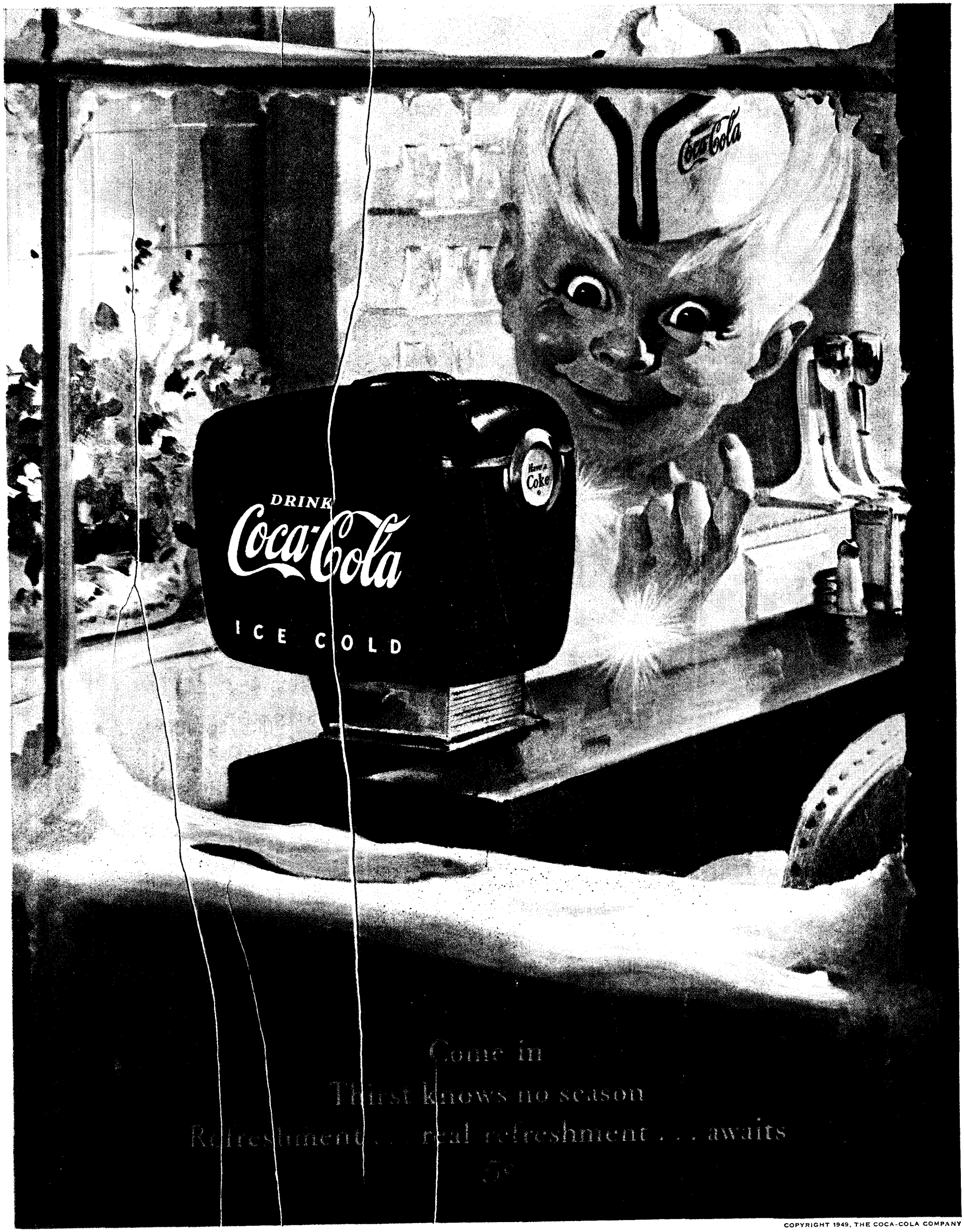

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